WHY CIVILIZATION WILL NOT CRASH

By **ALBERT EINSTEIN**

AUG. 12,
1933

Liberty

5¢

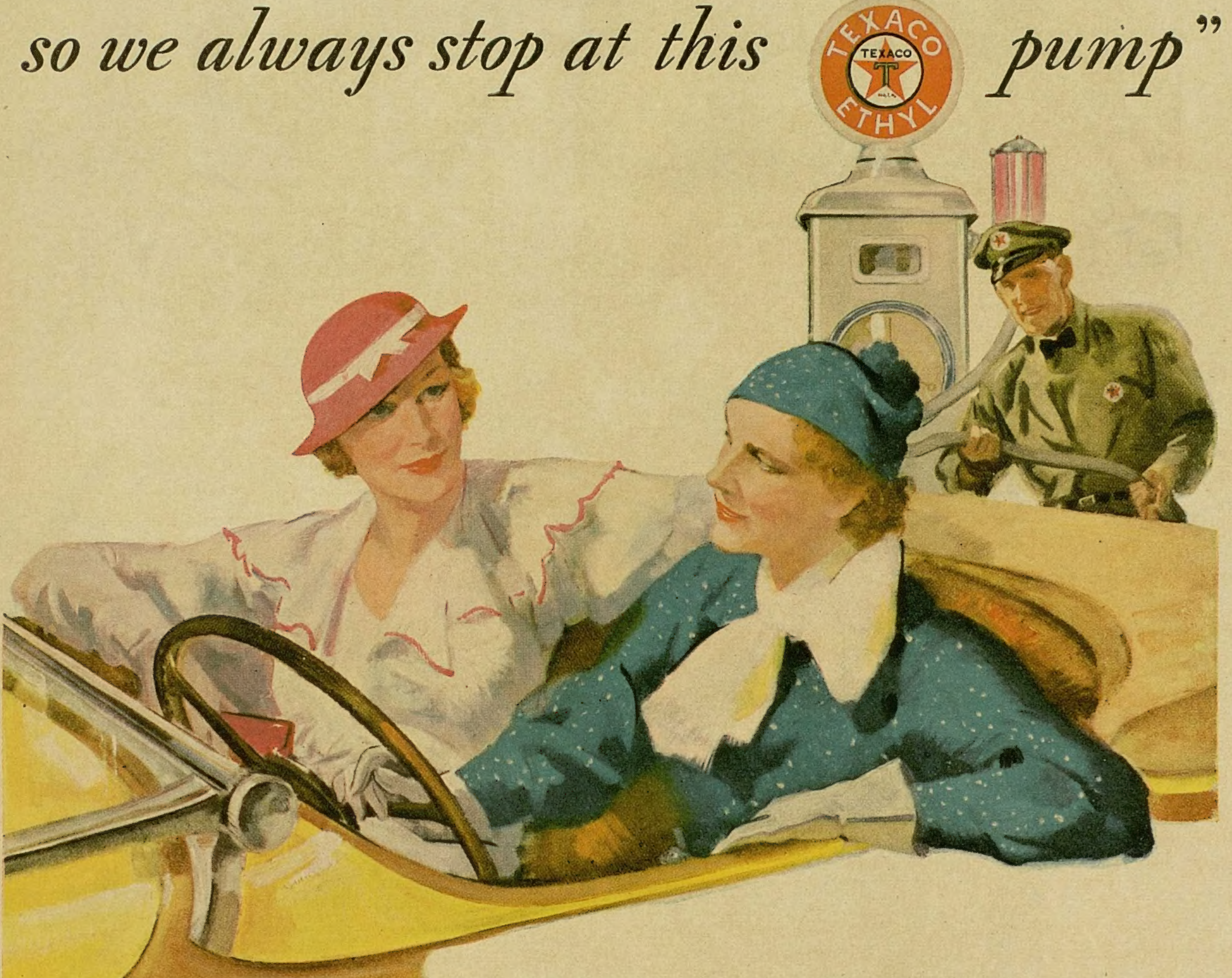
B. LATHAM
KIDDER

ROOSEVELT KEEPS IS WORD

by

JAY FRANKLIN

"We want the best ETHYL we can buy *so we always stop at this pump*"



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AUGUST 12, 1933 **Liberty** VOL. 10, NO. 32

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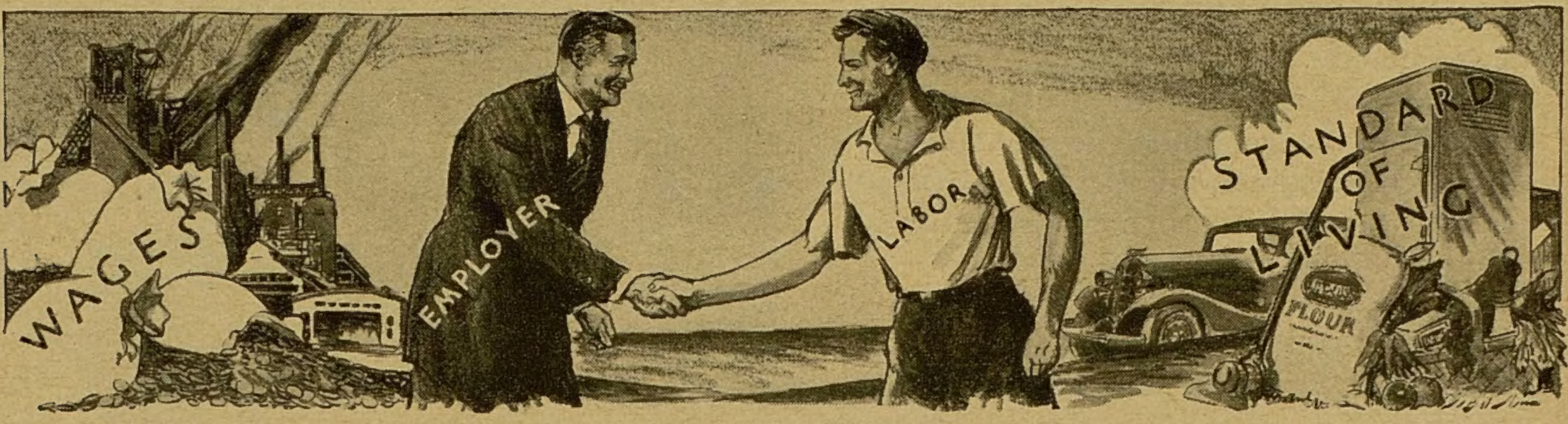

WHY NOT HIGH WAGES?

SOME editors take their readers for nit-wits. They talk blatantly about high wages—commend them to the *n*th degree; but they are careful to avoid saying anything about their influence on prices, foreign trade, etc.

Let us have high wages. We also commend them whole-heartedly. But all workers should be included.

The trouble in the past has been that certain occupations have been paid liberally, while many workers, the farmers for instance, have been laboring at starvation wages.

High wages for everybody will mean high prices for everything, for the price of what we buy is measured almost entirely by wages. If we have high wages we have high prices; if we have low wages we have low prices.

What we really want everywhere is uniformity of wages—a definite dependable return for workers in the form of wages or profits.

Our standard of living has been built far above that of our European competitors, and there is no reason why we should not continue to enjoy these luxuries.

But we have to remember that high wages will practically eliminate our foreign trade. Our manufactured products at high wages cannot possibly compete with European competitors who pay low wages.

Therefore we will have to forget our foreign trade. Anyway, it is insignificant compared with our domestic demand. High wages would also mean a continuation of high tariff to keep out foreign goods manufactured under low-wage conditions.

What we should try to maintain is the American standard of living, and wages should be regulated with that in mind. What we might term our ordinary workers are enjoying what were considered the luxuries of the rich a generation ago. They should continue to have these advantages.

But we should remember that we cannot " keep our cake and eat it." If we have high wages we have high prices. This naturally may mean a decrease in demand, although if everybody is enjoying high wages they can afford to pay high prices.

What we must keep in mind is the imperative necessity of avoiding favoritism. It should either be high wages for everybody or low wages for everybody. Uniformity of wages is what will insure the good things of life for everybody, for the scale of wages regulates the price of everything we buy.

Many people talk about wages just as though they were something that could be regulated entirely by individual desire, when in reality they must be controlled by the earning accruing from them. Wages may be paid for a while from surplus, but such a policy ultimately leads to bankruptcy.

Let us all commend high wages—for everybody. But don't be fooled with the idea that we can have high wages and low prices.

The cost of living in some parts of our own country varies to such an extent at this time that twenty-five dollars a week in some sections will buy more than fifty dollars a week in others.

Therefore it is well to do some analyzing on your own account when discussing the wage question. It is not how much you earn; it is how much you can buy with what you earn that is important.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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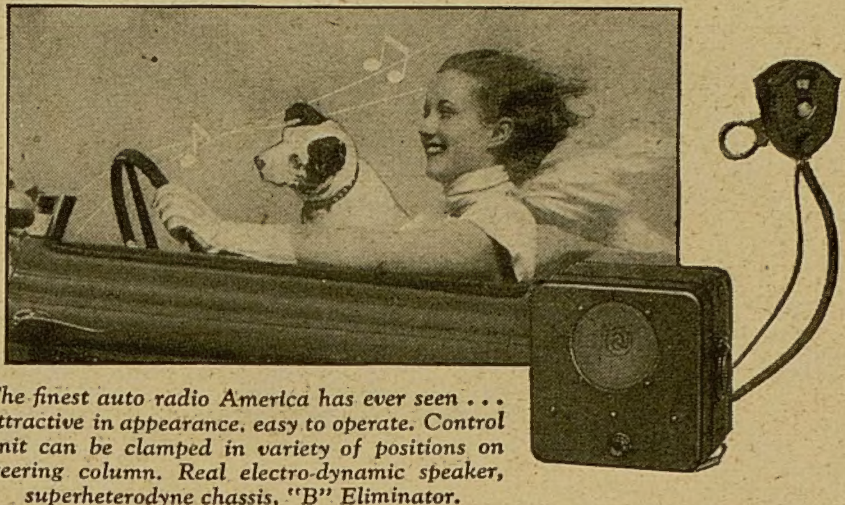

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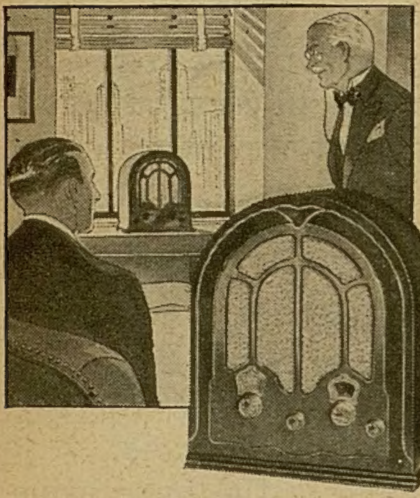

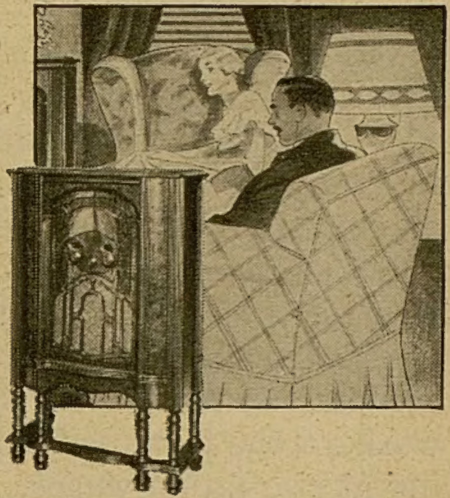

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Here's quality in miniature . . . now there's an RCA Victor Radio for every room! Good music is always at your fingertips. Radios for home, for summer camps, for everywhere —at any time! And each of the "Carryettes" has a special short wave band for police signals! Look them over . . . here and at your RCA Victor dealer (he has several more models) and purchase one today. Prices are so low that everybody can afford good radio entertainment.

Look at this value! Model R-28, RCA Victor "Carryette." One of our series of the finest miniature radios ever made. Five tubes, tone control, electro-dynamic speaker, also police waves, beautiful cabinet. Only . **$19.95**

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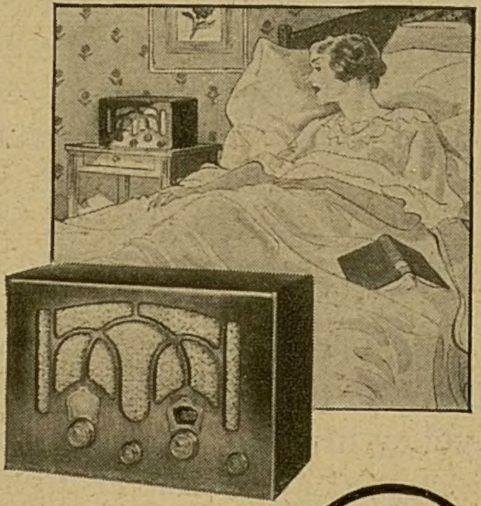

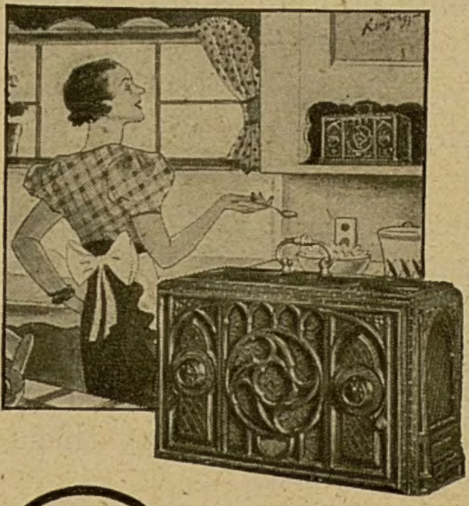

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You'll enjoy this beautiful Model R-22S. Five tube Superheterodyne, AC-DC. Police call band. Cabinet jewel case design carved wood effect. Only . . **$24.75**

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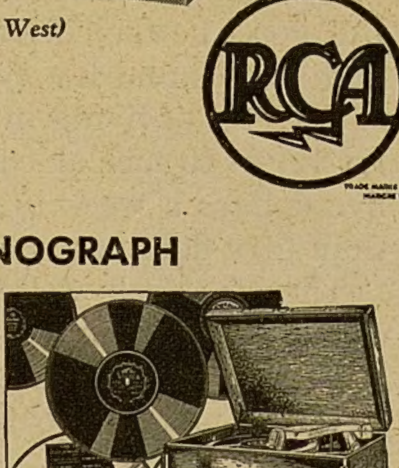

Model RE-40, "Radio-Fonograf"

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ROOSEVELT

Keeps His Word

Keystone View photo

A Check-up on the New Dealer's Pre-Election Promises in Liberty— Every One Is Being Fulfilled!

(Reading time: 15 minutes 10 seconds.)

ON December 12, 1931, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, then Governor of the State of New York, published in Liberty the first of a series of articles on public affairs. These articles ran for a year and were followed by two longer Roosevelt studies: the first, which appeared the week before election, being entitled Why Vote Democratic, and the second, published a month later, being the President elect's own interpretation of the vote which had chosen him to bring about the New Deal.

These articles were compact, simple, and vigorous. They presented Roosevelt's idea of government. The men whose business it is to understand American politics nodded their heads wisely. "Aha!" they said. "Here's the old political soft soap in a new package. Here is some ballyhoo to make the people back up Roosevelt's bid for the nomination. This is the good old bunk. Take it outside and drown it in the rain barrel."

Since the beginning of time, candidates had been doping the voters with soothing sirup. That was precisely what Roosevelt should be doing, according to the accepted rules of the game. Only a fool or a baby would have suspected that Roosevelt meant every word he wrote for the readers of Liberty. Only a lunatic would have jumped to the crazy notion that Roosevelt was actually giving the public an advance tip on both the Democratic Party platform and on his future policy in the White House.

Yet a careful study of his writings in Liberty, writings which began long before his nomination was a sure thing or his election could be taken for granted, shows that every one of the prospects and promises which he held out to the readers of this magazine is being fulfilled.

President Roosevelt believes in laying his cards on the table. There is nothing more baffling to the average politician or to the brain-glorious political "expert." For a whole year the Roosevelt program has been in plain sight, and even now few people of importance realize that he meant exactly what he said before election. Whenever Bismarck wanted to deceive a European diplomat he used to tell the truth, realizing that no European diplomat would believe another diplomat under oath. While millions of plain people believe and trust Roosevelt, his straightforward sticking to his word still has many of the high and mighty completely mystified.

Take the New Deal talk, for example. In his interpretation of the election [The Election—An Interpretation, in the December 10, 1932, issue of Liberty] Roosevelt wrote, while the votes were still being counted:

"Foremost among the policies I have emphasized is the invitation that I extended to forward-looking men of all parties to enlist in a common cause. . . .

"I appeal to my fellow countrymen, and especially to the millions of liberals, progressives, and men and women of independent judgment, to coöperate with me in a patriotic endeavor to promote the welfare of the American people."

When his Cabinet was announced, it was found to contain three Progressive Republicans, including one in the key position in the Treasury, and to number such liberals as Miss Frances Perkins, Ickes, and Wallace, as well as such disinterested and independent-minded experts as Professors Moley and Tugwell in the "Little Cabinet." Check! Here was no narrow partisanship but the outlines of a new political body, breaking through party lines and giving important offices to individuals whose views were hostile to the established order. This in itself marked the beginning of a revolution backed by the common people of America against the predatory system which had exploited them.

Roosevelt clearly foresaw the character of the national emergency, and the means by which it must be met, as early as December 26, 1931, when he wrote Treachery to the People: "We are at a crisis in our national life comparable to war. The same sort of unselfishness and the same simplicity of purpose is required that we showed in 1917-18."

His Inaugural Address and the electric "wartime" atmosphere of Washington since March 4 provide the answer. Slowly the "simplicity of purpose" is emerging

By JAY FRANKLIN

under his leadership in an iron resolve to bridge the economic abyss into which the nation stumbled under the blind leadership of Hoover and Wall Street.

In Our Political Racketeers the President-to-be refused to be tempted with the idea of centralized power.

"Perhaps a dictator [he wrote], by suspending legality, could accomplish a ruthless clean-up; but we do not want dictators in the United States. The other penalties of dictatorship are too high."

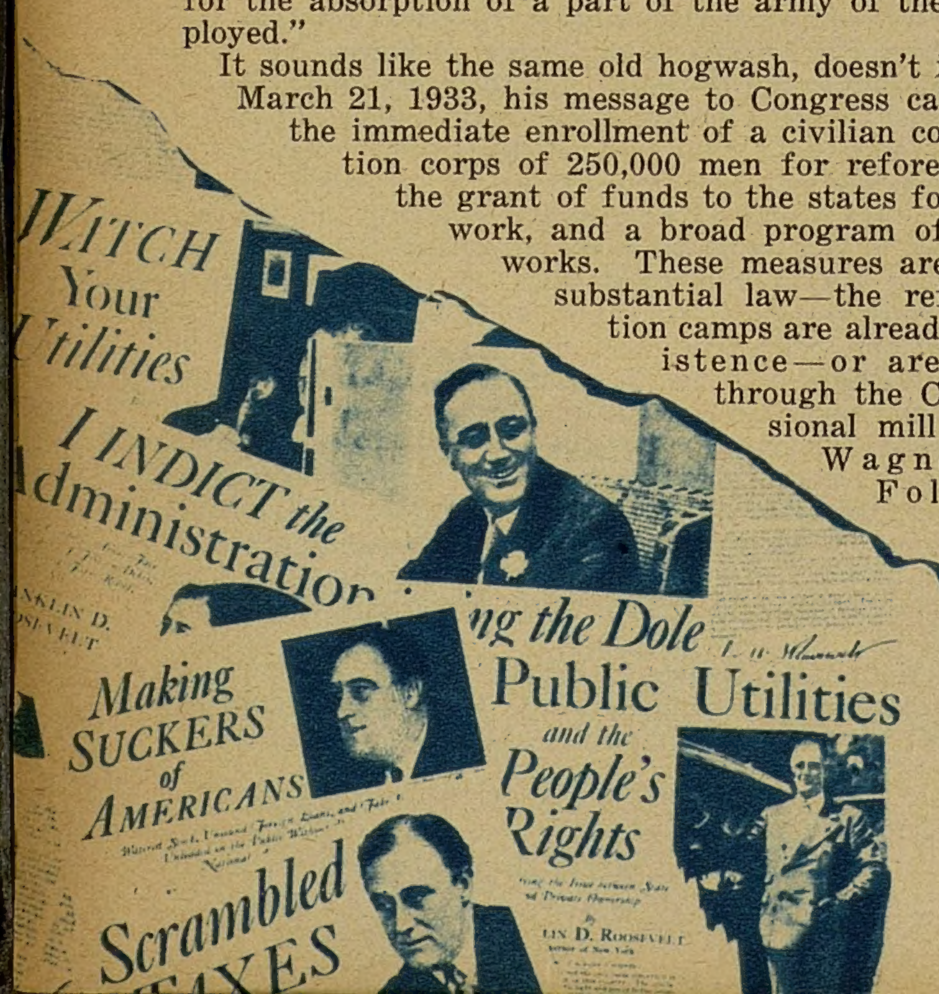
Instead of the one-man rule which appears so welcome to our big-business leaders, Roosevelt exposed *his* method in his great Interpretation of the election:

"I hope to coöperate with the whole Congress—Democrats and Republicans alike. . . . The Constitution clearly contemplated that the Presidency might, without overstepping its proper functions, provide a degree of leadership for the varied points of view represented in the Congress. This leadership it shall be my primary purpose to provide, exercised not in the spirit of a dictator but in the spirit of one who, because of the nature of the office that he holds, is in a peculiar degree representative of the entire people."

Roosevelt's bold assumption of leadership in the financial crisis, his message to Congress on March 9, 1933, demanding national control of the banking system, his dramatic abandonment of the gold standard and his declaration for a managed currency might have led to a personal dictatorship. But Roosevelt has kept his word. His "dictatorship" has been leadership exerted through Congress, with the whole-hearted support of the people. He has been true to the spirit of his promise.

HE is also keeping his promises to the letter. From the outset of his candidacy he insisted that unemployment was the paramount issue. "Life and health must and will be maintained," he wrote on December 12, 1931. On April 9, 1932, he stated to the readers of Liberty that "unemployment insurance should be an immediate concern of government," a pledge which was repeated in the Democratic platform. Writing of the dole, he said: "Unemployment insurance is no cure-all for depression . . . but it softens the shock." And in his Interpretation he declared again that "the most urgent of all these measures must be the immediate relief of unemployment, and at the same time the adoption of long-range measures to prevent the recurrence of this terrible scourge." In his Why Vote Democratic, published in the November 12 issue of this publication, he indicated that his long-range measures involved the reforestation of marginal lands and the creation of "a new rural-industrial group which will live on small farms but will depend upon industrial employment for the greater part of its cash income." A month later he wrote that certain aspects of his national agricultural plan offered "very substantial opportunities for the absorption of a part of the army of the unemployed."

It sounds like the same old hogwash, doesn't it? On March 21, 1933, his message to Congress called for the immediate enrollment of a civilian conservation corps of 250,000 men for reforestation, the grant of funds to the states for relief work, and a broad program of public works. These measures are either substantial law—the reforestation camps are already in existence—or are going through the Congressional mill in the Wagner-La Follette-Costigan Bill for relief. In this Roosevelt is keeping his word.



So with Farm Relief, admittedly the central point of the whole problem. The Democratic platform, the shortest in history, devoted three paragraphs to the subject. While those very paragraphs were being written and debated, Roosevelt indicted the Hoover administration on June 25, 1932, pointing out that:

"Washington does nothing to restore the purchasing power of fifty to sixty million people who live in small towns and on farms. . . . There is no occasion for time-serving and timid planning. Boldness alone will serve us. If one plan fails, we must scrap it and try another—or take the consequences."

This magazine article used almost the same words as those which he sent to Congress on March 16, 1933, recommending the passage of a Farm Bill which is still, at this writing, sending gray-headed senators into cat fits. In his message to Congress on that date the President said:

"I tell you frankly that it is a new and untried path, but I tell you with equal frankness that an unprecedented condition calls for the trial of new means to rescue agriculture. If a fair administrative trial of it is made and it does not produce the hoped-for results, I shall be the first to acknowledge it and advise you."

In Why Vote Democratic he wrote that "we propose to scrap the present waste and inefficiency of the speculative functions of the Farm Board." It has been done. In his Interpretation he declared that "the most immediate of the problems relating to agriculture will be the relief of the farmer from the burden of his debt." His message to Congress on April 3 recommended the passage of legislation to refinance farm mortgages at a lower rate of interest and to save the farm home.

Throughout his entire series of nineteen magazine articles President Roosevelt kept hammering away for economy in government. This was the first pledge of the Democratic Party platform. Cheaper local government, greater simplicity of government, economy "slashing away useless units, offices and officials, to balance budgets . . . in recognition of the suffering, the frustration, and the tragedy of this depression," twenty-five per cent reduction of the cost of the federal government, consolidation of government departments—all of these were emphasized by Governor Roosevelt in his writings for Liberty.

On March 10, 1933, his second message to Congress forced through the Economy Bill. More than a billion dollars a year has been slashed from the cost of government at Washington and the entire administration machinery is being overhauled, consolidated, and mercilessly pruned by the President's able Director of the Budget, Lew Douglas. Here again Roosevelt kept his word to the readers of this magazine.

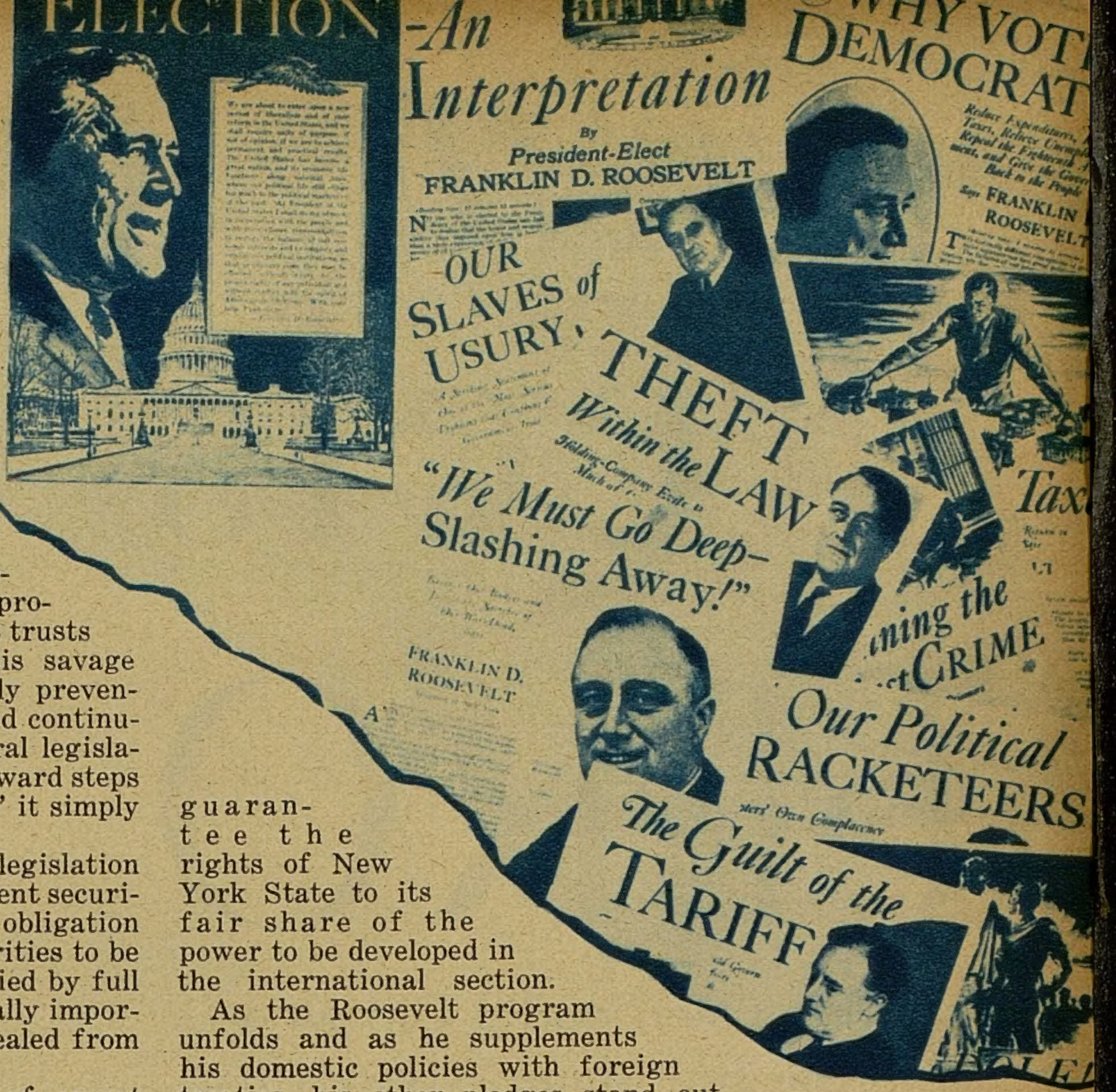
AS with the big questions, so with those which are less critically important. In his articles and in his Interpretation, Roosevelt pledged himself repeatedly to the Democratic planks for the repeal of prohibition and the modification of the Volstead Act. Congress had passed the Repeal Resolution on to the states before his inauguration; but on March 13 he electrified the nation by the briefest Presidential message in history:

"I recommend to the Congress the passage of legislation for the immediate modification of the Volstead Act, in order to legalize the manufacture and sale of beer and other beverages of such alcoholic content as is permissible under the Constitution; and to provide through such manufacture and sale, by substantial taxes, a proper and much-needed revenue for the government.

"I deem action at this time to be of the highest importance."

Under the stress of this message Congress passed the Beer Bill and today the nation is drinking 3.2 beer within the Eighteenth Amendment. Seldom has a highly explosive campaign pledge been more promptly redeemed.

It was the Beer Bill which finally began to persuade the "expert" interpreters of Washington politics that there was no mystery about Roosevelt, that he believed that a party platform was meant to be fulfilled, and that



a personal promise to the people was a debt of honor.

Nothing could better illustrate this than Roosevelt's pledge to regulate business. Of course the Democratic platform denounced stock-market manipulations and promised searching publicity for all securities sold to the public, urged strict regulation of holding companies, of utilities, and of stock and commodity exchanges. That was nothing. Democratic platforms had been promising and denouncing along those lines for years. So during the campaign, when Roosevelt wrote in his article in Liberty, Making Suckers of Americans, that "the government must protect its citizens against financial buccaneering," when he denounced the swindles made possible by forced promotion methods, foreign loans, fake investment trusts and holding companies, when he penned his savage Theft Within the Law, stating that "the only preventive of a recurrence of this situation is full and continuous publicity, whole-heartedly backed by federal legislation. I consider that this is one of the first forward steps to be taken by a new national administration," it simply sounded like old-fashioned stump oratory.

But on March 29, 1933, he sent to Congress legislation for the federal supervision of traffic in investment securities in interstate commerce, pointing out "an obligation upon us to insist that every issue of new securities to be sold in interstate commerce shall be accompanied by full publicity and information, and that no essentially important element attending the issue shall be concealed from the buying public.

"This proposal adds to the ancient rule of *caveat emptor* the further doctrine of 'let the seller also beware.' It puts the burden of telling the whole truth on the seller. It should give impetus to honest dealing in securities and thereby bring back public confidence. . . .

"WHAT we seek is a return to a clearer understanding of the ancient truth that those who manage banks, corporations, and other agencies handling or using other people's money are trustees acting for others."

Wall Street has not yet recovered from this shock and even a liberal-minded Congress was astounded.

So again on June 18, 1932, writing of Our Slaves of Usury, Governor Roosevelt said:

"When a 'free citizen,' with good security, cannot borrow money for legitimate purposes on fair terms, there is something wrong. . . . Why should not another [Reconstruction Finance Corporation] fund be dedicated to the individual borrower? . . . This army of usury slaves must be freed."

On March 29, 1933, President Roosevelt recommended to Congress laws to supply the credit needs of the farmer at minimum cost. On April 13, 1933, he sent Congress the Home Owners Relief Act, providing a fund of $2,000,000,000 with which to beat down the interest rates and to prevent the foreclosure of mortgages on homes throughout the nation. Roosevelt was keeping his word to the letter.

He is doing the same thing in the case of public utilities. In Public Utilities and the People's Rights, and in Watch Your Utilities, the candidate set forth the principles that the remaining power and water resources should be conserved by government and developed "as a yardstick for the charges of private companies," and that local communities or districts should have the legal right to manufacture their own electricity. In his The Election—An Interpretation, the President elect stressed the importance of "the task of bringing to the consumer electric power at a fair cost" and pledged "the development by the national government, under government ownership and control, of the four great power resources in the four corners of the country—Muscle Shoals, the St. Lawrence, Boulder Dam, and Columbia River."

The answer is in the Administration Bill for the development of the Tennessee River Valley, drafted by Senator Norris of Nebraska, and in the amendment of the St. Lawrence Waterway Treaty with Canada so as to guarantee the rights of New York State to its fair share of the power to be developed in the international section.

As the Roosevelt program unfolds and as he supplements his domestic policies with foreign treaties, his other pledges stand out boldly. In his indictment of the Hoover administration, published in Liberty on June 25, 1932, he opposed cancellation of war debts, writing that "all efforts to stabilize world finance will be futile until Europe recognizes her just obligations. Until this question is settled right we cannot effectively aid either Europe or ourselves." The Democratic platform repeated the pledge. He has never faltered in this opinion since entering the White House.

Our debtors have argued that they can't pay their debts because of the tariff. Roosevelt is prepared to see if the tariff cannot be used to help them to pay their debts. In no less than four of his articles in Liberty, as well as in the Democratic platform, Roosevelt insisted on his intention to open tariff negotiations with foreign nations.

ON June 25, 1932, he wrote: "Until the tariff is lowered there will be no corresponding lowering of European retaliatory tariffs and no real flow of international trade."

On July 9, 1932, writing of The Guilt of the Tariff, he said:

"A tariff is still essential to meet those safeguards [standards of living] and to produce revenue. But a return to sanity is necessary in establishing reciprocal methods by which the necessary international exchange of goods may be started again and encouraged to grow."

On November 12, 1932, he stated over his signature:

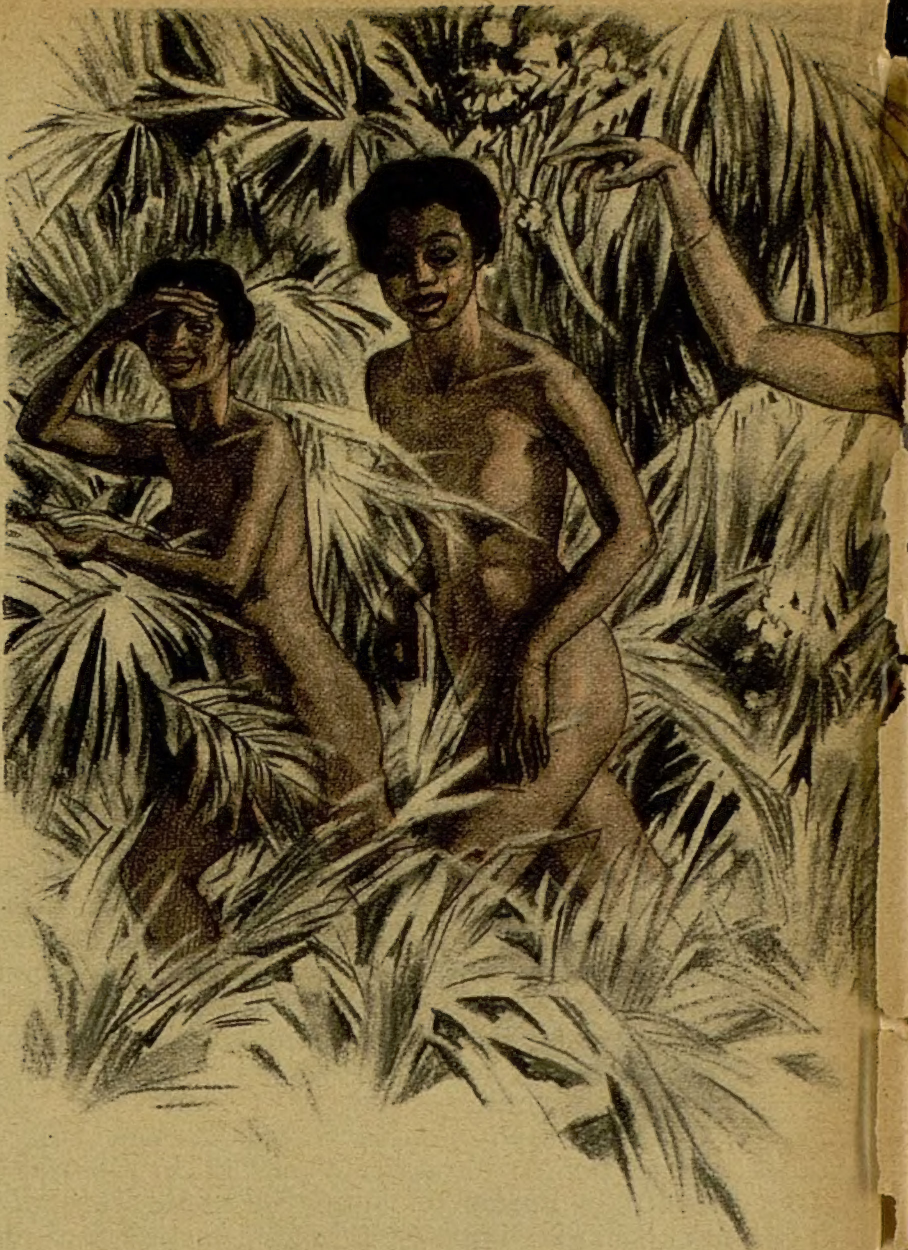
"Trade barriers of many kinds must be lowered as quickly as possible and methods sanely established by which a reciprocal exchange of goods may be started again and encouraged."

In his Interpretation he again announced his intention to restore normal foreign trade through reciprocal agreements.

Above all, Roosevelt has remained true to his conception of his administration as a war against economic disaster and has promised to treat any political or personal interference with the conduct of that war as "treachery to the people." This pledge was given to the readers of Liberty on December 26, 1931. There is no doubt that in this, as in other things, Roosevelt is ready to keep his word.

THE END

THE Reefs of RO

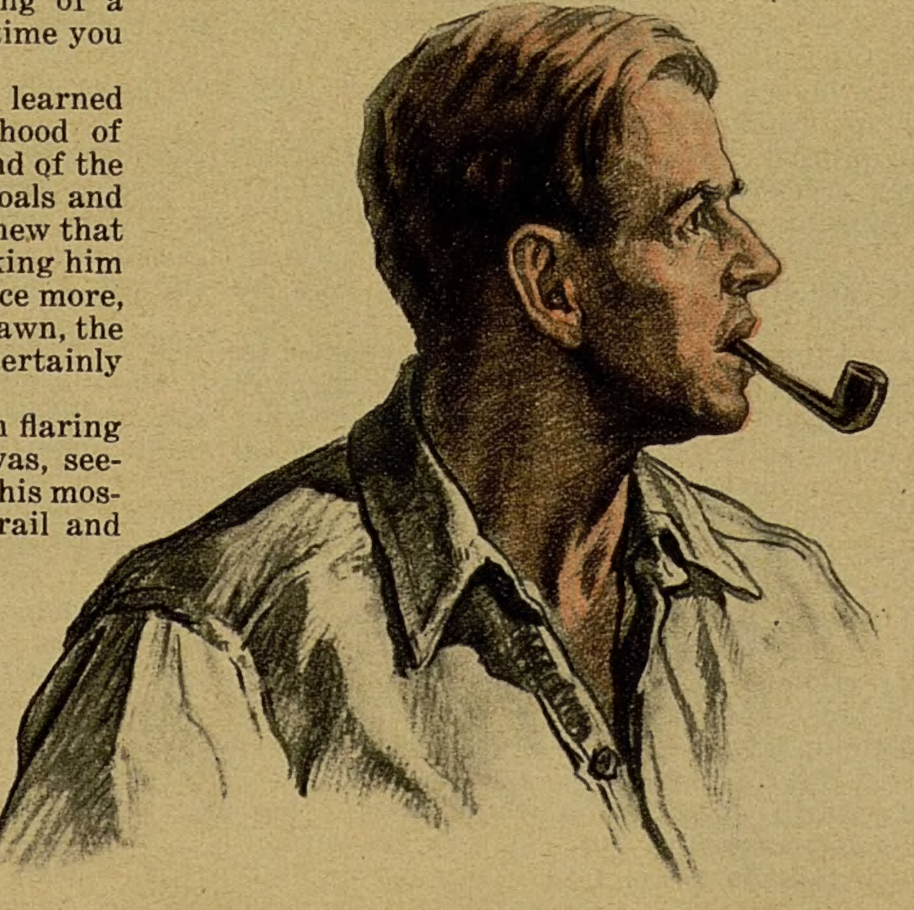


Three Men and a Girl on a Cannibal Island — Here's a Dramatic Love Story!

(Reading time: 29 minutes 40 seconds.)

SINCE a long time Glascott, the trader, had grown used to the sound of sea combers bursting on the reef—the great reef that surrounded with chevaux-de-frise this remote unvisited island of Ro.

Four years, since Mairi and the baby died, he had lived on Ro alone. Now that there was no one to talk to—for the black men and women of Ro did not count—he had learned much of the strange significant talking of the reef. Sometimes the voice of Ro was as the voice of angry bulls grumbling and roaring. And sometimes, maliciously, it tricked you. You would be sure that you heard the tramp of a steamer's engines or the throbbing of a launch, and yet all the time you knew it wasn't true.



Ships nowadays had learned to avoid the neighborhood of this last outermost island of the group, notorious for shoals and currents. So Glascott knew that it was only the reef tricking him again when he heard once more, in an hour of sleepless dawn, the thrash of engines that certainly weren't there.

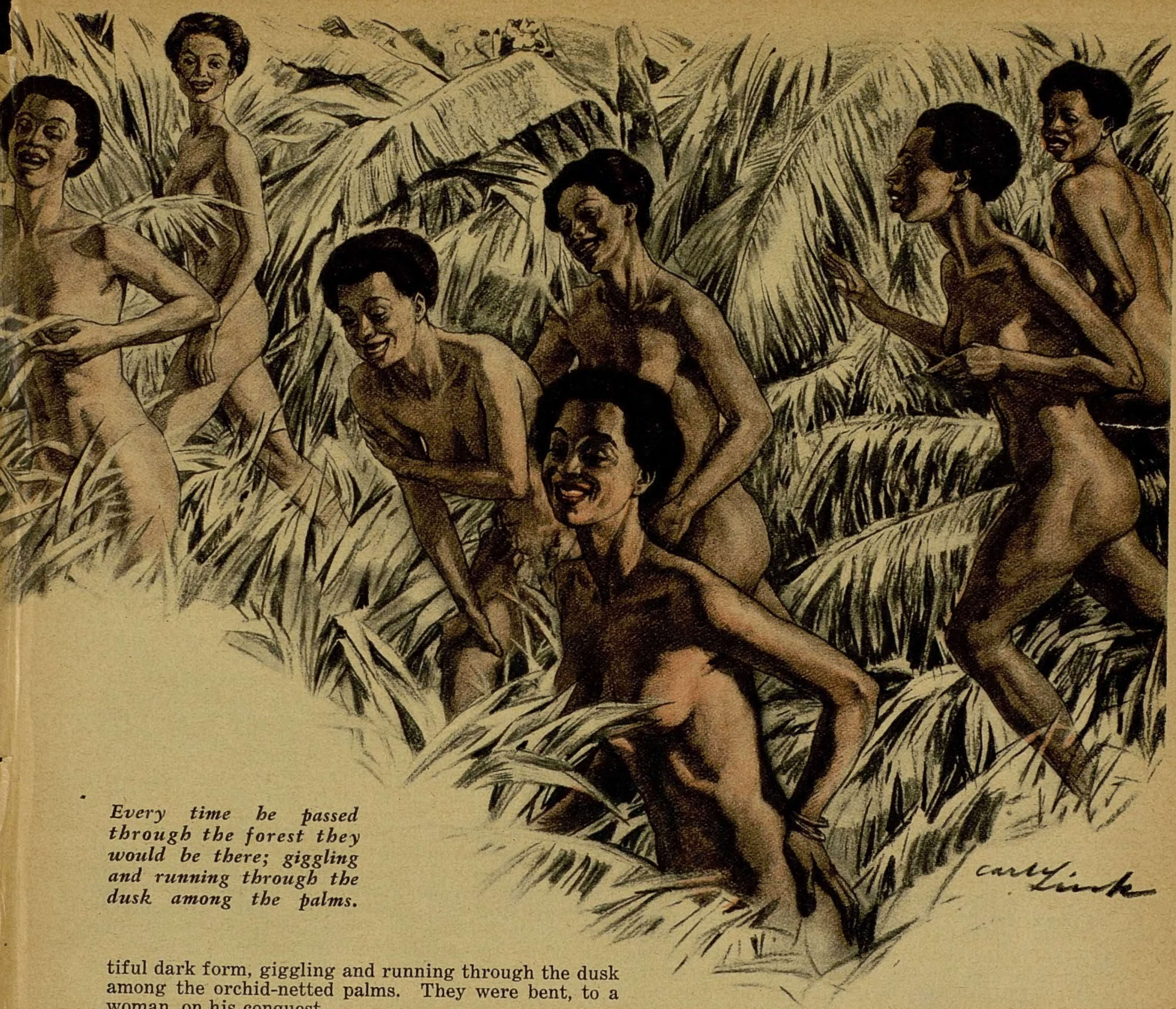
Until day had come in flaring gold he lay where he was, seeing through the mist of his mosquito net the veranda rail and the palm-tree tops, and below and beyond all that the sea—the ever empty sea.

By and by, after breakfast served by his native boy, he took the track down to the store where all his business was done. Copra and fungus, ivory nuts, red money shell, pink trochus shell, the royal gold-lip pearl shell and—sometimes—the pearls that it sheltered: these things he had been buying from the natives of Ro for seven years, giving them in exchange tobacco, red calico, beads and knives and axes. Nobody knew how much he had made out of the place, and he told nobody on his rare visits to the little island settlement three hundred sea miles away. He had no rival—the only trader who had ventured Ro before him had died. And the few wrecked sailors who could have told tales were walking about Ro inside the stomachs of Glascott's customers. Or at least you could say so, as a figure of speech—twenty years after. They'd been wrecked and killed long before Glascott came.

Mairi, strange to say, had been his safeguard in early days. The dark men of Ro realized that while she was there no harm could come to their own women, and so they made friends with Glascott. After she died—poor plucky little soul!—he had never dared to ask another white woman to risk the perils and hardships of the place. But he had learned the difficult island language, and he had, by sheer force of personality, contrived to make himself a sort of little king.

One other thing kept him safe, albeit with the safety of a man who walks on a thin log bridge above a boiling torrent. He had no love among the Ro women.

Every time he passed through the forest on the way to his store, they would be there, the younger and better-looking of them: naked creatures of beau-



Every time he passed through the forest they would be there; giggling and running through the dusk among the palms.

tiful dark form, giggling and running through the dusk among the orchid-netted palms. They were bent, to a woman, on his conquest.

In past time shipwrecked sailors had made love to these Ro women, and had swiftly paid for it. There were white men's skulls among the war trophies in the great devil house down below. Pale children there were none—save one only; and if he had not been the son of a high chief's daughter, and if she had not survived long enough to see him safe through infancy, he too would have gone by the way of the braining stone and the deep sea beyond the reef.

As it was, he lived. He was twenty-five years of age, and he was, in Glascott's eyes, the pity and the shame of Ro. His name was Pita. He had been taken away by a missionary, educated more or less, and then turned loose on Ro to evangelize his people. What he had done was to drop all semblance of religion, go back to savagery as near as possible, and use the prestige of a "misinari" only for his own ends.

Glascott used to have him up to the house sometimes for a talk. Pita would come dressed like a white man and speaking like one, and then a night later Glascott would know him to be dancing naked in the middle of the head-hunters, down at the Jaggega, that sacred place whereon no white person was allowed to set foot. He was a great dancer, a great hunter, and (Glascott could have told you) in one way only a great man. That was in the matter of his face—an almost exact reproduction of the face of a certain famous Victorian statesman whose son had many years ago been wrecked on the reefs of Ro, and there had died, slain for the unforgivable crime of loving a Ro woman.

He was in Glascott's mind as the trader passed through the forest. And that was odd, for in the very same moment Pita was hurrying swiftly to find and speak to Glascott.

GLASCOTT kept on, a notable figure, tall and well set up, with the fair hair and light-blue eyes loved by all island folk, neatly dressed, glancing round him now and then in the half-mechanical fashion taught by long years on an island full of surprises. There was nothing that needed guarding against nowadays on Ro, for a man who had the people well in hand. Nothing there but the forest and the pathway and the pale snow orchids of Ro, most lovely of forest flowers, dangling down from branches wreathed with moss, above the black slime of the sago swamp: like a pure thought in a dark house full of evil; like—as often he had thought—a white woman living in and blessing these mystical gloomy places.

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Illustrations by CARL LINK

"Glas, Glas!" came a sudden call from the track ahead—Pita running and calling out his name.

In a moment he came into view, a slim ivory-skinned creature, wreathed and girdled with leaves. "Come quick, Glas!" he panted. "There's three white people come, and they've gone to the Jaggega."

White people! "So I did hear something after all," he said to himself.

"Come quick," repeated Pita. And Glascott broke into a run. The Jaggega, the circle of stones where cannibal feasts and wild cannibal dances were held, was no place for strangers—deck hands off some straying ship, no doubt, but whoever they were he must save them from the consequences of their folly.

"Glas," said Pita, running easily beside him, "I don' think these men they will make trouble with the Ro girls."

"No?"

They were almost there now.

"No, Glas. Bee-cause they got their own girl with them."

"What?" For a moment he doubted his own ears. That which Pita had said was surely impossible. "Do you mean—there's a white woman?"

"Yes—yes, Glas. Two white men, one white woman. They coming in a boat from one steamer she lying outside. Small steamer from the port. I look at them t'rough the bush; bee-cause I got no clo'es on, I not liking to come out. They walking about, and they say, 'Where's the damn' trader?' And they come on the Jaggega, and go sit down there. So then I run."

Glascott quickened his pace. They couldn't know, of course, but you might as well have sat down in the nest of a mother crocodile as among the stones of the Jaggega, that amazing circle of seats placed round about a central fireplace and used by the men of Ro for their most sacred —and horrible—ceremonies. Glascott hadn't been able, yet, to break those up. Nor did he lightly visit the Jaggega himself. As for strangers—

There they were, safe for the present at all events. There was the Jaggega, set in the midst of huge forest trees that ringed it closely round, pushing on one another, trying—it seemed—to look over each other's heads and shoulders at the things that had been done, would be done, there. Quiet and pleasant it looked in the early light with the sea chiming on the inner reef close at hand, with the fruit pigeons murmuring and mourning in the bush near by. A peaceful, almost a holy sort of place—if you did not know.

On three of the low stone seats sat the three people who had come ashore. Glascott's eyes went first to the girl—a surprising vision to a man who, like him, had scarcely set eyes on any fashionable woman since he left England not long after the war.

SHE was young and very slight; she hadn't the "shape" that he had been wont to admire; and she wore, instead of feminine fripperies, a shirt and a pair of shorts. Yet in that garb she looked as fully finished, as completely adorned, as ever the girls that he had known had looked in gala dress. Dressed for Court, even, as he had seen his cousins in the days before the money went, and he too went, to earth's far ends. It was something in her air of utter self-possession, in the finish of her small black-satin head (she had taken off her hat), in the sinuous slimness of her long neck—like an egret's neck, he thought, remembering the white birds that haunted like spirits the verge of lakes and rivers in the hills. She had a short upper lip and a small heart-shaped mouth, very bright red (he did not know it was painted). Dark eyes, restless and unsatisfied, but bright as the jewels of volcanic glass he was used to find on the beach. And a sweetness about her, a sort of bitter sweetness, that charmed more than any commonplace rose-and-lily loveliness.

No wonder the big man in the fine drill suit beside her kept looking at her as if he could not take away his eyes. There was another man, who didn't seem interested in the girl. He was rather like her in a smudged sort of way, and Glascott put him down as her brother. Somehow he knew that the girl and the big man were not married. She looked too restless, unsatisfied, he looked at her too lovingly, for that. "Lovers," he thought. "Engaged, maybe." And he immediately disliked, without other cause, the big man.

For a moment he had forgotten the peril in which these strangers stood—the danger even to himself. Now he remembered, and in the same moment he saw, with a sudden creeping of the skin, that a number of Ro men had appeared on the verges of the forest.

"Look at them," the girl said in a high, amused voice. "Aren't they too quaint, with their Golliwog hair and those frantic kilts of leaves!"

The big man said: "Must be nonsense, what people said about them. They're as tame as kittens. Not a weapon among them."

The other man, who had a keen, clever, rather despicable face, let his lower lip drop down and stared hard. "You're no fool," thought Glascott, and then, "My Lord, they're forming fives!"

"Going to show us a bit of drill, what?" said the big man, tucking his cigar into the corner of his mouth.

GLASCOTT came forward as quietly as he could—it was never good to hurry when things went wrong. No time now to ask for or give introductions. No time even to get these fools clear away.

"Pita!" he said. And as if moved by a common spring the three strange heads turned round, staring at him. The girl saw a white man, lean, muscular, with light eyes and hair, and a look of command, suddenly appearing in the glade of the Jaggega. With him a curious fellow dressed in leaves, dark-ivory-skinned, with dangling brownish hair, and a face that made her think of somebody, she couldn't remember whom. She had not time to think about it, for immediately things began to happen.

The "Golliwogs" had grouped themselves into little companies of five, and with a swift stealthy movement were advancing on the party of strangers. Now they were at the edge of the forest; and now, immediately it seemed, they had come so close that you could see the whites of their brown-china staring eyes and mark the rapid rise and fall of their naked breasts. They were clearly excited. About what?

The girl didn't know; none of the strangers knew. But the two men, having done war service, guessed vaguely at something that induced them quickly to place themselves between the girl and the advancing groups of five. Glascott and Pita had been quicker. They were already among the Ro men, shouldering them aside, separating them one from another, all with perfect good humor on Glascott's part and a certain sharp-voiced shrewish anger on the part of Pita. The Ro men seemed to hesitate, hung in the balance a moment, and then sulkily broke up. They pointed to the white people and made some demand.

Glascott seemed to grant it. Pita shouted, threatened again. And then, as suddenly as they had come, the Ro men were gone, slipping away through the tangled bush like snakes. And there was once more quiet in the Jaggega, and the sound of the mourning pigeons and of the sea.

"I'll trouble you to get out of this as quickly as possible," the trader said.

"But what—" the big man began.

"Wait," ordered Glascott, leading the way at a quick pace out of the stone circle to the track that wound upward toward his house. They covered, in silence, a quarter of a mile or so, and then the trader called a halt. Everyone was more or less winded. Pita had disappeared.

"I suppose," said the big man, between short breaths, "there was something wrong about those beggars down below? We've only just landed; we—"

"You happened on to their most sacred meeting place," Glascott told him. "They were forming fives when I came along."

"And that means—"

"Strangling parties; they're experts. Five to each man—four to legs and arms, one to squeeze the throat. Drilled and practiced since they were babies. You had a lucky escape."

"Thanks to you," said the girl.

The big man seemed to remember something. "Your name's Glascott," he said. "They told me in the port. This is Miss Henryson. Mr. Henryson. I'm Calthrop. I—we're much obliged to you."

The trader looked at him narrowly, seemed about to say something, and desisted. "It was the other chap who did most," he remarked. "Pita. He's by way of being a kind of sorcerer, and they're afraid of him. As for me, I only said you'd pay fines. Pigs and so on. They wanted," he said, "quite a lot of pigs."

He did not mention that his own life for a minute, while he was bargaining, had hung in the balance. But the girl seemed to know it—shot a glance of appreciation at him.

"I like this place," she remarked, seemingly to the landscape in general. "I like mine with pepper in it. I think," she said, "this island could bite. You," she said, suddenly turning to her brother, "can have Honolulu, and Fiji too, if you want 'em."

"There's worse places than Suva," coolly remarked the big man Calthrop. "And I'm sure you don't mean half what you say, Katinka."

"I don't say half what I mean," she countered, standing slim and vital as a flame, in her light clothing, beside his immense slow-moving bulk. He was not a young man, exactly. Glascott gave him five or six and forty, more than ten years older than himself. He had an air of quiet importance, a look of being emphatically "somebody," that seemed to put the question of age aside.

To Henryson he said, speaking as a general might address an aide-de-camp: "You'll see about this matter of fines; square it with Mr.—a—um—" And Henryson said, "Certainly."

And then, without further talk, they all continued up the track to the trader's wood-and-iron bungalow that stood on the top of the hill, looking out a long way across the palm-tree tops and the blue-green lagoon to the crumbling reefs outside.

On the veranda, over glasses and whisky—which Katinka took down like a man—the newcomers explained their business at Ro. A certain great statesman well known in Victorian days, survivor of an age almost forgotten, was passing away, full of honors and of years. The heir to his title had died in the Great War. Another and still another heir had taken his place, death following, like a dark hound, on their tracks. Remained now, as heir, this man Calthrop, who had not thought until lately that he had any chance of becoming the Earl of Stonehenge. Viscount Calthrop was his present standing; an heir-apparent title of no special significance, which had come to him in the course of the last few months.

HIS lawyer in London had told him that if he wanted to make sure of his position he would have to prove, satisfactorily, the death of the uncle from whom his claim descended. That uncle, Peter—the Hon. Peter Calthrop—had been lost hereabouts in the South Seas a quarter of a century ago. Of course was dead, but you couldn't say for certain until you knew.

So he had made a party of pleasure of it—he and his good friend Henryson, and Miss Henryson, who had done him the great honor of consenting to be his wife. They'd come by way of Honolulu and Suva, and chartered a steamer to go to Ro. And here they were. And anything Mr.—a—Mr. Glaspell could tell them they would be very glad to know, and of course he would be compensated for his time and trouble.

Henryson looked at Calthrop when he said that. The younger man seemed to be thinking, "If you weren't going to be my brother-in-law—if you weren't an infinitely precious creature—how I'd talk to you about tact!"

But Glascott did not mind. The white woman of his dreams had come. True, she was nothing to him, or he to her. True, she wore on her slim brown finger the diamond hoop that says "Hands off!" That didn't matter. He was heels over head in love with her from the first instant; and the sensation was so delightful that he could not even think, or care, what was going to happen next.

Katinka, smoking a cigarette in an extremely long holder, looked at him under her curly eyelashes, and reckoned him up much more accurately than he had reckoned her. He made the blood run quicker in her veins, where, this many weeks, it had flowed sluggishly, unstirred by any touch or kiss of her lover. She had never met a man quite like the trader, but with a woman's intuition she guessed at a great deal. She could have told you how the life on Ro had made his character, how the fires of loneliness had done the annealing, the steel of danger whetted it into the fine blade it was. If he was king of these wild uncertain people, assuredly he deserved to be. And Jim Calthrop was treating him abominably. Jim was like that. He never saw when he was being rude; and he always thought, if forcibly you made him see, that other people were absurdly sensitive.

Now he was questioning Glascott, helped by the more tactful Henryson. And Glascott was replying with the story, long famous in the wild South Seas, of the wreck of the Laura Lee.

"IT was twenty-six years ago. Nineteen years before I came here. Your uncle was traveling in his own yacht. There were one or two friends on board, one of them a missionary called Frisby—"

"I know," interrupted Calthrop. "M' uncle's tutor, turned pi. Made poor old Uncle Peter nearly as pi as himself. No more fun left in him when Frizz got hold of him. But, mind you, he'd been a proper devil before that."

Glascott continued: "The passage wasn't well known then—it isn't now, as a matter of fact—but it cut short the run to Sydney by a couple of days, so the captain took it. There was thick weather and a blow, and nobody knew where they were till she was on the reef. Some of them got ashore."

"How many?" keenly, from Calthrop.

"Two only. Your uncle and"—he paused a minute, cleared his throat, and went on—"this Rev. Mr. Frisby, who was going to take charge of the whole group of islands."

"What happened?"

There was a sudden stillness in the place as Glascott again paused before answering. Even Katinka, her cigarette holder drooping from her lips, sat with her eyes fixed upon the trader, breathless. The passing of a great estate and of a famous name hung upon his next words.

Carefully he answered, "They were both killed."

Everyone drew breath. Calthrop shifted in his chair and Katinka threw him an enigmatic glance. It was not a glance of love. It seemed to say, "So I'm going to swallow this potion after all!"

Henryson, of the three, seemed the most unmoved, and Glascott could have sworn that his mind was occupied by something else.

When more questions had been put and answered, when all had heard of the struggling of the two white men, of the feast in the Jaggega, of the skulls that still decorated the devil house in the village ("We must have those out," pronounced Calthrop; "evidence, y' know"), Henryson quietly asked one other question—the first that so far had come from him:

"Did the Hon. Peter Calthrop leave any children?"

"M' dear fellow!" protested Calthrop. "Ladies present! And anyhow give us a chance. How could—"

"I asked a question."

"I'll answer it," Glascott said, while Katinka, unnoticed by anyone, was indignantly denying the aspersion cast on her by Calthrop. "Think we're in Queen Victoria's reign?" she said. "Think I never read those naughty spicy South Sea stories?"

Glascott went on: "He left one son. And that was why they killed him, three days after he and the other got safe ashore."

"Well," said Calthrop, "it's interesting, but doesn't lead anywhere, except to what I supposed it would. Poor old Peter doesn't stand in the way."

He got up. "Thanks much, Mr.—a— We'll come ashore again tomorrow, and take a photograph or two, and write all this down."

"There's a written record you can copy. Blades, the first trader, who was killed with his son a year or two after, was on the island then. He logged it all in his daybook. I can—let you—see it," slowly Glascott said.

"Thanks so much. Now, Katinka—now, Henryson—we'll be off."

They were away, declining Glascott's offered escort. The day had flown. The trader could scarce believe that it was already afternoon. A day of days, a day of miracle!

As they passed beneath the veranda on their way down, he heard the visitors talking. Katinka's voice rose clear and distinct: "They said in the port that there was a Mrs. Glascott once. Little bread-and-butter cat, to go and die on him!"

"My dear girl!"

"Oh, don't mind her," came Henryson's voice. "It's only Kat's special brand of English. She says she's licensed to use bad grammar. You'll teach her better."

"I don't like people who teach you," Katinka proclaimed, as the voices passed. "One should be 'learned,' not taught."

The voices died away.

Again, next morning, the party came ashore, and again the day after. It seemed as if the queer intriguing island of Ro had laid a spell upon these people—or at least upon one of them.

Katinka could not hear enough about it. While Henryson, accompanied by Calthrop, went round methodically and cautiously, taking photographs, looking at relics of the wreck, Katinka made the trader show her other things: the pale snow orchids, lighting up the gloom of the forests; dead trees in secret places, where birds of paradise met and marvelously danced; the flowers of the nypa, that strange palm that grew right up from river water—great orange flowers they were, in clusters yards long and heavy as wood; the lilies, red, spice-scented, overhanging quiet streams.

"What are those?" Katinka asked.

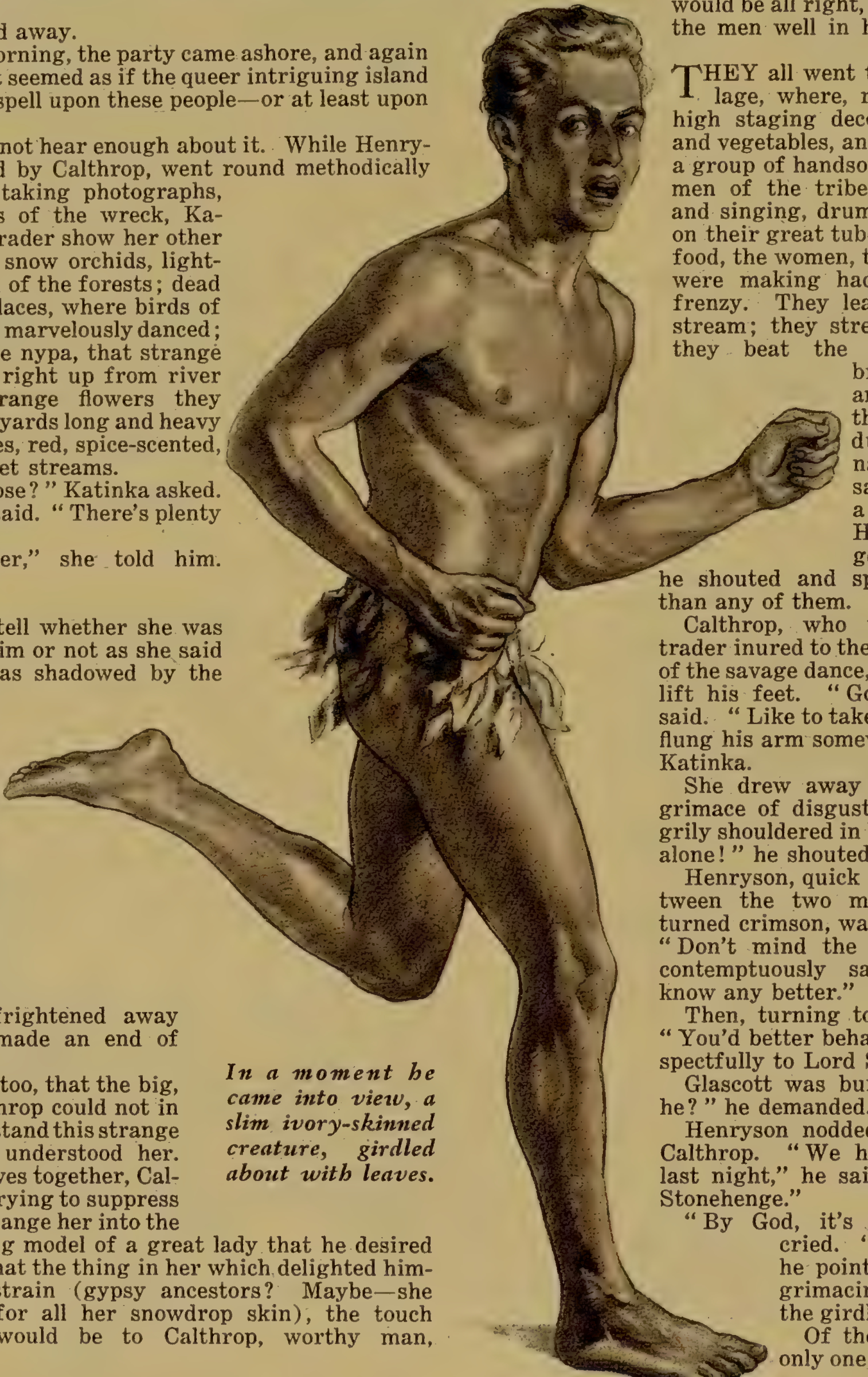
"Ginger," he said. "There's plenty of it here."

"I like ginger," she told him. "Plenty of it."

HE could not tell whether she was looking at him or not as she said it. Her face was shadowed by the wide sun helmet and the eyes were hidden.

But now he was beginning to know that Katinka liked him. More than that—liked his life, liked the fierce beautiful island that he had made his own. Liked the "pepper in it" that had frightened away other traders, made an end of Mairi.

And he knew, too, that the big, complacent Calthrop could not in a lifetime understand this strange creature as he understood her. That, all their lives together, Calthrop would be trying to suppress her, mold her, change her into the excellent working model of a great lady that he desired for his wife. That the thing in her which delighted himself, the wild strain (gypsy ancestors? Maybe—she looked like it, for all her snowdrop skin), the touch of fierceness, would be to Calthrop, worthy man, anathema.



In a moment he came into view, a slim ivory-skinned creature, girdled about with leaves.

And now he was haunted, night long and day long, by the insistent question, "Shall I let her?"

If it had been simply man to man, he'd have entered the lists boldly, and fought for her, with Calthrop, carried her off if he could. But there was more in it than that. He held altogether too much power in his hands. He knew what no one else did. For, up to the present, he had not shown the dead trader's daybook to any one of the party. What had seemed trifling once was trifling no longer. A weight of responsibility lay on him, and he did not know how to carry it.

In the end, a moment's impulse settled it.

They had met together after a morning spent within sight of each other but not within sound. Glascott had taken care of that. He wanted to talk with Katinka. The steamer would be leaving almost immediately. Who knew if he would ever speak to her again?

Sound of drums, blare of bamboo trumpets, came from the neighboring village. Katinka cried, "Oh, a dance, a dance!" Glascott hesitated. Native dances weren't always— But he thought this one would be all right, and anyhow he had the men well in hand by now.

THEY all went together to the village, where, round and round a high staging decorated with fruits and vegetables, and highest of all with a group of handsome naked girls, the men of the tribe circled, stamping and singing, drumming and blowing on their great tubes of bamboo. The food, the women, the wild music they were making had excited them to frenzy. They leaped like fish in a stream; they streamed with sweat; they beat the drums as if to break them. Notable among the wildest of the dancers was a dusk-ivory figure, naked like the rest, save for a girdle and a wreath of leaves. He carried the biggest of the drums; he shouted and sprang more wildly than any of them.

Calthrop, who was not like the trader inured to the exciting influences of the savage dance, began to laugh and lift his feet. "Good jazz, that," he said. "Like to take a turn?" And he flung his arm somewhat roughly about Katinka.

She drew away from him with a grimace of disgust, and Glascott angrily shouldered in between. "Let her alone!" he shouted.

Henryson, quick as a weasel, got between the two men. Calthrop had turned crimson, was clenching his fist. "Don't mind the fellow," Henryson contemptuously said. "He doesn't know any better."

Then, turning to Glascott, he said, "You'd better behave a little more respectfully to Lord Stonehenge."

Glascott was burning. "Where is he?" he demanded.

Henryson nodded his head toward Calthrop. "We heard on the radio last night," he said. "This is Lord Stonehenge."

"By God, it's not!" the trader cried. "That's he!" And he pointed to the dancing, grimacing savage figure in the girdle of leaves.

Of the three who heard, only one understood at once, and that was Katinka. He knew that she understood, and his heart made a bound as wild as the leaping of the dancers when he saw her eyes turn instantly from Calthrop to himself.

"Now I've done it!" he thought, and did not know whether he was glad or sorry. For he had firmly resolved with himself not to tell this thing—and yet he had told it, and three, four lives were upset as by an earthquake.

The quarrel about Katinka was forgotten. With one accord they left the village and found a quiet spot out of range of the shouting and the noise. Calthrop turned to the trader then and said, "I presume you mean to claim that my uncle and this savage's mother were married?"

"There's no 'claiming' about it. It was all logged at the time by Blades, who tried to save them and couldn't. The missionary was a bit of a fanatic—you said you knew him, by the way, so you'll know that—and he would have it that he must marry your uncle and the chief's daughter, since she had managed to win him in their way. The tribes were hesitating about killing him, on account of her. But when they saw the other white man 'making sorcery,' as they called it, it decided them, and they were both executed. Blades put it all down, with the dates and the signatures of himself and his son as witnesses."

"Exactly." Calthrop was amazingly calm. The trader could not but admire him. He stood to lose everything, and yet he could look like that—almost like the old Lord Stonehenge, the dignified Victorian figure whose face, through portraits, was as well known as those of Gladstone or Disraeli, and not a whit less distinguished.

There was something in defeating such an enemy—if he was defeated. But he must be. Katinka would never marry him without the title.

Henryson looked blue—there was no other word for it. Katinka had lighted a cigarette and was smoking it in her long holder as if the business now going on concerned her less than the chirping of the locusts in the grass.

AND suddenly Glascott remembered the look of the hen bird of paradise when the males were dancing and displaying and bowing in front of her, eager to win her favor. She might have done some dancing herself beforehand, some luring and coquetting—but now she stood on a branch, immobile, unconcerned, ready to follow the winner. Calthrop drew Henryson aside and said something to him. The other laughed. And immediately the sun, to the trader's eyes, began to fade. The figure of Katinka seemed to have withdrawn into distance, though she stood almost beside him. He had betrayed himself for naught. There was something—he knew it.

Calthrop said, holding himself quite still and looking at the distant hills rather than at Glascott: "You seem to know a great deal. I'd like to ask you a question."

"Certainly," with dry lips, answered the other.

"Did you ever hear of an English title, an important one, passing in just such a manner?"

"No—no. But of course it must have happened."

"No must about it. Did it—to your knowledge?"

"Why, no; not to mine."

"Pity—when you know so much." Calthrop was fighting now. He had the other man down. The dagger called "mercy" was at Glascott's throat. "If you'd known a little more—"

"Why, I suppose—sometimes—they got the inconvenient person made away with?"

"In the Middle Ages that might have happened, I grant you. But nowadays—well, there are such things as Private Bills. For the good of the country. Passed, and not reported in any paper. You see?"

He saw. He saw other things too. The face of Pita, who had followed the party, told by some strange instinct that his affairs were being discussed. Pita, in white man's clothing hurriedly donned; Pita, with the very face of Lord Stonehenge in the young portrait, looking through the leaves. Somehow he was sorry for Pita, who knew nothing, would never know.

HE saw too the face of Katinka, no longer impassive, but alight with feeling; the little birdlike head of Katinka, turning from one to the other of the men who stood beside her. Well, it was up to her, and he knew what she'd do. For a moment he had had victory, dearly bought, in his hand; but now it was flying away like a bird escaped, and he supposed he was served right. He shouldn't have told the thing, ever. It was cowardly—like hitting with knuckle-dusters.

Katinka said, "Well, if everyone has done talking, there may be a chance for me."

"Talk away," said Stonehenge pleasantly. He took her hand in his as he spoke—her right hand. It lay there for a moment, then loosened itself.

"Just a moment," said Katinka, pulling at the third finger of the other hand. Something glittered, came away. She said, "I can say all I want to in a couple of words. Returned with thanks, Jim." And she laid the diamond half hoop in his hand.

"I suppose," said Stonehenge, "you'll take passage with us as far as civilization?"

"I suppose," she said, "you won't take another passenger?"

"Quite right I won't."

"What nice people we are, after all, Jim."

"We're going down to the boat this minute," her brother broke in. And in his face was an expression easily to be read: "Once aboard the lugger!"

Glascott had stood almost paralyzed. Now he woke. He had never been backward at dealing with emergencies. There was only one thing to do, and he did it. Stepped forward and boldly kissed the white, white woman, who was his, before them all. "You'll come back?" he said.

"With two witnesses and a parson—and a cake," she said. "You can give the cake to Pita. He deserves something!"

THE END

Beginning Next Week

LAUGH, TOWN, LAUGH!

The PRIVATE LIFE of JIMMY WALKER

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Behind the scenes of his entire career with New York's late playboy mayor, whose wise cracks have amused the world and typified the jazz age

Also

AM I JEALOUS of BABE RUTH?

By **LOU GEHRIG**

The Yankees' famous first baseman casts new light on his relations with his celebrated team mate and batting rival

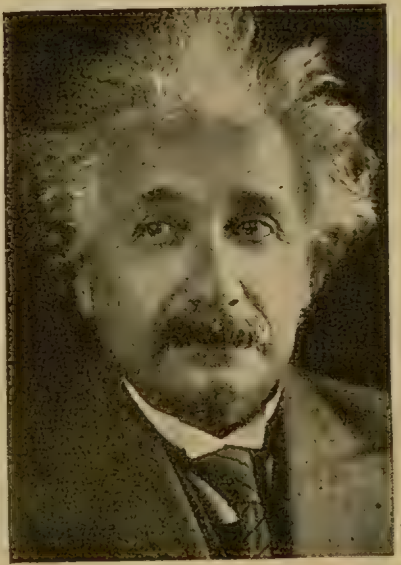
Why Civilization

(Reading time: 7 minutes 45 seconds.)

THE optimist affirms, the pessimist denies, life. The pessimist, for all his denial, clings as a rule to the sweet habit of living. Every man at one time or another asks himself Hamlet's immortal question, "To be, or not to be?" If he decides that being is on the whole preferable to not-being, he is an optimist, even if he quotes Schopenhauer or the Biblical adage that all is vanity.

I am an optimist.

I affirm life because, whatever may be the destiny of dissolving suns and dissolving universes, there is such a thing as progress and evolution in the cycle of the human species, however brief its existence may be, measured in astronomical terms.



Professor *Albert Einstein*

I am an optimist in spite of Depression, Famine, Dissatisfaction, and the Rebirth of Militarism—the Four Riders of the New Apocalypse riding in the bloody train of the World War.

I am an optimist in spite of the world-wide suppression of the rights of the individual which has followed the ambitious attempt to make the world safe for democracy. It is the battle of the individual soul to reassert itself which characterizes the epoch in which we live. No man can find his own soul until he strikes a balance in the account between himself and society at large.

If we meditate over our life and our hopes we are almost invariably faced by the discovery that nearly all our achievements and endeavors are closely intertwined with the existence of others. We notice to what extent we resemble other animals living in collective communities. The food we eat is garnered and prepared for our table by our fellows. The very clothes we wear are woven and patterned by others. Hands other than ours rear the shelter we call our home or our workshop.

Our knowledge and beliefs are mostly a heritage. They are almost entirely transmitted to us by others. Others long since gathered to their fathers have created the means by which understanding comes to our brains. Without speech our mental coffers would be empty indeed! Our intellectual horizon would hardly extend beyond that of the elephant and the ape. Language creates the brotherhood of man. It is this gift, the ability to convey complex ideas and emotions to others, that differentiates the human biped from his zoölogical kinsmen.

Left entirely to himself man is more helpless than the animals. Try to picture a baby left to grow up absolutely alone from birth! The abysmal primitiveness of such a creature is beyond the scope of our imagination.

What does all this mean?

It demonstrates our dependence upon our fellows.

No matter how great or distinguished a man's gifts or potentialities may be, he is distinguished or great only in reference to his group. The individual is significant not so much as an individual but as a member of the human family. Society is the force which directs his material and spiritual ends from birth to death.

That gives us a rod by which we can measure the merits of any man. His value depends primarily upon the degree in which his emotions, his thoughts, and his actions are directed toward enriching the life of his fellow men. Good and bad are not absolute terms; as applied to a man's worth or his character they depend on his position or his attitude in his relationship to his group. Thus it would seem as if the social attributes of a man were the sole factors upon which his relative position in the scale of humanity rests.

Yet this conclusion is erroneous.

It is not consistent with the history of the human race. For if the individual depends upon society, society itself is nurtured by the riches in the individual soul. Patently all material, spiritual, and moral possessions which we receive from society at large have come to society from individual forces. Ever accumulating, ever growing, through innumerable generations, all civilization and all culture rise from the roots of creative individualism.

It was not society at large but an individual that first struck fire from flint. Some individual first conceived the thought of wresting food from the soil by growing plants. Still other individuals first envisaged the steam engine and the filament that brings us light.

Only the individual can think and, thinking, create new values for the world. Only the individual can set up new moral standards which point the way for generations to follow. Without decisive personalities thinking and creating independently, human progress is inconceivable.

The health of society depends no less on the integrity of the individual than upon the social bond which unites the indi-

Will Not Crash

The Foremost Living Scientific Thinker Declares His Reasons for a Belief in a "Finer Future"

By
ALBERT EINSTEIN

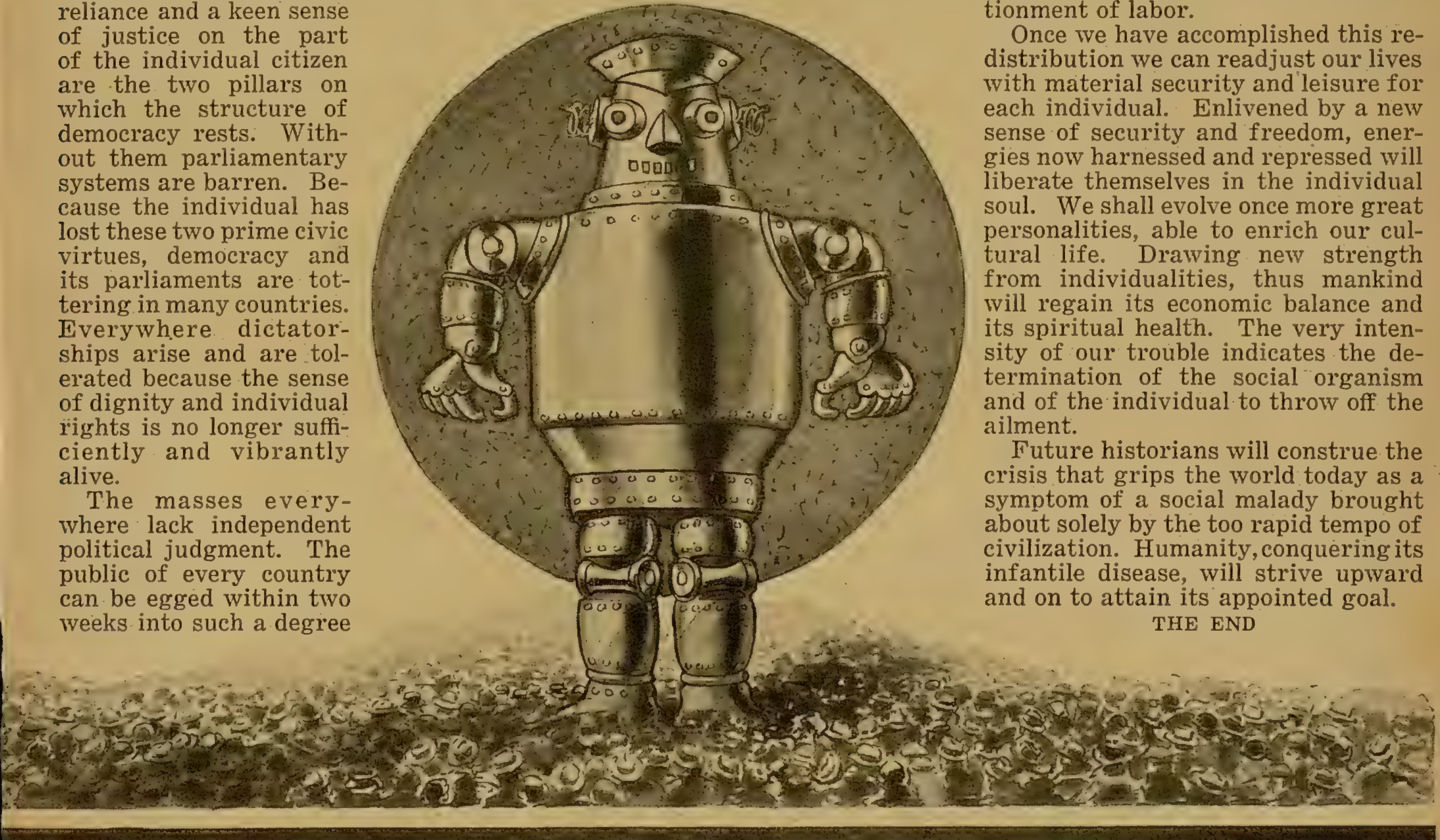
vidual with his group. But the individual cannot grow without the background of a coöperative community. Greco-European and American culture blossomed from the seed of individual achievement. In particular the cultural flowering of the Renaissance drew its strength almost entirely from the literation and relative isolation of individual souls.

What does all this signify for us?

Let us look at the time in which we live. What is the condition of the group? What of the individual?

The population of the areas where our peculiar type of civilization prevails has increased enormously. The population of Europe alone has increased threefold in a century. In America the rate of increase has been even more prodigious. But the number of independent leaders, creators, and thinkers has decreased in inverse proportion. There are few individuals today who tower above the crowd. The few who stand out owe their distinction chiefly to some productive achievement. In the world at large organization has taken the place of individual leadership. This holds true particularly in the realm of technical achievement. It is also true in a striking degree in the domain of science.

The lack of great individualities in the world of the arts stands out with painful clearness. Painting and music especially have degenerated. Politics, too, is bankrupt. Not only are there no great political leaders but the individual citizen has suffered almost universally a decline in spiritual self-reliance and in his sense of justice. Yet spiritual self-reliance and a keen sense of justice on the part of the individual citizen are the two pillars on which the structure of democracy rests. Without them parliamentary systems are barren. Because the individual has lost these two prime civic virtues, democracy and its parliaments are tottering in many countries. Everywhere dictatorships arise and are tolerated because the sense of dignity and individual rights is no longer sufficiently and vibrantly alive.



The masses everywhere lack independent political judgment. The public of every country can be egged within two weeks into such a degree of hate and hysteria that its individual members are ready to kill or be killed in military trappings for any special interest without regard to its merit. Propaganda creates compulsory military service, or rather compulsory military servitude. In my opinion the most shameful symptom of the lack of personal dignity from which our civilized world suffers today is its acceptance of the shackles of compulsory military service in any form. In view of these disturbing phenomena there is no dearth of prophets who proclaim the imminent collapse of Western civilization. I do not align myself with these pessimists. All signs to the contrary, I believe in a finer future. I may be permitted to substantiate briefly the reasons for my conviction.

MANKIND suffers not because it has failed to advance but because it has advanced too fast.

I attribute the present manifestations of disintegration to the fact that the growth of industry and machinery has sharpened the battle of existence to a point where it impairs the free development of the individual. Potential leaders lack the leisure which they need for their growth. The development of the machine should have produced the opposite effect. It should have diminished the demands on the individual for labor to supply the wants of the community. But the world has not adjusted itself to these changes. As a result unemployment and restlessness stalk feverishly through an unstable world. Mankind is beginning to realize that its most imperative task is a carefully planned reapportionment of labor.

Once we have accomplished this redistribution we can readjust our lives with material security and leisure for each individual. Enlivened by a new sense of security and freedom, energies now harnessed and repressed will liberate themselves in the individual soul. We shall evolve once more great personalities, able to enrich our cultural life. Drawing new strength from individualities, thus mankind will regain its economic balance and its spiritual health. The very intensity of our trouble indicates the determination of the social organism and of the individual to throw off the ailment.

Future historians will construe the crisis that grips the world today as a symptom of a social malady brought about solely by the too rapid tempo of civilization. Humanity, conquering its infantile disease, will strive upward and on to attain its appointed goal.

THE END

Roaming

(Reading time: 30 minutes 35 seconds.)

"DON'T stand there like a fool, Annette! Give me my shoes. What do you suppose I'm waiting for?"

The high-pitched disagreeable voice that Natalie Boyce, ex-Leavening, ex-Van Schuyler, kept especially for servants and the family—she had acquired a habit of speaking to them all as though they were black bearers on one of her much-advertised Congo big-game hunts—floated out to Jocelyn on the doorsill, one hand already raised to knock. She hesitated, lip quivering slightly. Perhaps—if mother were irritated—it would be better not to raise this question of a career again just now. Mother would only ask, sarcastically, what career? And laugh that ugly shrill laugh that stung so.

At seventeen, she would say, even one who had the misfortune to have a stuffed shirt like Gerald Van Schuyler for a father might show *some* evidence of dawning intelligence. Things like that.

Jocelyn leaned against the door, listening to Annette (who would be giving notice in another week—it was overdue now) scurrying round like mad; the clop, clop of one dainty high heel after another. Wait, then? But tonight mother was going to a dinner on the Scrantons' yacht, and last time that had happened the party wound up in Quebec a fortnight later. And something had *got* to be decided now.

Jocelyn Isabel Doon Van Schuyler's chin squared suddenly. Not for nothing had Natalie's daughter (sole and oft-regretted lapse in a life otherwise wholly dedicated to publicity and amusement) inherited Natalie's hot blood and flair for drama, Natalie's red hair, and Natalie's fearless green eyes. In this younger edition the whole was balanced by a shade of something steadier, less ruthless—heritage of the "stuffed shirt" perhaps. But still, the same temperament burned beneath the flat little immature bosom.

She knocked abruptly, imperatively, flung open the door, and almost collided with her mother coming out.

"*Jocelyn!* What on earth—" No mistaking the anger that blazed in the light-green eyes. The dark-green ones shadowed still further and glanced down. "Now look what you've done—stepped on my toe and barked the suède." She sent the offending slipper flying through the air with a vicious kick. "Give me another pair, Annette! Hurry! I'm late now, and I've a long drive."

"Mother—"

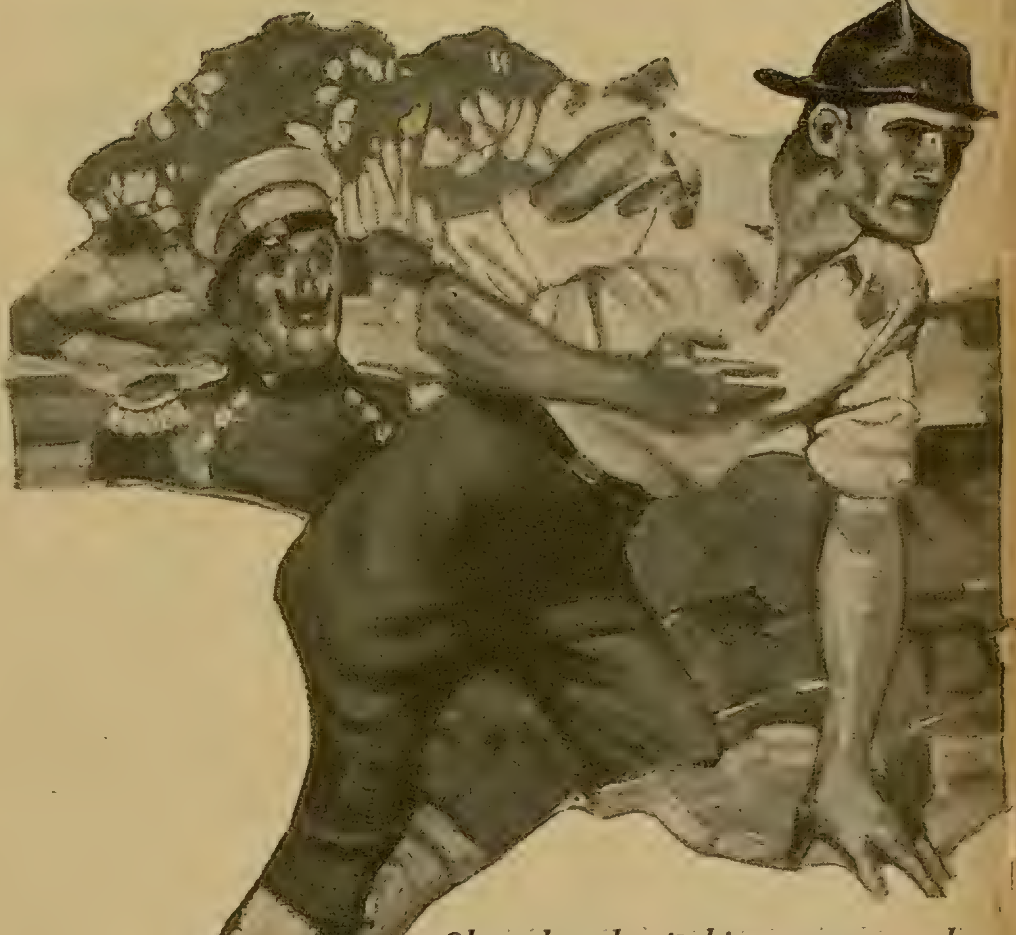
"How many times have I told you not to call me that? You'll be doing it in public some day. There!" She slipped into the newly proffered pumps.

"But, mo—I mean Natalie—I've got to talk to you. I've *got*—"

"It'll keep. Tomorrow sometime—I can't stop now." As an afterthought: "Good night, infant! Take care of yourself!" And she was gone.

Sighing, the girl stooped and gathered up the obese elderly Pekingese once owned and still neglected by Natalie. She had *got* to have air! Wong might as well share it.

How she wished there was something *real* to do, she reflected, going down in the elevator. Well—something romantic! Nodding to the green-and-gold doorman, she wandered out and deposited Wong in the neighborhood of his favorite lamp-post. Surely somewhere in the world there were *interesting people* who didn't spend all their time drinking lousy gin and driving about in high-powered motor cars. Men, for instance. One *man*. With *understanding* and a knowledge of the world! Someone who'd *lived*—whatever that might mean—and would say to her—



She glared at him across a by now rather battered typewriter, a cigarette dangling from her lip.

"Hello, Potts!" she cried suddenly, as a taxi drew up at the next apartment house but one and deposited her favorite ex-stepfather.

"Hello, infant! Walking the dog?"

"Oh, Potts," she said with a sigh of distilled tragedy, "I ought to have been born a hundred years ago! Then I could have been a king's mistress—or a pioneer woman in a covered wagon! The world today is so tame—"

"I don't expect," returned Mr. Leavening absently, counting his change, "that they'd agree with you in—er—Wall Street or South America."

"South Am—" An idea struck her. "Is there another revolution going on down there?"

"And how!" responded Potts sorrowfully. (He had gold-mining interests south of the Isthmus.) "In Tiava this time."

"I'd love to go to a revolution," muttered Jocelyn as a properly constituted child might say, "I'd love to go to the circus!" And wheeling suddenly, she swept Wong up, hastened back to her own door, and deposited him in receptive green-and-gold arms. "Send him upstairs, Joe," she directed. "I've just remembered an important date. Hey, taxi! Drive me to the office of the New York Pictorial as fast as you can go."

An hour later Fred Dalton, publisher of that yellow sheet, faced Bossy Dupont, managing editor and genius among circulation getters, across a littered desk, positively stuttering in his indignation. "You're mad!" he cried. "You've taken leave of your senses! I won't hear of it!"

"She's twenty-one," objected the other stonily. "She says so. Free, white, and—"

"I don't believe it! Why, that girl—"

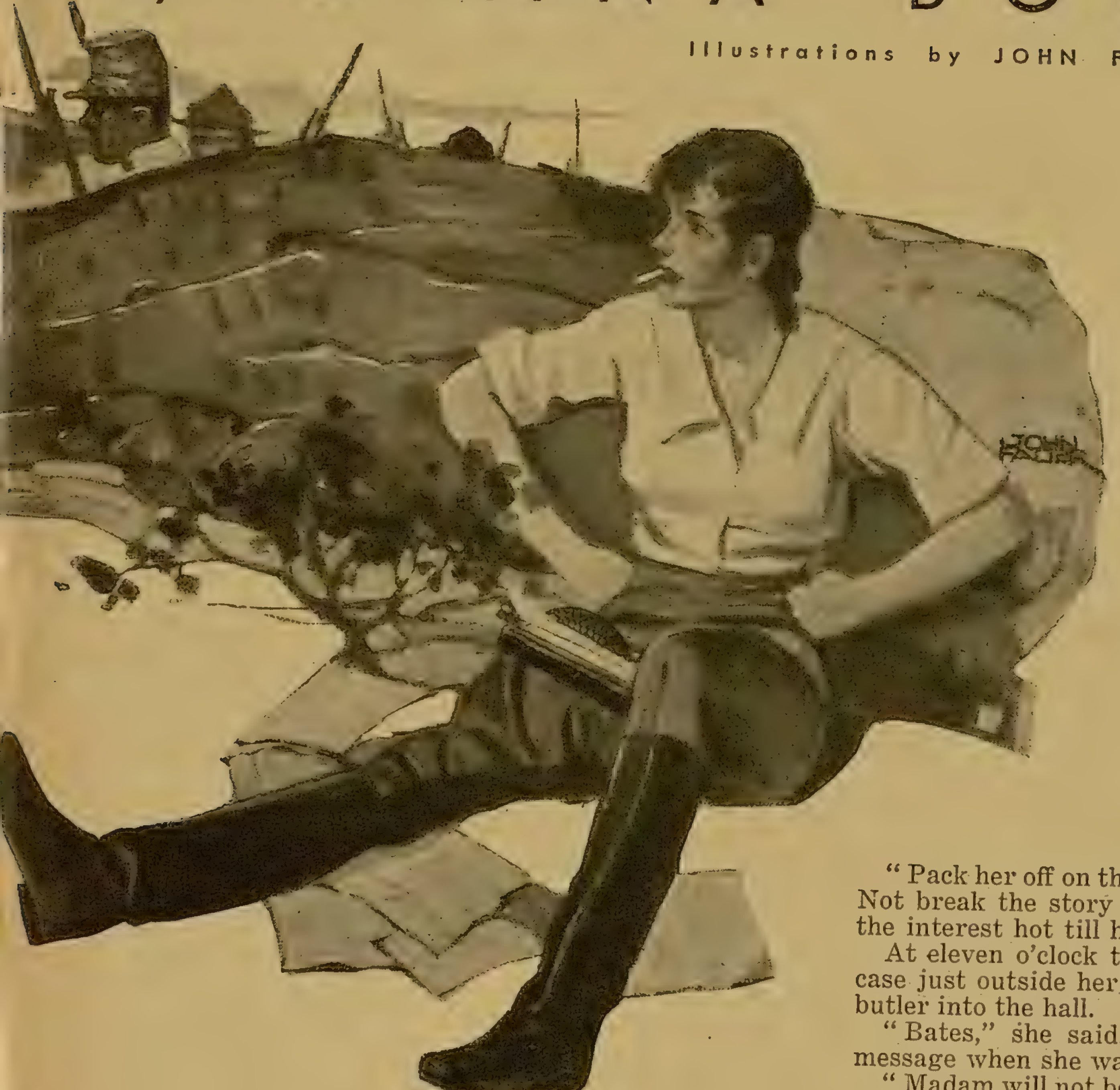
"She's Natalie Boyce's daughter, don't forget, and Natalie'd never admit to having a child that age. Accounts for no début and all that. Child has a pretty thin time, if you ask me! There'll be no trouble. Her mother

Lady

Drop a Park Avenue Beauty Into a First-Class South American War, Add One U. S. Ex-Marine, and Do Things Happen? They Do

By DIANA BOURBON

Illustrations by JOHN FALTER



wants her to do something, she tells me; and her stepfather gave her the idea of this. I'd call her *father*—he's the only one likely to kick up a fuss—you know the Van Schuylers—but he's abroad, which settles that. Why, we can have her in South America before anyone finds out. Do 'em no good to raise a rumpus then—and *what* a story!"

"Inexperienced, inefficient," Mr. Dalton was understood to sputter frothily.

"Be yourself, Fred!" admonished his right hand. "It don't matter if she c'n write a line or not! Do all that here, in the office. But can't you see the headlines? Member of 400 Joins Pictorial Staff! Heiress Bored with Cake-Eaters and Pink Teas Seeks Adventure as War Correspondent in Tiava! We'll have all the circulation in New York while it lasts. Why, that girl being on it'd make a fire in Spokane news!"

"Especially if she gets hurt!"

"Suffering catfish! She won't—she won't even go *near* the fighting. Just sit down there and amuse herself sendin' telegrams." After a moment: "I haven't had a good love-nest killing in months," he added darkly.

This invariably preluded a resignation, and Dalton weakened. "You're sure it *is* the Van Schuyler girl?"

"SURE I'm sure! What d'you take me for? You should of heard her, Fred, standing up there in my office like the Queen of Sheba—Say, that's a good line! Work that in somewhere in the preliminary story! 'What you want to pep up this sheet of yours,' says she, 'is some good snappy revolution stories from South America. Adventure — color — Lawrence-in-Arabia stuff. Get away from the depression. *You* know!' Boy! Do I know? 'Only,' says she, 'this'll be better because I'm a woman. Gives it sex appeal.' I'm telling you, Fred—"

"All right! All right! On your head be it! What do you want to do?"

"Pack her off on the Otranto tonight for São Domingo. Not break the story till she's there—that way we keep the interest hot till her stuff begins coming in—"

At eleven o'clock that night Jocelyn deposited a suitcase just outside her own front door and summoned the butler into the hall.

"Bates," she said. "I want you to give mother a message when she wakes tomorrow. Not before, mind."

"Madam will not be 'ere tomorrow, miss," twanged the superior British voice. "She phoned about a hour ago for Annette to pack some things and join 'er on the yacht. They 'ad decided to go hon some place—Jamaica, I think it was. For rum."

"Oh!" said Jocelyn in a small blank voice. "Well, perhaps it's just as well. When she does get back you can tell her, Bates, that I've gone to—to—to stay with dad. You have that clear, Bates? Don't tell her *anything* till she's back and actually asks—"

She isn't likely to cable, she thought. She never has; probably won't be sober enough to remember me for *days*. No one'll even know I've gone. Or care. No one ever *does* care what I do!

The Otranto sailed at midnight.

Not a very nice boat, but what could you expect of a little South American fruit tramp to whom passengers were strictly "also rans"? A frowzy, slovenly little tramp that smelled eloquently of her home port?

There seemed to be a little mystery about her cargo this trip. It was labeled "Grapefruit," which seemed hardly likely. And was loaded with almost exaggerated care. There were a lot of passengers too. Odd they should all be men. *Life*, reflected Jocelyn almost regretfully, might really be said to have begun at last.

She thought a little scarily of—what was it that girl had talked about so persistently in the picture she'd seen at the Plaza last week?—oh, yes—her "honor." (It had certainly given that one a lot of trouble!) Probably a good thing that nice Mr. Dupont had recommended her to take a revolver. She'd feel easier if she knew how to use it.

One of the men, roaring out orders, she noticed, was very good-looking. Tall and muscular. You could see his muscles rippling because he was walking about in just trousers and a—an *under*vest. Not at all the thing! He had a sort of hard-bitten face and bright blue eyes. Jocelyn was sure he'd *lived.* It was written all over him. Looked quite old, too. Thirty or something.

She tossed her unruly mop of red curls and sat down on a coil of rope that looked about the cleanest thing in sight—which wasn't saying much. Huh! Anyone'd have a hard time making *her* obey like that with a few barked orders. She wondered they stood it! She—Jocelyn Isabel Doon Van Schuyler—wouldn't hop for *anybody!* Only she *did* wish that smell wouldn't make her feel so sick!

"Going riding, sister?" The voice came from behind her and, on top of the queasy stomach, made her jump. She knew who it was without turning round, but turned round anyway, with her best version of the "lorgnette stare."

How *dared* this strange man speak to her like that? Speak at all without—without— "Eventually," she informed him coldly. "When I reach São Domingo."

He stood looking down at her with a twinkle at the back of his unnaturally blue eyes. "I see," he nodded. "Thought maybe you was goin' to play a little polo on the deck, got up like that. Thought maybe I'd offer to play too."

She glanced down at her immaculate riding kit, hardly bought before the shops shut. Boots—highly polished; corduroy breeches—irreproachably cut; soft camel's-hair sweater. What attire could be more sensible for one going adventuring deep into *life?* He couldn't surely—the thought sneaked in somehow—be *making fun* of her?

"So you're goin' ridin' in São Domingo?" went on the outsize in men calmly, and sat down too.

"I am going to São Domingo to join the revolution," said Jocelyn with dignity and articulating with immense precision. "The revolution in Tiava."

"Oh, yeah?"

He was! This odious person was actually making fun of her! "*Yeah*—I mean *yes!*" blazed Jocelyn. Then, with—she hoped—the proper assumption of negligence: "I'm war correspondent for the New York Pictorial."

"Wouldn't fool me, would you, sister? Oh, *no!*"

FORGETTING the smell, the war correspondent bridled. "Of course if you don't believe me—"

"Aw, don't get sore, sis. Stay where you are!" He reached out a great arm and slipped it carelessly round her, to pull her back. Felt something. "Hello, what's this?" he demanded.

"*That* is a revolver. Leave it alone, please."

"Left-handed?"

"Certainly not!"

"Then why're you wearin' it on that side?"

Jocelyn could feel herself blushing up to the roots of her hair.

"Lemme fix it for you!" His speech grew studiedly more careless as hers became more dignified. His hands were already on the leather belt when she recovered herself and jerked it back.

"Aw, I see! Wearin' it where you can't get hold of it is a sort of a war-correspondent gag. No foolin', sister. What're you *really* doin' on this tub?"

Jocelyn snorted. Well! A good thing Mr. Dupont had told her always to keep her papers on hand. This creature— She was still trembling with rage when she withdrew them from her pocket and handed over the proofs.

"Well, I'll be— Yeah!" Ex-sergeant of the marines Dan Wales, remembering his audience, caught himself just in time. A moment later, handing back the papers: "You and me's goin' to be playmates after all, then!" he observed. "*I'm* goin' down to that revolution too."

"You are?" In spite of herself, a great tide of relief swelled in her breast.

"Surest thing you know! Me and the boys here. All ex-service men. Army, navy, air service—*and* the marines. I been roundin' 'em up the past three weeks. Everybody who's hard up and spoilin' for a good scrap. This guy Merida that's runnin' the lousy little revolution wanted trained men. O. K., say I! Pay's good. Plenty of fightin'. Just what *we* want! Who let *you* out the kitchen door alone is what's botherin' me."

"Good *night!*" exclaimed Jocelyn, rising once and for all. A slight totter as the ribald old Otranto encountered a cross swell rather spoiled her effect.

"Sweet dreams!" riposted the giant, unabashed, and took his own leisurely rolling way down the deck. He paused reflectively as he rejoined his men, eying them from under knit brows.

"How's tricks, sarge?" they greeted him. And: "Yum-*yum!*" with a falsetto sound of kissing. "Did the naughty man—"

"CUT it out!" The roar was unabated but a faint flush stained the leathery tan. "And keep yer fool mouths shut long enough to lissen to me, you pikin' bunch of stiffs! That kid's a good kid, see? I mean it. And if I catch any of you bums so much as makin' a pass—" Passages of that speech had better go unrecorded. It ended something like this: "And if there's any lookin' after needed after we get down there, *I'm* doin' it, see? And you're helpin' me, see? That kid is *our* kid! How she got loose is none of our business. Somebody's touched in the upper story! But *we're* bringin' her back as safe and sound as she left here or we're not *comin'* back to say so!"

Jocelyn, sitting miserably on the edge of a grubby bunk, aft, wondered what all the cheering and stamping up forward could be about. . . .

Camp was pitched on a wide shoulder between two of the sensationally colored back-drop mountains of which the Tiavan scenery seemed mainly to consist. To the eye of the artist those mountains might have whispered lovely, inspirational things, but it was the fourth move this week, and Miss Jocelyn Isabel Doon Van Schuyler, formerly of Park Avenue, New York, had nearly her fill of Tiavan mountains. More than her fill of the largely imaginary goat trails upon which one moved to and fro between them.

Sighing, Miss Van Schuyler moved her body very cautiously a few inches to the left, where there was a slightly different formation of rock. Maybe easier on the vertebræ. Every inch of her body ached separately. Saddle-sore—"mule-sore" she put it to herself—and wondered (supposing she one day got away from here) whether she would ever again *willingly* look a mountable quadruped in the face.

At least that was what she had wondered till this morning when that odious Wales person cantered up alongside her as they trailed down a mountain (it was one hundred per cent worse riding downward than riding upward—except when one was riding upward) and grinned.

"You cert'nly can sit your saddle, sister! I give you that."

She perked up noticeably and even went so far as to caress her mule's neck. "Why, I— What did you expect?"

Dan shrugged and looked into space. "There's not many dames could have stood up to the grillin' we've had like *you* done. I'm tellin' you—yes, sir!—you got guts, and you cert'nly know how to ride."

She was sitting quite erect by then. "You're no slouch yourself."

"Oh, I dunno—"

"You do too. You're a shark, and you know it!"

"The marines is good at most things," modestly admitted Mr. Wales.

She looked after him almost affectionately when he had to canter back up the trail again to disentangle a snarl-up with one of the guns. Smooth! Now there was a *man* for you! Just what she'd dreamed of. Not one of your pink cocktail hounds.

(*Continued on page twenty*)

"If our weight goes up . . . our salary comes down"

say CAROLE LOMBARD *and* GENE RAYMOND

Let the new "Hollywood Lunch"
help you, too—
"keep fit without fat."

Stars of Columbia's new picture, "Brief Moment," are shown enjoying the "Hollywood Lunch" between scenes. They are Carole Lombard (above) and Gene Raymond (below).

Keep fit with the "Hollywood Lunch" . . . a sandwich . . . and a glass of Borden's Richer Malted Milk

EVERYONE takes pride in keeping slim and trim . . . but screen celebrities have an *extra* reason. They fight excess fat because movie contracts set a limit to the pounds a star can gain.

So Hollywood favorites have become experts at selecting foods that build energy—provide nourishment—without increasing that *vital* waistline.

No heavy lunches!

And when lunch time rolls around, very few stars eat heavy, fattening lunches. They need energy—of course—and many of them get it in a light, nourishing lunch—the "Hollywood Lunch."

For example, here are Carole Lombard and Gene Raymond getting the energy they need, without fear of fat—enjoying the "Hollywood Lunch"—*a sandwich and a glass of malted milk!*

Get the "Hollywood Lunch" habit!

If you want to keep fit—forget the heavy lunches. Instead, order a sandwich and the grandest, creamiest malted milk you ever tasted—Borden's Malted Milk!

Borden's is better!

Borden's is a finer malted milk. Richer in energy-building nourishment. Richer in vitamins A, B, and G. And every attendant serving Borden's is trained to mix the *best* malted milk!

Make tomorrow's lunch a "Hollywood Lunch!" And don't forget—for home use, Borden's Malted Milk also comes in handy glass jars.

Borden's Richer Malted Milk

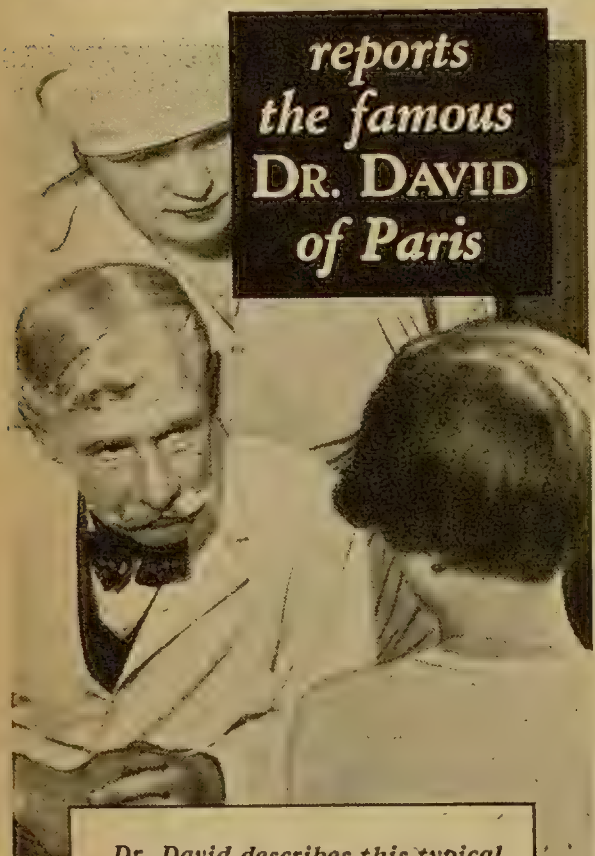
Go to the fountain that displays the Borden diamond

"In a month... not a trace of Constipation" reports the famous Dr. David of Paris

Dr. David describes this typical case from his practice:—

"MADEMOISELLE P.—No appetite. Tongue coated. Breath bad. Poor digestion. Badly constipated.

"I prescribed yeast.* Two weeks later her tongue was clean and she had recovered her appetite. In less than a month not a trace of her former constipation remained."



THE case above is another example of how famous doctors are correcting constipation with an extraordinary *food!*

Dr. David, Officier d' Académie and Vice-President of the Société Médicale de l'Opéra, of Paris, is one of France's most outstanding medical men. He states:

"Constipation should not be trifled with... Prolonged use of cathartics and laxatives irritates, exhausts the intestines... The most effective agent for correcting constipation, in my opinion, *is fresh yeast.*"

Fleischmann's Yeast actually *strengthens* your intestines. Also, it softens the wastes in your body so they can be passed off easily.

So... *try* it. It will stimulate your system—purify it. And you'll be more than rewarded as your skin, your digestion, your "pep" reflect your improved bodily "tone."

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Just eat 3 cakes daily—starting now. Directions are on the label.

● "Last fall," writes D. Roxann Maxwell, of Philadelphia, "I felt tired and headachy all day long... sluggish. My skin started to break out, too... I knew doctors recommended Fleischmann's Yeast, so I tried it. It not only cleared my skin. It rid me of my *other* troubles, too!"

*IMPORTANT! Fleischmann's Yeast for health—in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label—is yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G and D—the kind famous doctors advise.

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(Continued from page eighteen)

Why, she even forgave him that bawling out last night in front of the whole army, just for trying to place her sleeping bag on the far edge of the American contingent instead of—as usual—in the middle of it.

"Think you're somebody, don't you? Ordering me around!" she had stormed, tossing the red curls. "I'll sleep wherever I please!"

But she'd slept right in the middle of the American contingent, and the fact rankled.

Or had—till she found he admired her riding. Now a little warm feeling crept around her heart. She wished there was something to jump, so she could show him. But probably mules couldn't jump.

Gee, but she wanted a hot bath! Right here and now!

It was three weeks now since Jocelyn's début as a war correspondent, and many cabled stories had enriched the febrile columns of the Pictorial since then—giving rise, upon each of their several departures, to considerable friction between General Merida and the commander of his American troops.

Not that the general—as appreciative of publicity as the next aspiring president—had any objection to war correspondents *per se,* but that he *could* not grasp the necessity for sparing a bodyguard of at least two every time his current historian rode down to the coast to send a message. Dan, on the other hand—and it was Dan alone who controlled or could control the motley force of veterans on whom the general depended for his best effects—held out for both message *and* bodyguard. And won.

CONSIDERABLE editing *might* have been required on those cables when they reached New York. But upon mature reflection, Bossy Dupont had printed them "as is"—and been rewarded by a circulation rise topping even his wildest expectations. Strangers fought over discarded copies. New York laughed as it had not laughed since Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. Till Miss Van Schuyler's wholly undeserved reputation as a conscious humorist at last reached her mother, philandering in the South Atlantic; and her father, mountaineering in the high Alps. Both came feverishly hastening Manhattanward—but meanwhile their daughter continued to write.

The first message began: "I rode into action today at the head of a Foreign Legion composed exclusively of American heroes of the Great War, mounted on a snow-white charger." And the last ended: "May possibly be unable to communicate so regularly from now on, as General Merida refuses escort, and Dan won't let me go to the telegraph without."

As a matter of drab fact, action—except in the fertile imagination of the war correspondent—had been almost as nonexistent as white chargers. Two or three trifling engagements there had been. Skirmishes between the Tiavan troops on both sides, resulting in much noise and two or three powder burns each time. But the Americans, awaiting the decisive moment, had been held off. General Merida had no wish to play his trump card too soon. And the second shipload of (grapefruit) munitions was yet to come, along with a consignment of three airplanes.

"Doesn't seem many—just three," speculated Jocelyn, busy taking a professional interest in the campaign over her supper.

And: "Don't you worry," returned her swain, withdrawing momentarily from inside his coffee mug. "We'll be two up. The government's only got one."

"Gimme a cigarette, Dan."

"You *had* your three today."

"I didn't!"

"YOU did so!" Turning away to guard against surprise attack, he drew a crumpled packet from inside his tunic and counted the contents. "I thought so. Cut it out, woman! You're too young to smoke at all." (The family doctor couldn't have got away with *that.* Natalie wouldn't even have tried.)

"Just one, Dan," she wheedled. "A little one!" He threw it across.

"And you?" she demanded. "Where's yours?"

"Oh, I'm not smoking tonight."

"You mean this is the last? Here—take it! You think I'd smoke it if *you're* short?"

Sweet! He smiled as he put it back. Get her down to two soon—if she didn't find out there was a glut of cigarettes in the daily rations.

She was a good kid! Generous. All the nerve in the world, and only wanted handling. Sometimes it seemed to him that in spite of Park Avenue, she hadn't had any upbringing at all! Makings of a fine woman in her, though. If *he* had anything to do with it, he'd—

Such was the situation the day the Tiavan revolution really got under way.

It was all rather hurried in the end, and the war correspondent ran about getting under everybody's feet and protesting volubly as preparations went ahead: "But the airplanes haven't come, Dan. You said you wouldn't do anything till they had. The airplanes, Dan—"

"I know it. Hop on to that limber, will you, Joycey? You're gettin' everything all balled up."

"*Don't* call me Joycey! You know I hate it. I've told you before. And I'm sorry if you think I'm a nuisance, but I *have* to stick around because my paper—"

"All right, all right!"

"And I don't want to repeat myself, but you *did* say you wouldn't attack till the airplanes came. You said—"

The goaded man rounded on her violently. "I know it! And I meant it! And I've got to, anyway—and what do you know about that?" A little more mildly he went on, working rapidly, "With the pilots we got, those airplanes are our best bet. The other side's sure got somethin' up their sleeve for *us!* But the general won't wait any longer. He's r'arin' to go. Well, so we go!"

The war correspondent lapsed into silence. A moment later, falling over her again, Mr. Wales considered her gravely as at a new thought. "Mind you keep out of it today," he ordered at last.

"I'll do nothing of the sort. I came down here to see a revolution, and I'm going to see it!"

"You're goin' to sit up on that hillside and keep quiet! See here, kid, this is serious. You're liable to get hurt." Her jaw set mulishly, and Dan's face darkened. "I ain't got time to argue!" he barked. "You'll do what you're told, and do it pronto —for once!"

The green eyes flashed. She opened her mouth to annihilate him, and then shut it again suddenly. She had happened to remember the business of the sleeping bag. This time *she* was going to succeed!

Tell her what to do all the time, would he? And then see that she did it.

Well, that could happen once too often. *She'd* show him!

"I'll be back for you." He saw her well bestowed later—up on the hill, mule tethered near by, water canteen full—and then fell a sudden victim to embarrassment. "Well," he observed, shifting uneasily from foot to foot, "guess I better be goin'. So long, kid!" She looked at him wordlessly, in an obscure kind of emotion, and at last: "I'll be seein' you," he added and, turning abruptly, went scrambling back the way they had come.

Jocelyn watched him all the way, leaning far over to do it and smothering a wholly irrelevant reflection that he looked better in riding kit than any other man she knew. Then, taking her mule by the bridle, she led it calmly down the far side of the hill! Dan might have good legs, but she had an idea. A shattering, dazzling idea. *She'd* fix him!

In the event, she did.

Fighting had ceased with nightfall, the government troops having made an unexpectedly firm stand. Their ace in the hole had turned out to be a battery of French seventy-fives acquired from somewhere, and doing deadly work over no man's land whenever the revolutionaries attempted an advance.

"Should've waited for the airplanes—I knew it!" complained Dan, dousing his head in a bucket of cold water outside the first-aid tent. There was blood caked on his face from a scalp wound, and he was black with sweat and powder. "Joe'd have had that nest of guns out of commission soon's you could say 'Contact!' Well, just time to get this scratch dressed before the kid gets down. Don't particularly fancy her seein' it like this."

He stanched at the wound with a filthy handkerchief.

"Lissen to him! Don't you never think of nothin' but that skoit?" gibed Peter-the-Gob—he who had made Jocelyn broth with his own hands on the way down when she was sick and couldn't stand the smell of the ship's grub. "Why, yer dippy about her, y' poor mutt!— Yow!" as a sudden sluicing of cold water silenced him.

"Is that so? Well—"

Another of the Americans, Ellis by name, who had charge of the heavy artillery—both pieces—came running up looking worried. "Where's the kid, Dan?" he called.

"Up the hill. Where I put her."

"She's not."

The other started forward. "*What?*"

"I say she's not. I just locked. Went up there to get her soon's I got word to stop firing."

"But she must be! I—" He looked round wildly.

"You lookin' for the keed, no?" One of the Spaniards who had a smattering of English halted on his way by.

"I doan' know w'at become of 'er. She was weeth us w'en we starrt."

"She was what? What's that you say?"

"Hey! Don't choke him, Dan!" yelled Peter-the-Gob.

"I say she was weeth us w'en we mak' the firrs' attack. I doan' know w'at become of 'er after. I doan' see 'er no more."

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!
She Gets a Lovely Wave . . .
Forgets Her Teeth and Gums
. . . . and she has
"Pink tooth brush"!

THIS girl is wise to take excellent care of her hair. But isn't she foolish *not* to take good care of her teeth and gums!

"Pink" upon your tooth brush is an indication of too-tender gums. And this bleeding of the gums threatens the sparkle and soundness of your teeth—and the charm of your smile!

For "pink tooth brush" may not only lead to serious troubles of the gums—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—but it endangers the *good-looks* of your teeth.

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IPANA

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS

"My God, if she's been hurt! If she's lying out there—"

"There's not a soul in no man's land, Dan. You know there isn't. Pete's been over it with a fine-tooth comb."

"Then she's been taken prisoner! Hey—boys!"

"Holá! W'at's goin' on 'ere?" Generals, of whom the revolutionary forces very largely consisted, dashed up from all sides. "Stop heem! W'at are you doing? *Dios!* He is sounding the charge!"

"You get outta my way!" yelled Dan, a madman careering toward the horse lines, scattering generals as he went. "They got our kid a prisoner over there! Hear that? They got our kid!"

"But w'at iss he going to do? Look! *Quedada!* They are all in it! Help! Help! *Los Americanos* have gone mad!"

"You cannot break that line." Merida himself had come running to investigate the hullabaloo. "All afternoon we 'ave try. You know you cannot!"

YARDLEYGRAM

By Herbert O. Yardley

S	W	N	E	G	I	T	E	N	O	L	A
B	A	E	T	H	E	E	N	I	F	L	F
E	A	E	H	E	N	E	S	I	E	T	E
C	U	S	T	G	E	E	N	V	I	N	H
S	L	A	R	E	N	F	F	O	D	E	I
T	A	F	F	W	A	T	H	E	A	L	L
E	H	T	N	I	S	G	N	I	T	R	O
E	M	P	L	O	Y	I	N	S	U	P	P
A	R	E	E	F	O	Y	M	N	I	L	T
N	M	G	H	T	E ★	T ●	R	A	A	A	I
S	C	T	E	R	C	H	E	L	Y	T	E
E	R	E	S	V	I	E	D	A	O	F	H

There is a complete message hidden in the square above. It can be found by drawing a continuous pencil line through the correct letters vertically, horizontally, or diagonally. The pencil lines, when done correctly, will give a symmetrical design. No letter may be used more than once.
Start at the ●
Finish at the ★

The solution will appear next week.

"With our kid on the other side of it? We'll break through if it's made of seventy-fives! Come on, boys!"

Half an hour later the generals, realizing that all firing had ceased and that there was a breach the size of a cathedral in the line against which they had been vainly pounding all afternoon, mounted in their turn and rode in pursuit.

And by then their American troops were calmly inspecting the enemy's erstwhile position from the inside—while Dan, face to face with his quarry at last, continued the revolution behind a big rock.

"But, Joycey"—helplessly bewildered—"I don't get you. You *got* to come back. We rescued you!"

She glared at him across a by now rather battered typewriter, a cigarette dangling from her lip. "I won't. I don't care. You hadn't any business to. And *don't* call me Joycey!"

"But, see here, Joy—I mean kid—"

"I'm a war correspondent, aren't I? Who ever heard of a war being reported from only one side?" she demanded.

Dan's face suddenly darkened ominously. "Wait a minute. Let me get this straight. Are you tryin' to tell me we fought this battle for nothin'? That you weren't taken prisoner? You came over here for *choice?*"

"Sure!" Her heart quailed within her at sight of his expression, and so she blustered just a little more than she meant. "I crossed the line because I wanted to, see? Because I was darn' sick of you telling me what to do! Because I want a hot bath, and this side of the revolution still holds the capital! And I'm *staying* here because I want to, too. I *like* it better this side, Mr. Bossy Smart Aleck. And now what do you know about that?"

"HELL!" observed Peter-the-Gob, a cheerful eavesdropper, from the background. And then, with the bright enthusiasm of one who has an inspiration and hastens to share it: "Hell—if the kid wants to stay this side, what I say is—let's *all* stay! What's to stop us? Hurrah for the Tiavan government! Down with the rebel Merida! What do *we* care who wins the revolution?"

"That's right!" cried Ellis, crowding up behind Peter-the-Gob in his turn. "We'll *all* stay and have hot baths in Tiava Mesa—or whatever they call the lousy little town."

There came a sudden clamor in the distance and a cloudburst of generals mounted on mules stormed by. "*Dios!*" they shouted as they rode. "Hurrah! Hurrah! The revolution is over!"

"What's that you say?" Dan snatched at the sleeve of a straggling aide-de-camp, jerking him to a temporary stop.

"We won! The revolution is over! *Viva il Presidente* Merida!" And he, too, galloped on.

"Bit late with your idea, Pete." Dan turned back grimly to the little group in the natural dugout, and standing arms akimbo looked Jocelyn contemptuously up and down. "So you risked the lives of a whole company of men—any one of 'em worth twenty of your useless carcass—just for a cheap whim! To pay *me* out! And I thought *you* had the makings of a human being!"

She flared. "That isn't fair! *I* didn't know you'd come after me—"

"OH, so you didn't know we'd come after you!" he mocked. "Thought we'd sit down quietly and eat our suppers without you, I suppose? Well, you won their scrofulous little revolution for them, sister—they can thank *you* for that!" He pushed his cap on to the back of his head. "And now I'm damned if I care *where* you stay!"

He turned on his heel, but Jocelyn, suddenly chalk white, had sprung to her feet—knocking over the typewriter, discarding the cigarette.

"Dan! Your head! What have you done to it? Oh, my precious—"

"Nothing! Lay off me!" He pushed her roughly aside and crammed the cap back on. He had forgotten the spectacular scar.

Another of the Americans cantered up. "Hey, you guys! We're riding for Tiava Mesa—c'n make it by morning. Who wants to be in the presidential procession? Zowie—oooOOP!"

And quite suddenly, without conscious volition on anyone's part, they were all up and galloping into the darkness.

Sun streamed on Tiava Mesa by the time the procession had been formed next day. Campaign burros had had to be exchanged for parade mounts or state carriages. The fiesta-loving population streamed through the avenues. One revolution was over. Another would begin soon. Meanwhile: "*Viva il Presidente* Merida!" they shouted. "*Viva los Americanos! Viva il revolution!*"

"Drinkin' it all up, hey?" The snarl cut across Jocelyn's pleasurable excitement. She had been sitting up on the back of the fourth carriage, bowing and smiling to a cheering populace that had no idea what she was doing there, but was pleased because she was young, and pretty, and a woman. How it was that Dan had been thrust into the same carriage only he could have told—and wouldn't have cared to.

She stopped bowing abruptly and looked down. "All what?"

"This! Playin' queen. 'Thank you! How *are* you? Glad to see you! Oh, my deah, deah people!'" A peculiar noise concluded this tirade. "Caught any more roses from handsome young men lately? There's one now! Don't miss it!" He stooped to the floor of the carriage, picked it up, and presented it with a bow so gallant as to draw fresh plaudits from the flower-decked throng lining the streets—and another peculiar noise they couldn't hear.

"Dan, what on earth's the matter with you?" Her lip trembled; she was tired—she had been up all night. "I told you I never thought—I didn't dream you'd risk your life to get me back—"

"Don't flatter yourself!" She flinched at the stinging tone. "It's nothing personal. I just felt responsible, that's all. And it isn't any risk *I* took I'm grousing about—just those boys I led through fire to save *you!* Not your fault they came out all right. 'Sa chance they should never have taken. *Grin,* will you? Don't you hear 'em hollerin'? Got what you wanted, haven't you? A cheap thrill! Guess this all makes you feel at home. Reminds you of Park Avenue and your swell friends. I'll tell you what the trouble with you is! You're just a little two-cent sensation hunter—and I thought you were the goods! Aw, kid!"

FOR Miss Jocelyn Isabel Doon Van Schuyler had abruptly, unconcealably disgraced herself and the presidential cortège by bursting into tears.

"*Kid!*" He was beside himself. Climbed up on to the back of the seat, next to her; careless of onlookers, laid an arm about her shoulders. "I didn't mean it, Joycey!" (Even that went unreproved.) "Not a word of it! Joycey—look at me!"

"I can't. I got mascara in my eye."

"Now ain't that a caution?" Dan drew out his bloodstained handkerchief. "Takes a skirt to go to war with eye black in her pocket! . . ."

The Otranto, New York bound from São Domingo, was nosing slowly into her berth. On the dock stood batteries of cameras—newsreel and still, reporters, special police, and Natalie, swathed in sable, dabbing at dry eyes with a lace handkerchief and flanked substantially by Messrs. Van Schuyler, Leavening, and Boyce.

"Lookit the reception committee!" irreverently crowed Jocelyn.

"My child!" gasped Mrs. Boyce, frantically waving—her face turned cameraward. And later, when she was sure of being heard above the din, "My poor, poor child!"

The poor child wriggled a little in the enveloping embrace. "Moth—Natalie—I want you to meet somebody. It's quite important—I married him on the way up."

"*What!*"

"His name's Dan Wales. Here, Dan! And he's simply marvelous! Oh, mother—he was a sergeant in the marines, and he was all through the war—he's got yards of medals. And he won the revolution and—"

"*Jocelyn!* What are you talking about? Did you say that you had *married* a *sergeant* of *marines?*"

"Yes, ma'am," put in the bridegroom quietly, with a peculiar twinkle in his deep-blue eyes.

"Oh, my God! Oscar—Potts—*do* something! Gerald—*you* are the girl's father!"

"Wants us to get him a nice soft job!" whispered Potts Leavening to Gerald Van Schuyler.

But even as the latter nodded warily a burly white-haired figure with the gait of the habitual horseman bore down upon them along the quay.

"*Dad!*" cried Dan joyously, seizing and wringing his hand.

"Came to greet my new daughter," proclaimed Wales senior, enveloping the addition to his family in a bear-like hug. "Well, young lady—you'll be welcome on the ranch!"

"Ranch?" teetered Mrs. Boyce weakly. "Ranch?"

"Yes, mother—"

"Yes, ma'am," drawled her son-in-law, and the twinkle had become an unabashed grin. "I was goin' to say I reckoned it was time I settled down to helping dad in the cattle business."

"*Doesn't* he want a job?" demanded Gerald Van Schuyler in a stage whisper of Oscar Boyce.

"Shut up!" hissed the latter. "I hadn't any idea it was *this* Wales! Why, his dad's the biggest cattleman in the whole Southwest!"

THE END

There's a Whispering CAMPAIGN about her

"WHO is she? Introduce me." An eager greeting, one dance—and the brief thrill is over.

Too bad that she cannot hear the whispered conversations that would tell her the reason for her failure to "click" — underarm perspiration odor.

How inexcusable it is when it is so easy to keep the underarms free from all odor. With Mum!

Half a minute is all you need to apply Mum. Use it any time, when dressing or afterwards.

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MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

WOMEN ARE GRATEFUL FOR THIS, TOO. Mum is a wonderful deodorant for sanitary napkins. Enjoy its protection in this way.

WAR and A

New Films Present the Female of the Species Learning About Life in a Number of Ways

By ROB WAGNER

Henrietta Crosman, a hard-boiled mother-in-law in Pilgrimage, softening toward Marian Nixon.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★+ PILGRIMAGE

CAST: Hannah Jessop, Henrietta Crosman; Suzanne, Heather Angel; Jim Jessop, Norman Foster; Mary Saunders, Marian Nixon; Gary Worth, Maurice Murphy; Mrs. Hatfield, Lucille La Verne; Dad Saunders, Charley Grapewin; Mrs. Worth, Hedda Hopper; Major Albertson, Robert Warwick; Mrs. Rogers, Louise Carter; Janey Prescott, Betty Blythe; Elmer, Francis Ford; Jimmy Saunders, Jay Ward; the Nurse, Frances Rich. Directed by John Ford.

AFTER the *hors d'œuvres* of follies and fluff, a good big slice of dramatic roast beef is darned appetizing. This is the story of a mother vamp who is finally forced to admit the wreckage she has caused.

Henrietta Crosman is a hard, embittered woman living in the backwoods of Arkansas. Norman Foster, her only son, falls in love with Marian Nixon, daughter of Charley Grapewin, a drunken neighbor. "Ya can't love her an' me too!" shouts the savagely possessive mother, and in order to break up the match she deliberately has her son drafted for war. At the train Marian tells Norman her dreadful secret, but the boy is dragged off before he can marry her. He is killed in action.

Ten years later Marian and her son are struggling to make a living on the small patch left by her drunken father. Shamed by the ignorant, strait-laced neighbors and shunned and despised by the lad's grandmother, their position is tragic. The hard-hearted old termagant is induced to make the trip to France with the Gold Star mothers. Here she meets other mothers and sees a new kind of world. She even learns to laugh a bit. Wandering along the *quai* one night she finds a well dressed lad drunk and about to suicide. She takes him to his apartment and learns that his problem is identical with that of her own boy. A great light comes to her, and after squaring him off with his mother she goes to the grave of her own son and asks forgiveness. Returning to Arkansas, she humbles herself to her daughter-in-law and grandson.

A strong story by I. A. R. Wylie, full of contrasting color and profound heart interest, and photographically one of the most beautiful pictures of the screen.

Notable comedy sequences: 1. A brawl over paying a taxi driver which pretty nearly involves the whole population of Paris. 2. The old woman and a husky, pipe-smoking old girl from the mountains of Tennessee in a shooting gallery where they break every pipe, including the one in the mouth of the proprietor.

★★ IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE

CAST: Carlos Martin, Raul Roulien; Dorothy Wilton, Gloria Stuart; Dr. Prodwell, Edna May Oliver; Brooks, Herbert Mundin; Toots, Joan Marsh; Al Moran, Dorothy Burgess; Mrs. Wilton, Emma Dunn; Dr. Wilton, Edward Van Sloan; Perkins, Robert Greig. Directed by Alfred Werker.

Again we see a woman's world. But, unlike Warrior's Husband, it is the modern world. Under this twentieth-century matriarchy the women run everything—steamships, factories, airplanes. But, oh, how they want the men back! They invent one, but the brain-trust gal turns too much juice into the incubator and the poor fellow burns up.

Herbert Mundin and Raul Roulien find it Great to Be Alive in a woman's world—or do they?

But, goody, an aviatrice has discovered a real man on a remote island! He was away when the plague killed the others. He is captured and brought in. But who gets him?

The all-women congress assembles. He had been engaged to Gloria Stuart B. P. (Before the Plague), but he was a philanderer and she had soured on him. Now she wants him, and after much to-do she is awarded the grand prize.

A swell idea; a lively musical treatment; good dance routine; sets, frocks, photography fine; bright comedy by Edna May Oliver, Herbert Mundin, and Dorothy Burgess. But the picture as a whole doesn't click very loud, largely due to Raul Roulien, a young Brazilian of

---

OFF THE

By HARRIET

IN spite of Lillian Harvey's repeated denials to the press that she is either married to or romancing with Willie Fritsch, she will go tearing back to him the minute her contract with Fox is up. She has confided to close friends that she hasn't met any man in America who can compare with her German Willie.

And is Joan Crawford burned over that fan-mag story titled Is Jean Harlow Crawford's Rival?! She informed the writer of the yarn in no uncertain terms that she didn't consider Harlow even a potential rival.

When Hoot Gibson's plane crashed at the air races and the actor was reported killed, Bob Montgomery stepped to the microphone and delivered an impromptu funeral oration—much to his later embarrassment.

WOMAN'S WORLD

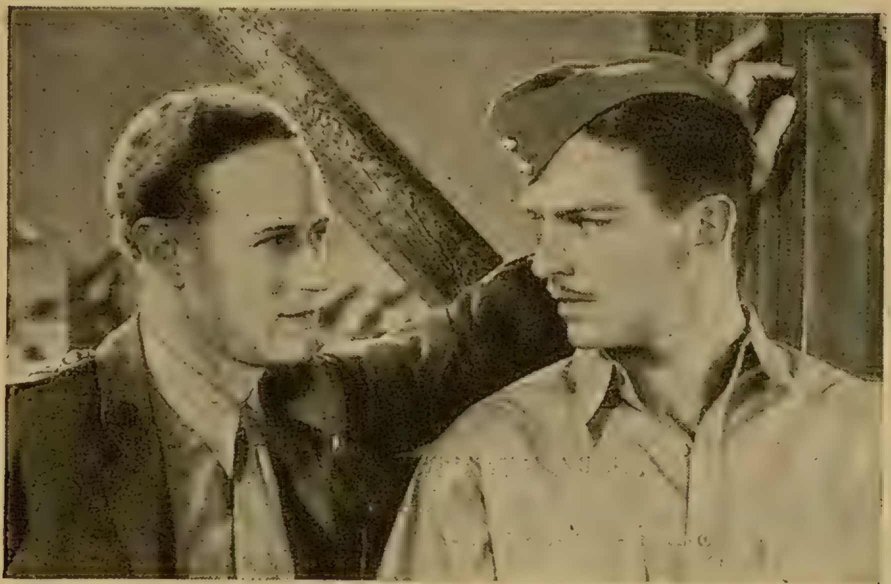
modest charm but a tendency to overact and mug, and to Gloria Stuart, who is not quite equal to her rôle.

★★ CAPTURED

CAST: Allison, Leslie Howard; Digby, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Erlich, Paul Lukas; Monica, Margaret Lindsay; Cocky, Arthur Hohl; the Commandant, Robert Barrat; Strogin, John Bleifer; Haversham, Phillip Faversham; the Adjutant, Frank Reicher; Elsa, Joyce Coad; Martin, William Le Maire; Guerand, J. Carroll Naish; Sergeant Major, Bert Sprotte; Elsa's Lover, Reginald Pasch; Orderly, Harry Cording; Major General, Halliwell Hobbes. Directed by Roy Del Ruth.

If the Germans were as rough and brutal to war prisoners as this picture shows them, they deserved what they got. But were they?

Leslie Howard, a British captain, had married Margaret Lindsay a week before going to the front. Two years a groomless bride was too much for her and she fell for Doug Fairbanks, Jr., a flyer. Doug is forced down in German territory, and sent to the same prison camp in which Leslie is incarcerated. He is delighted to meet his young friend and to learn about his wife. Doug, perturbed, escapes in a German uniform.


Leslie Howard and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., at cross-purposes over the wartime triangle in Captured.

The same night a degenerate soldier outrages a German girl. Doug's overcoat is found at the spot. Paul Lukas, the commandant, asks Leslie to sign a requisition to the British for Doug's return to stand trial. (That's international law!) Leslie refuses until a letter from his wife is found in the coat and he learns the truth.

Doug is about to be shot when the degenerate confesses. Leslie gives up his wife to Doug!

In an attempted mutiny a short time previously the prisoners, some two hundred, were simply slaughtered by machine guns. Now they again plan an escape. Leslie dies at his post holding off the Germans with a machine gun while practically the same two hundred (!) dash out, jump into airplanes, and fly back to safety.

It's a grim story of muck and misery with a rather hokumish finish. Neither Howard nor Fairbanks rises to dramatic heights. Paul Lukas, as a sympathetic officer, squares off some of the curse of German brutality.

★★ STORM AT DAYBREAK

CAST: Irina, Kay Francis; Geza, Nils Asther; Dushan, Walter Huston; Csaholyi, Phillips Holmes; Janos, Eugene Pallette; Panto, C. Henry Gordon; Militza, Louise Closser Hale; Danitza, Jean Parker; Peter, James Bell; Mitry, Hal Boyer; Greg, Allan Fox; Jankovitch, Frank Burke; Stepan, Richard Cramer. Directed by Richard Boleslavsky.

The Balkan people always seem to us to be comic-opera characters in funny costumes. But underneath they no doubt respond to the same human emotions as do we quieter folk.

Walter Huston is the middle-aged mayor of a Serbian village married to the young and beautiful Kay Francis. Comes Nils Asther, handsome Hungarian officer and great friend of Walter. Notwithstanding war has been declared between Hungary and Serbia, and Nils is stationed in Walter's town, their friendship persists. The plot is old and obvious.

December is married to May and everybody knows what happens when June comes along.

Nils and Kay fight hopelessly against their inevitable love, and when Walter learns of it he suicides to save Nils from court-martial and death.

The title credits say: "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents Kay Francis and Nils Asther in Storm at Daybreak with Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes." A correct billing would say: "Walter Huston with Nils Asther, Kay Francis, and Phillips Holmes." For Walter Huston is the central character and dominates every scene he is in.

And here is Kay Francis piteously renouncing Nils Asther, her lover in Storm at Daybreak.

As trite and old as the plot is, the picture has color, movement, and, above all else, it has *Walter Huston!*

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Dinner at Eight, Noah's Ark, The Warrior's Husband, Thunder Over Mexico, Nothing Ever Happens, Topaze, Rasputin and the Empress, 42nd Street, Cavalcade.

★★★—Goodbye Again, I Loved You Wednesday, Voltaire, Peg o' My Heart, Gold Diggers of 1933, The Silver Cord, Looking Forward, I Cover the Waterfront, Never Give a Sucker a Break, The Barbarian, Reunion in Vienna, Zoo in Budapest, The Little Giant, A Bedtime Story, The Devil's Brother, Working Man, Hell Below, Picture Snatcher, Baby Face, The Masquerader, The White Sister, The Rome Express, King Kong, The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight, The Face in the Sky, State Fair, Luxury Liner, The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong, Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal.

SCREEN—

ARSONS

This Hepburn gal does the darnedest things. Invited to a dinner party at Merian Cooper's, she asked for the list of guests—"because," she explained to Cooper, "if there are any of them I don't like I'll insult them!"

Then there's the one (true, too) about the blonde ingénue who watched puzzled cameramen, director, prop boys, *et al.*, struggle for hours to eliminate a shadow thrown by the microphone, and offered a solution. "Why," said she, "don't you paint the microphone white?"

Frances Rich, talented and beautiful daughter of the lovely Irene, has deserted a very promising career in pictures to study sculpturing in Paris for six months. C. B. De Mille picked Frances not long ago as the screen newcomer with the most possibilities.

The AËRIAL Rum-Runners' Paradise

HAROLD DENISON

Why Birdmen Flock to Bimini Until Their Wives Find Out

(Reading time: 6 minutes 35 seconds.)

TOO many risks for a married man—that's why I quit being a flying booze smuggler! For a gay and reckless bachelor looking for danger and love it's a glorious game. But even the two thousand dollars a day I made giving wings to whisky could not tempt me to continue operations over that little course between Bimini, B. W. I., and Florida, U. S. A.—between Bacchus and Venus!

How I got into it was simple enough. Last year, when I was on my uppers, hanging around Miami and waiting for a South American job to materialize that had been promised me, I was accosted by a big man on the grounds of the seaplane hangars.

"Boy," he said in his bluff, jolly way, "I've been looking all over hell for you!"

At first I was stumped. I remembered his face but couldn't place him exactly. Then, as he chuckled, my memory clicked. It was Ben Wheeler (I am using his initials here but not his real name, for obvious reasons), the king of flying bootleggers, and I had met him once through some of the boys who were on his air staff.

"Hello, yourself," I replied in kind. "And what's all the excitement?"

"I'm in a jam, kid. Need a pilot in the worst way—and I got to have him this minute!"

"Just like that!" I came back at him, wondering what had happened to his crew of flying aces and his fleet of planes, which included a giant twin-motored Sikorsky.

"It's like this," he went on: "Johnny and Lou have taken the 'H' boat God knows where, and they've been gone six days now without a word. Johanson and Fred are on the beach in Bimini repairing the Sikorsky," he continued. "And here's the hell of it, Carl: I haven't a case of stuff on hand and there's two national conventions on next week."

Certainly I appreciated his prospective loss if he was to be stymied this way. Big Ben flies choice liquors and wines from the British island of Bimini, only fifty miles off the coast, to Miami. I understood his fleet of planes could bring in from 500 to 1,000 cases a day, depending on the demand in the fashionable resorts of Miami and Palm Beach. Also the boys of his who were my friends had told me he bought his stock at about seventeen dollars a case and sold it at between $60 and $120 a case. Even with paying his pilots $15 a case (my friends had tipped me off on that point) for flying it in, Big Ben made enormous profit. No wonder that, with two national conventions of extra thirst looming in the immediate foreground, the king of Miami wet goods was desperate in his lack of flyers and was ready to grab off almost anybody who could manage the joy stick halfway and go the whole hog on taking a chance with jail or—death.

"Tough spot you're in," I sympathized, and, though I knew what was coming, I added, "And where do I figure, big boy?"

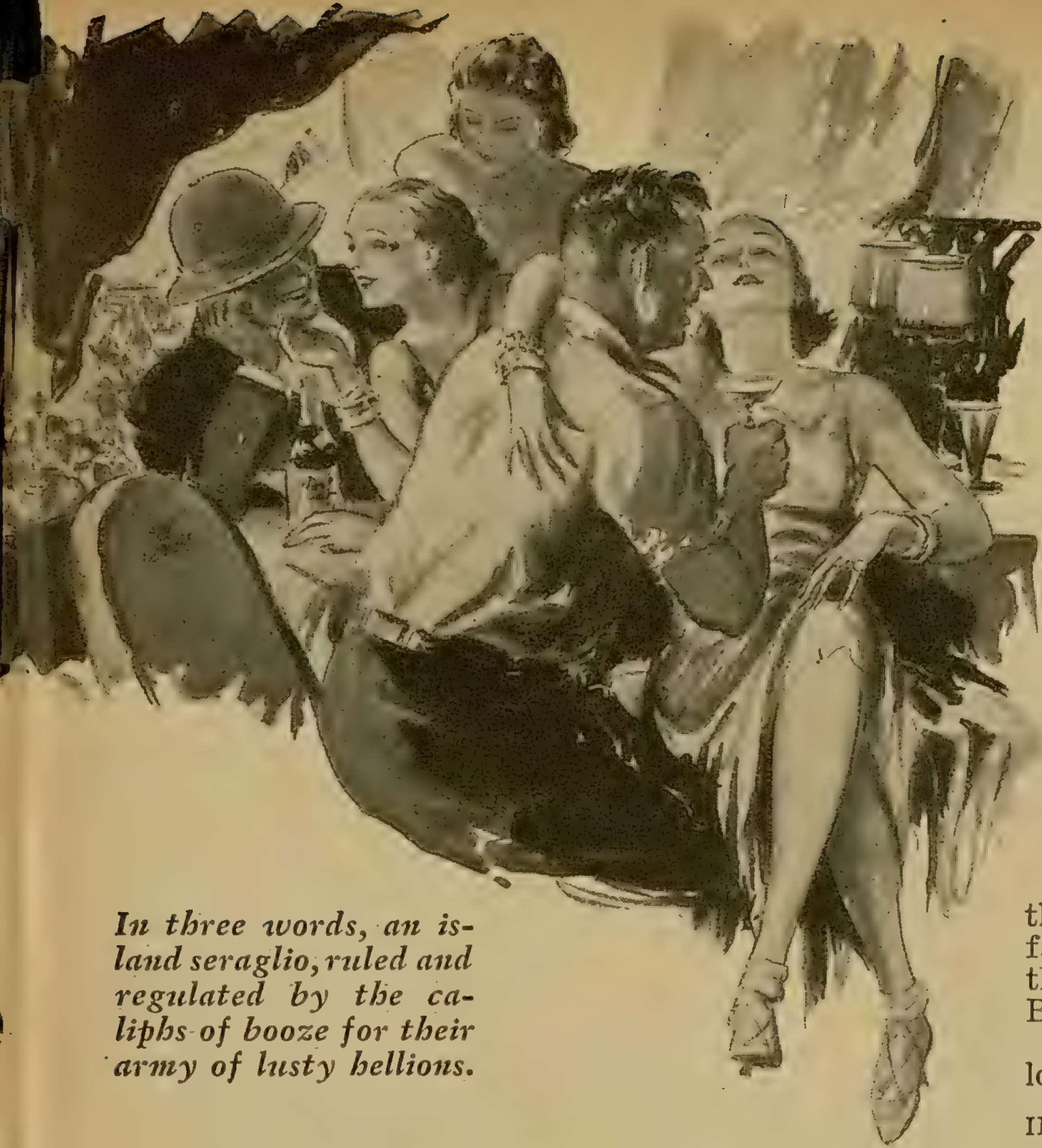
Big Ben laughed and caught hold of my arm, leading me gently but firmly behind one of the hangars where I came face to face with an antique hydroplane.

"There's your ship, all ready, kid," he said. "They have been trying to sell me this Sea Gull for several months. She's been reconditioned from soup to nuts—brand-new fabric, all new cables, a new prop, and a souped-up Hisso motor of the latest type, with buckets of revs in reserve. You can see for yourself that she looks a damsight better now than the day she came out of the factory. What do you think of her, eh?"

Revarnished, painted, and polished, the Sea Gull looked like a million dollars sure enough, although she was disqualified for commercial flying, ineligible for a government license, because her hull and wing structure were of prewar vintage. "Tell you what I'll do, Carl," he said, to clinch his argument. "I'll raise the ante to twenty dollars a case! That'll bring you around two thousand smackers a day, and I'll guarantee to pay it over to your wife right here in Miami every night—because you might not want to come home every night with the charms of Bimini in your eyes."

He winked and chuckled.

"Oh, yeah?" I stalled.



In three words, an island seraglio, ruled and regulated by the caliphs of booze for their army of lusty hellions.

By

CARL H. FOSS

Illustrations by Harold Denison

"Wait'll you see it, boy!" he promised enthusiastically. "It's a sweet little paradise of joy—houris and everything!"

"Not for a married man, then," I said.

"Stow the nursery chatter!" smiled Big Ben. "Let's get going, kid, or the convention guys will be so dry that they'll vote wet, and that'd spoil all our fun. Come on, shake!"

Heaven help the flyer out of a job and hard up and with two thousand berries a day dangled in front of his nose!

We shook hands on the deal.

The lay of the land in the Florida Everglades in the region of Miami would be hard to equal as a spot naturally favorable to smugglers. That swampy old peninsula, with its network of thousands of shallow lagoons, creeks, and bays, is perfectly ideal as a rendezvous for such lawbreakers.

It is next to impossible to catch the rum flyers there.

Another factor in favor of the rum flyer is that the distance between the British island of Bimini and the Florida Everglades is short—only fifty miles—and any pilot who knows his wings and topography can (and does) dart out of United States jurisdiction if approached by a patrol plane—like greased lightning.

RUM flyers plying between Bimini and Florida always carry fuel enough for the round trip, so there is little chance of forcing them down on that score. As a matter of fact, they are generally supplied with fuel for several trips because the *modus operandi* is arranged in such fashion that the flyers never see or speak to anyone while making deliveries on United States soil.

Rum planes and their pilots await orders at Bimini, where there is an air base thoroughly up-to-date in every particular. When a job is to be run a pilot receives his instructions from the boss in Miami. Incidentally, the Florida headquarters of the "big shot" are fitted up like a general staff headquarters in wartime. The boss has a complete set of large-scale United States Hydrographic Office charts showing every square foot of the Everglades, with water depths, location of all islets and lagoons, etc., and every distinguishing landmark. Each rum flyer carries a duplicate chart.

BEFORE ordering his men to take the air the "big shot" first obtains the latest weather dope from the government bureau in Miami. If the forecast is satisfactory, he issues his orders to the pilots, sending them in the form of a radiogram and addressed to whatever Bimini wholesaler is his agent.

The radio message may be as innocuous as the following:

INTERNATIONAL IMPORTING COMPANY LTD BIMINI B I
CLAYTON CRAWFORD SPEAKS OVER STATION XYZ SIX
FIFTEEN TONIGHT PLEASE TUNE IN REGARDS BEN

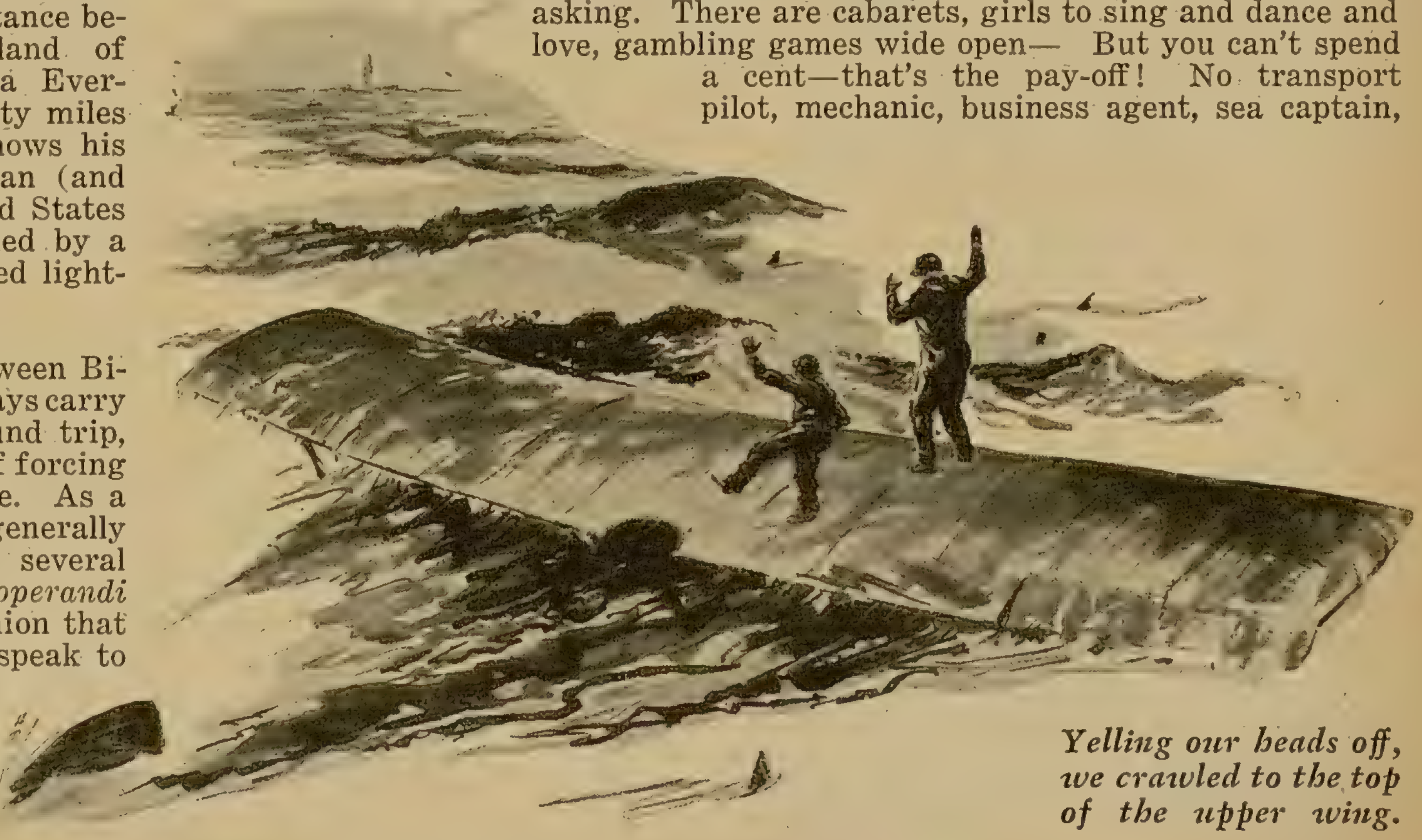
Decoded, it reads:

HAVE CARL LEAVE TWELVE THIRTY UNLOAD THREE HUNDRED
YARDS EAST OF POINT OPPOSITE JONES INLET

From the hints dropped by Big Ben about Bimini, you must be as anxious as I was to know what it's like. You may not believe what I am going to tell you about the place, and I won't blame you, for I could scarcely believe my own eyes when I landed there and was introduced to its exclusive and luxurious life *where everything is free.*

Imagine a little gem of a coral island set in the bright blue waters of the Gulf, fanned by soft sweet winds and washed in sunshine. If the days are beautiful, the nights are more so.

Flowers are riotous in their profusion. And you feel that nature is lavish. But you may be astonished to learn that man here is as generous as the sun and sky. For the finest of food, the rarest of wine are yours for the asking. There are cabarets, girls to sing and dance and love, gambling games wide open— But you can't spend a cent—that's the pay-off! No transport pilot, mechanic, business agent, sea captain,



Yelling our heads off, we crawled to the top of the upper wing.

or sailor boy working for the rum moguls of Bimini is allowed to spend anything but his time and energy on the joys provided for his leisure moments.

Generous? Well, not exactly. To be honest with you, the overlords of liquor have established this open-house policy for their own self-protection. The ten great firms of British wholesalers who dictate the affairs of Bimini were shrewd and clever enough to see that making their realm money-proof, as it were, would save endless trouble. They knew human nature. They knew that their kind of employees would be a tough bunch of hombres in general, quick to quarrel and ready to kill at affront—real or imagined. And they also knew that the surest way to prevent bloodshed in any wild community is to provide plenty of pleasant wickedness with no money troubles mixed in it.

And it works out!

So each of the ten wholesalers runs a free hotel, free bar, free all-night cabaret, with well conducted gambling facilities from which the house takes no "cut." Each wholesaler has a staff of gay and friendly ladies who love easily and who are paid a regular monthly wage to entertain and delight their rum-running crews. Each of the girls is provided with a little cabin of her own where she can receive her favorites between the hours of social duty at the cabarets.

In three words, an island seraglio, ruled and regulated by the caliphs of booze for their lusty hellions. Wine, women, and song for the taking—

But not for you, Mr. Man-in-the-Street, if you should want to stop off to sample the wares. To you, Bimini is a forbidden isle. Strangers are plainly shown that their room is preferable to their company, and there are no guest memberships to the privileged brotherhood. Try it, and you will find that in Bimini no hotel will have a room for you, no boarding house will take you in, no waiter will serve you. Your bank roll might just as well be a bundle of dried leaves. Only a certain prestige—illegal and immoral, if you like—gets you in.

VANISHING AMERICA

The High-Hat Cop

In days when cops wore hats like these they deserved to be called minions of the law. But like handlebar mustaches, the hats have pretty nearly disappeared. Look around and see what good example YOU can find of Vanishing America. Liberty will pay $10 for every photograph published. Photographs will be returned provided a self-addressed and stamped envelope is inclosed. Send your photograph to Vanishing America, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Four of the wholesalers maintain warehouses along the water front, with individual wharves for each house. The other six operate from huge barges, constructed for the purpose, and anchored in the harbor. These barges are particularly worth your notice, for besides providing room for thousands of cases of wines and liquors, there is plenty of space for motor-repair shops, luxurious living quarters, bars and cabarets. Also an important feature—and a very popular one—is the sharkproof swimming pool in each barge, where mixed bathing in the nude is the rule rather than the exception.

MOST of the liquor delivered at Bimini is especially manufactured and packed for smuggling into the United States. Generally it is sewn in burlap sacks. But the finer-grade stuff is now being sent in bottles sealed in tin containers so that the labels guaranteeing it will not be ruined when a case of goods is dumped overboard in shallow water, which is what the rum flyer does in his delivery of his cargo in the Everglades.

Having told you the circumstances of how I happened to get into the Bimini-Miami rum-flying racket, and having given you a glimpse of the interesting doings connected with it, perhaps I'd better tell you how a monkey wrench became my Nemesis—or my salvation—depending on the way you look at it.

Big Ben's merrymen had a cache of tools, spare parts, and other odds and ends hidden at Dinner Key, just outside of Miami.

I was ordered to pick up this bunch of hardware before daylight one memorable morning and fly it to the Sikorsky crew in Bimini.

AS you no doubt know, a flyer has to be extremely careful not to place any steel or metal near his compass. Mine was mounted in between the two buckets of the ship. My mechanic and I took pains to be sure that all our metal cargo was stowed away in the forward hatch, as far from the compass as was possible.

Before starting on the trip across the Gulf I flew over the Miami side of Biscayne Bay and over the causeway leading to Miami Beach for the sole purpose of checking my compass. Watching it, I saw that the compass showed a deviation of only fifteen degrees east, or ten degrees more than before taking on the load of metal—that is, on this easterly heading.

Precaution taken, and knowing how we stood, we headed over the Gulf for Bimini. As we got out of sight of land the heat got so intense that my mechanic took off his overalls, rolled them up in a bundle, and placed them near the compass without my knowledge.

Lighting a cigarette at that particular moment of overalls action, I did not notice my compass taking a new heading. Quite naturally, I thought I had accidentally kicked the right rudder, so veered back to our original course, which was ninety-six degrees, allowing for wind drift, etc. I thought nothing more about it, and knew we should hit Bimini like clockwork in half an hour.

But, ye gods and little fishes! Fifty minutes flashed by and no sign of the coral island! Puzzled, I climbed up to five thousand feet, from which height I spotted a lighthouse on the horizon to the northeast of us. I had no idea what had happened to us. But I made for the lighthouse on the double-quick, as our fuel was running low.

We came down with an extremely heavy sea under us. The poor Sea Gull began to shudder and squawk. Suddenly the mechanic and I were sitting in the water waist-deep.

"She's sinking fast," I said.

"Let's get out of this," said my companion. "Look at those ugly babies!"

He pointed. The sea was full of sharks!

Yelling our heads off, we crawled to the top of the upper wing.

Meanwhile the man-eaters circled about us. At length our shouts attracted attention. A small boat put out from the lighthouse and—thank heaven for the booze trade—it was a Bimini rumboat.

We were rescued less than five minutes before the Sea Gull went down. Pneumonia followed for me.

"Enough's enough!" said Mrs. Carl.

And I wondered whether she meant the houris, the lawbreaking, or the penumonia.

Oh, yes; you want to know what ailed my compass. The mechanic remembered that in the pocket of his overalls was an eight-inch crescent wrench.

THE END

They Made *Even* GALILEO *Say* That the Earth STANDS STILL!

EVERY age has its irresistible forces meeting its immovable objects.

From some tiny manger, a voice sweeps all before it. Only to crush itself against a ponderous Pilate.

Yet history proves that Liberalism IS eventually irresistible; that Tradition is NOT immovable.

Galileo was condemned to a horrible death for claiming that the earth circles around the sun. He won commutation to what amounted to life imprisonment by affirming on bended knee that his claim was false.

(History has it that the great scientist promptly denied his denial—within the safety of his beard!)

Yet, in spite of Galileo's dissembling or the Inquisition's disembowelling, the earth *does* move.

TODAY, within this very enlightened age, the divinity of Man has been debated in a court of law in Tennessee.

Omission of the word "Obey", even now, makes the marriage service into news.

Still faintly echo the gasps that greeted the first cigarette smoking women advertising models.

Yet Man continues to descend; wives persist in their claims to the protection of the Nineteenth Amendment; tobacco shares sneer at steels and rails in reflection of fair-sex support.

MYOPIC safety, the greatest common denominator of the masses, says, "Stick to Tradition."

But in this civilization, as in all that went before it, a smaller group reaches out for the eventualities of Liberalism.

They are the youthful ones among us. Usually they are young in years. Always they are young in mind.

They are the dwellers of the city. Sometimes their homes are far afield; but then, their spirits are within themselves centers of modernity, alertness and sophistication.

Every new scientific theory; every new invention; every new product must find the sympathetic bosom of the Liberal. It is he who will first accept it; he who will fight for it against destructive anarchy as well as static reactionary; he who will carry it on past Inquisition, Pilate and Dayton, Tennessee, to the day when it will become, itself, Tradition.

In carrying the torch of Liberalism, the editors of Liberty have the joy of knowing that they are part of an irresistible force that *is* irresistible; rather than an immovable object that is NOT immovable.

Daring to print stories and articles that are part of Mankind's newest thinking, they have gathered about them a two million mass of sympathetic supporters—Liberals all.

While the world at large continues to clutch to itself the well worn ideas of Tradition, Liberty's Liberal group looks ahead into the future.

While the hosts of Man command recantation, two million modern Galileos here clamor to listen to the new voice that finds expression here.

Today, Liberty offers to new authors, to new illustrators, to new crusades, a vehicle to the minds of two million moving spirits. And these spirits *are* moving, for it is through their combined support that Novelty *becomes* Tradition. *They* are the leaders. *They* are the group from which all ideas must filter down to the rest. They, no less, are the market from whom discoverers in the solar systems of commerce must look for their first support.

The advertising pages of Liberty, no less than the editorial pages, are the broad road down which new products may most easily move.

The Liberal market is liberal in receptivity and liberal in spending.

These, the Liberals of America, to whom Liberty is dedicated, may constitute the first phase in the transmutation of your product from a prophet's dream to a profitable Tradition.

HON. ARTHUR R. ROBINSON
U. S. SENATOR FROM INDIANA
Member, Committee on the Judiciary

SENATOR ROBINSON WRITES TO LIBERTY:

"I READ Liberty regularly, and do not believe I have missed a copy during the past year.

"While I do not always agree with the editorials that appear, I read them just the same. They are clear cut, to the point and forthright.

"The magazine runs along the same lines. I think that is one of the reasons I like to read it. Much is said in few words.

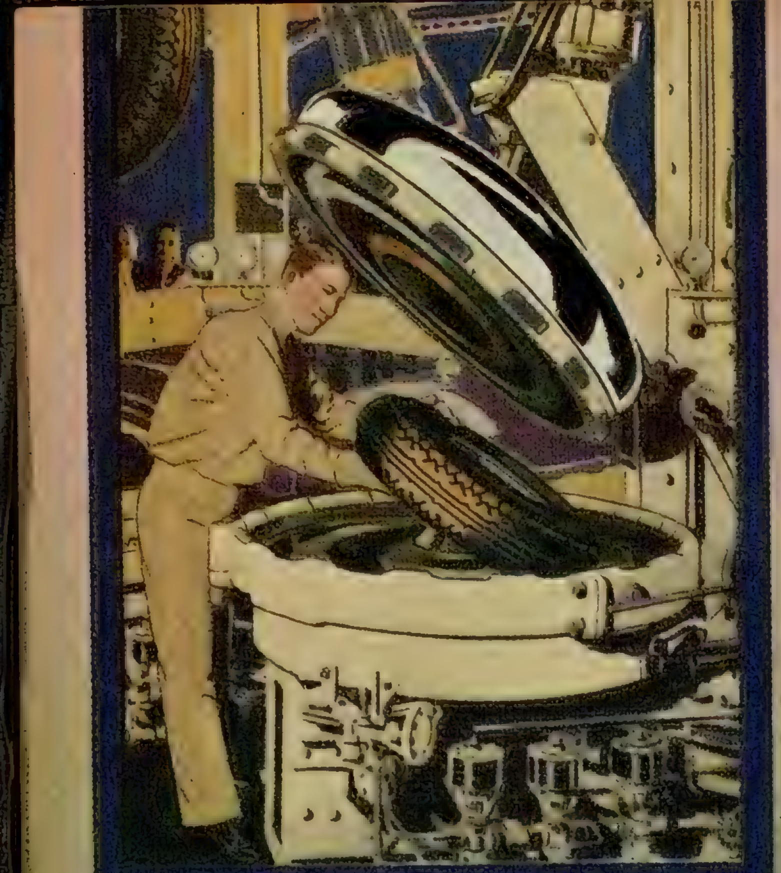
"I think your magazine serves a very decided need in the American community."

J. AMBROSE DUNKEL, PH.D., D.D.
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA
Pastor, Tabernacle Presbyterian Church, Indianapolis. Member, National Council Presbyterian Churches. Member, Board of Directors, Princeton Theological Seminary.

DR. DUNKEL WRITES TO LIBERTY:

"I FEEL that there is a big place for an aggressive, liberal and popular magazine in the journalistic world of America.

"The things that have interested me in your magazine have been the straightforward way that you have dealt with the problems that you have felt called upon to handle."

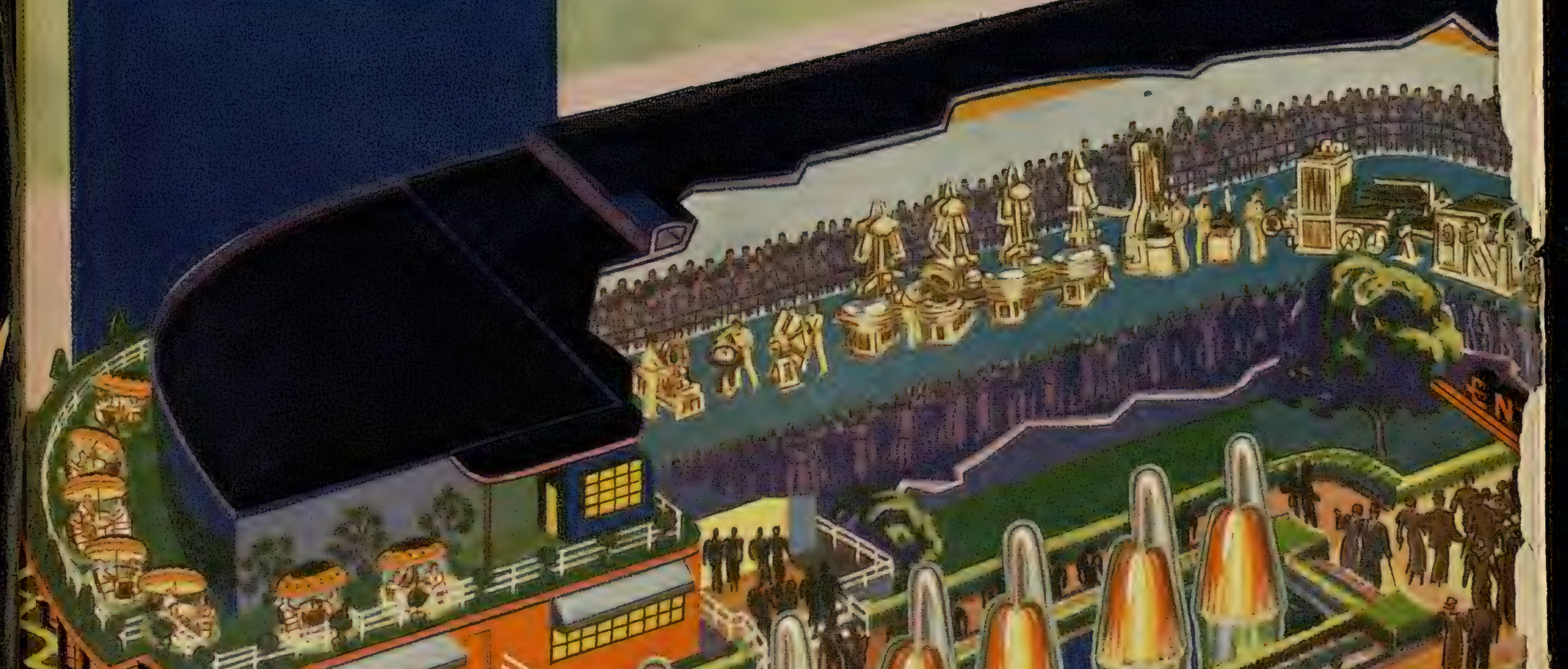


Curing of Firestone Tire and forming of the famous Firestone scientific Non-Skid Tread

SEE Firestone GUM · DIPPED TIRES MADE

At A Century of Progress

WE INVITE you to visit the Firestone Factory and Exhibition Building at "A Century of Progress," to see the interesting processes in tire manufacturing—crude rubber being prepared in the huge massing machine—cotton cords absorbing eight pounds of pure rubber to every one hundred pounds of cord in the spectacular Firestone patented Gum-Dipping machine—the



Fire

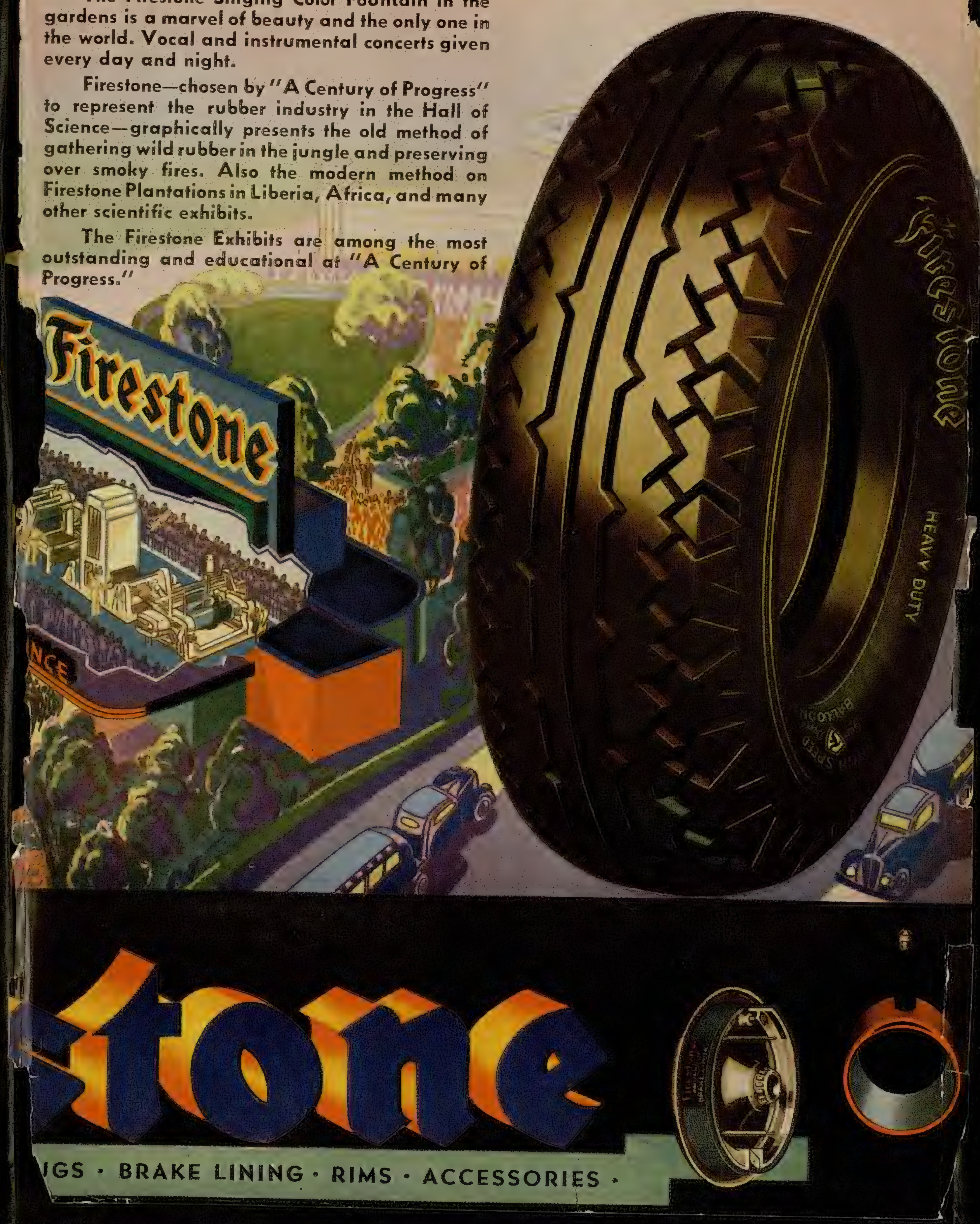
• TIRES • TUBES • BATTERIES • SPAR

efficient tire building machine and curing mold. See the dynamic exhibits of Firestone Tires—Batteries—Spark Plugs—Brake Lining and One-Stop Service.

The Firestone Singing Color Fountain in the gardens is a marvel of beauty and the only one in the world. Vocal and instrumental concerts given every day and night.

Firestone—chosen by "A Century of Progress" to represent the rubber industry in the Hall of Science—graphically presents the old method of gathering wild rubber in the jungle and preserving over smoky fires. Also the modern method on Firestone Plantations in Liberia, Africa, and many other scientific exhibits.

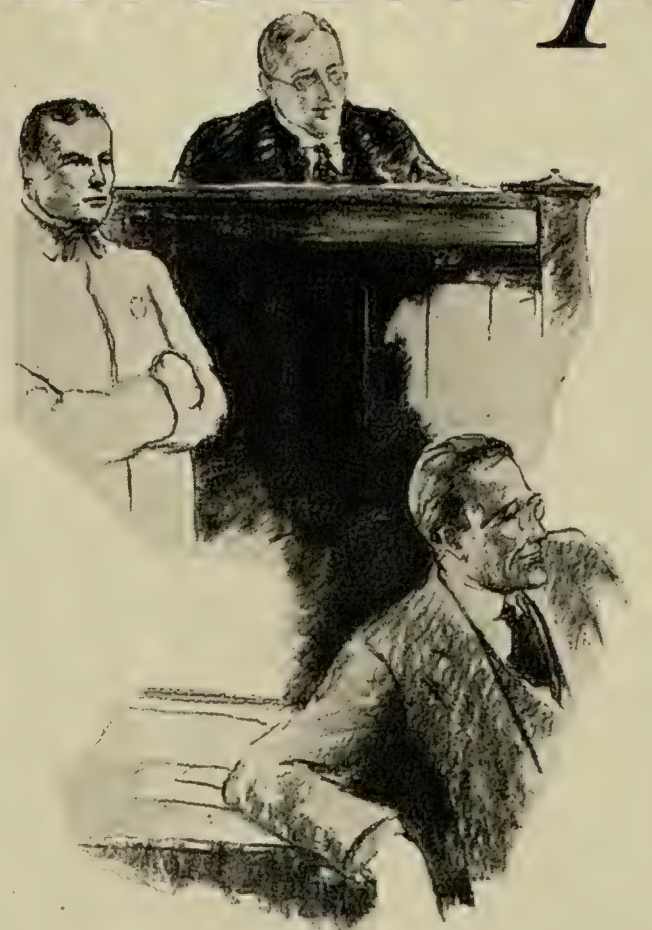
The Firestone Exhibits are among the most outstanding and educational at "A Century of Progress."


Firestone
NCE
Firestone
HEAVY DUTY
HIGH SPEED
BALLOON
stone
UGS · BRAKE LINING · RIMS · ACCESSORIES ·

Dates are Important

A SHORT SHORT STORY

By DAVID WILLIAM MOORE



(Reading time: 5 min. 5 sec.)

J. LESTER MILLARD was about to address the jury in behalf of John Abbatoni. Indeed, J. Lester was about to add the finishing touch to one of his most brilliant defenses.

Millard, it will be recalled, was the famous lawyer who devoted his unusual talents to saving murderers, cutthroats, and other assorted scoundrels from the electric chair—at about ten thousand dollars a head. It seemed that Millard's clients were always within a pace or two of the "hot seat."

Now J. Lester stood majestically facing twelve men who held the fate of poor John Abbatoni in their hands. He seemed the very personification of honor and justice and all that sort of thing. He looked into the self-conscious eyes of the jurymen—looked long and sharply, as if he were searching the depths of their souls for the least indication of doubt or misunderstanding.

Then he spoke of his eighteen witnesses who had sworn under oath they saw Abbatoni at home working in his garden on May 24, the date of the crime. "I ask you to keep this in mind," said Millard. "If Abbatoni was at home he could not have shot Officer Hannigan. Don't forget the importance of dates. Dates are inflexible, indisputable, irrevocable! If my client could not have committed this crime, then—"

Never in all his career had Millard prepared a more effective case. He had provided enough perjury to save all the scoundrels in the world. Millard was never stingy with perjury when it was the obvious defense. If a prisoner's friends were willing to help a lawyer earn a ten-thousand-dollar fee—

Yet there was a fly in the ointment. Juror Number Six, a solemn-faced man with quizzical blue eyes, had sat there for ten days without the slightest indication of sympathy for poor John Abbatoni. Early in the trial Millard had realized the danger of this individual, and in his usual way he had done something about it. He learned the man operated a grocery; that he had been robbed; and that he was quite agreeable to having all lawbreakers hanged. But, even so, Millard knew there was some way to handle this juror. There is always a way to handle a juror.

And today, as J. Lester Millard made his final plea to the jury, he was cleverly prepared for Number Six. In the left pocket of his coat there was resting peacefully a copy of the Baptist Record. This magazine was the sort of artistic touch that had made the lawyer famous. It showed to what extent he was willing to go to win his cases. His investigation had shown the juror in question was a member of the Baptist Church. Deep thought on the part of the lawyer produced the idea that if this juror could be made to believe that J. Lester Millard was a brother in that same church, then the man might be amenable to the claims in behalf of Abbatoni. In other words, two plus two equals four. Millard's secretary had had to look in several bookstores before a copy of the magazine in question could be secured. It seemed that Millard's staff was not familiar with the sources of such publications.

Anyway, here was Millard, with the Baptist Record in his pocket, standing a few feet from Juror Number Six. The magazine simply couldn't be overlooked. And Millard knew that it hadn't been, for he had seen a gleam of recognition flash over the juror's face.

"I am asking only for justice," said the lawyer in his smooth, persuasive voice. "I do not make any effort to play upon your emotions. I do not resort to trickery, such as has characterized the evidence put forth by the prosecuting attorney. I have offered the only possible defense—an absolutely unimpeachable alibi. And I ask that you recognize the truthfulness of the witnesses who have testified in behalf of my client."

J. Lester Millard sat down, well content to rest his case. He was sure of eleven of the jurors. He was hopeful of Number Six. He had won a hundred cases that were less promising. Then the jury began to file out—and a strange thing happened. Indeed, in another moment J. Lester Millard *knew* his case was won. As Juror Number Six stepped down from the box he smiled at Millard. Brothers!

As the lawyer lounged back to wait for the return of the jury—which he believed would be almost immediately—he was well pleased with himself. . . .

THE jury began to file back into the box. Tense interest hushed the room. Millard pretended not to be concerned. He was master of the situation, wasn't he?

The foreman of the jury stood up. "Guilty of murder in the first degree, your Honor. No mercy."

And now J. Lester Millard snapped to attention. He glared at the twelve morons in the jury box. He saw sheepish countenances, faces that indicated having been whipped into line. Then he looked at Number Six. The man was again smiling.

As Millard stood there dumbly, trying to collect his startled thoughts, the jury was being dismissed, Abbatoni was being led away, and the spectators were milling toward the door. Millard picked up his briefcase. There was nothing more to be done. Perhaps an appeal. But today's work was ended. A cockeyed day it had been.

He felt a touch on his arm and turned to see Juror Number Six standing there. The man was smiling.

"You—you—"

"Yes," said the fellow. "I did it. Maybe I'm foolish, but I changed my mind when I saw that magazine in your pocket. I reckon I'm peculiar, but when I recognized the picture on the cover as one I'd seen six months ago I didn't think you could be having it in your pocket except for some special purpose. And so—"

A few moments later, as he stole silently down the hall, J. Lester Millard grabbed the offending magazine from his pocket and tore it into bits.

"I never did like those damned self-righteous church people," he muttered. In other words, he had decided not to be a Baptist any more.

THE END

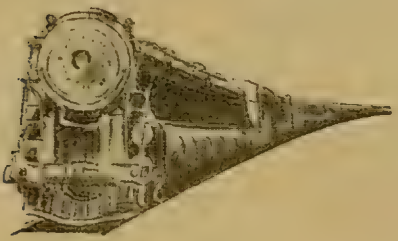
HAPPY DAYS

By ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

ENJOYING LIFE INCOGNITO—A WAY TO OPPOSE SWEATSHOPS

RELAXATION AT HYDE PARK—WHITE HOUSE HAMBURG STEAK

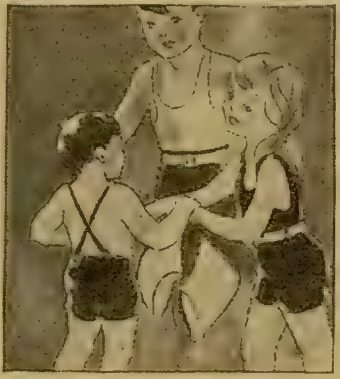
(Reading time: 4 minutes 20 seconds.)



SO often I am asked, "What do you enjoy most among the great variety of things you are now doing?" Strange as it may seem, I enjoy almost everything, but perhaps the most lasting satisfaction comes from the many chances I get to meet all types of people. Sometimes during one week I find myself spending from fifteen to twenty hours on a train, often in the day coach. I am lucky enough to feel absolutely at home on a train, and I either read, sleep, or talk. I've had many incognito conversations which are, of course, ten times more amusing than if I had been recognized. As my interests seem to lie in the field of human activities, I'm ever surprised at the life saga which every individual lives. Without being too inquisitive, I like to try to get a panorama of that story and, I suppose being human, to compare my own experiences with it. Probably what I enjoy next best to the contacts I have just described is—going to the opposite extreme—absolute quiet and relaxation in the country, where I can play with my children without interruption, fall asleep for hours in the sun, and ride, swim, or play tennis to my heart's content.

WE'VE all been reading much propaganda against the sweatshops, and it seems sometimes that we've actually returned in some measure to the old days of improperly lighted and ventilated workrooms. I've been interested in Mrs. Gifford Pinchot's valiant crusade against these intolerable working conditions. Now, what can you and I do about this problem? I think one thing is this: When we buy merchandise, we should not fail to ask such questions as, "Was this manufactured in a sanitary, light workroom?" Often a union label is a guaranty of the proper background for merchandise. I know that many stores require sales people to hand in daily reports of what customers ask, complain of, and comment about; so, you see, our observations will not all be lost.

I DESCRIBED our short visit to Campobello, New Brunswick, this summer, and now you might be interested to hear a little about Hyde Park, which is really my grandmother's home, but, as my father is an only child, we have all spent a great amount of time with her there. Our place is high above the Hudson River, about five miles north of Poughkeepsie. Here we learned to ride and swim, and now my grandmother's great-grandchildren are enjoying our same early experiences. Of course my father is not as free here as we are; almost every day he works in his study, seeing countless people until four thirty or five in the afternoon. At that time we try to plan a period of relaxation for him, and all of us go two miles east to "The Cottage," where my mother and Miss Nancy Cook, Miss Marion Dickerman, and Mrs. Caroline O'Day make reproductions of early American furniture. The site of the cottage was originally a favorite picnic spot. We go there now to canoe, swim, and play outdoor games. As it is off the beaten track, comparatively few people know about it and we can be alone with our friends for at least a couple of hours a day.



Last year, during the campaign, air photographs were taken of the "big house," meaning my grandmother's home. Much to our amusement, one of the hayfields was designated as a polo field! Right in front of this house is a very tall old spruce tree. As children, it was our favorite hiding place. Hyde Park has grown in our minds to symbolize the gathering of our particular and very large clan. That's why I think it will continue to be the summer White House.

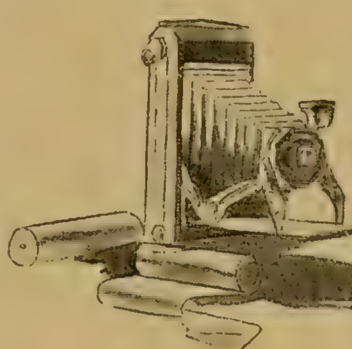
HERE'S a dressed-up family stand-by, Hamburg Steak, taken to Spain for atmosphere. Mrs. Henrietta Nesbitt sent it to me this week from the White House.

HAMBURG STEAK WITH SPANISH SAUCE

1 pound Hamburg	8 good-sized onions
1 can or equivalent of tomatoes	1 or 2 green peppers
	½ teaspoon paprika

2 teaspoons salt, or to taste

Peel onions and slice crosswise, place in frying pan with a tablespoon of bacon fat; fry slowly until wilted. Add tomatoes and sliced green peppers, seeds included; add seasonings and simmer for the forenoon. It is best to taste and add seasonings as desired, as tomatoes and onions vary in flavor. This is really better the following day and may be set aside in the ice box for future use. Form hamburg into eight balls and press together well and then pat into flat cakes of the desired size and fry in dry pan either well done or rare, but not quite as well done as desired, as they continue to cook as long as hot. Pour the Spanish sauce around the cakes or serve separately. The sauce should be very thick, like mush.



THE world is so full of a number of photographers, amateur and professional! They lurk behind every bush and in every airplane, at least so it sometimes seems. The old advice, "When in doubt, be aggressive," doesn't hold, for the results are horrible pictures. So we grin and like it, and trust the public won't get tired of seeing our pictures so often.

Charlie Chaplin and Lita Grey, before their ill-starred marriage, on location in The Gold Rush.

Charlie with Ramsay MacDonald, followed by the Premier's son and daughter, Alistair and Ishbel.

The PRIVATE Charlie

Pagliacci Pays and Pays—A Weary Mother Finds Rest—England Again

(Reading time: 24 minutes 35 seconds.)

"MUCH has been written about Chaplin. But little has been told," says Mr. Robinson, who was Charlie's press agent and personal aide sixteen years. In this series he divests him of traditions, including slanders, and reveals the altogether human being whom so few have ever known. Last week's installment followed Charlie through his first return in triumph to his native London and his subsequent visits to Berlin and Paris. Pola Negri flashed into the narrative and vanished, as did Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Mr. Robinson told the true and touching story of the coming of Charlie's mother, aged and mentally enfeebled, to California. Toward the installment's close the youthful Lita Grey turned up. To Charlie's mind and susceptibilities, she was the answer to his prayer for a leading woman for The Gold Rush. He gave her and her mother the whip hand at the studio. He was head over heels in love.

PART THREE—HE LEARNS ABOUT WOMEN

PRESENTLY Charlie awoke to the fact that love and business don't mix. So he decided to cut out business.

He kept this decision to himself, however. He announced a shift of locale of his picture. We must move from the deep snow of the high Sierras to the tropical heat of a tiny Mexican hamlet. Nobody had to tell us that this was an impossible location for The Gold Rush.

A few of us smelled a mouse. Hooked up Lita's ancestry with this trek to Mexico! But of course we said nothing. Orders are orders.

Had Chaplin told the world of his intention to remarry, had he staged the wedding ceremony in his Beverly Hills mansion, there would have been no unpleasant publicity. How badly he had been advised became swiftly apparent. The secret had leaked out. Even before Chaplin and his company reached the little town it was overrun with newspaper correspondents. The place was swarming with them as Charlie and his bride elect entered the village.

The wedding was solemnized—if, in view of what was speedily to follow, one may be forgiven for using that word—in an adobe hut. The town boasted the usual Mexican cathedral, but it did not appeal to Charlie as an appropriate setting. Not even though the interior of the shack looked like a prison cell!

Lita's mother and other members of her immediate family were the chief witnesses of the marriage.

Homeward bound went the "happy" pair. On the train, besides the members of the Gold Rush company and Lita's numerous relatives, were at least fifty reporters and newspaper photographers. The story hadn't ended in that adobe hut—not by a whole lot.

The wedding supper in the Pullman dining car was a painful business. But after Charlie and his bride retired to their compartment the guests began to make merry. Their gayety was only slightly abated when Lita returned to the table—less than a minute after having left it. What had happened no one seemed to care.

During the remainder of the train journey Charlie remained in his compartment, alone. Lita's mother and grandmother and the other relatives continued to celebrate in the dining car.

Chaplin had cherished the fond hope that he could keep the world in ignorance of the marriage. Now in desperation he dispatched a telegram that would insure the presence of his motor car at a prearranged point on the highway on the outskirts of Los Angeles. Induced the conductor to have the train slow down there.

When the train did slow down, Chaplin leaped to the ground and started to run at top speed through a cornfield. Lita did likewise, at some considerable distance

By CARLYLE R

With his two sons, Charles Spencer Chaplin, Jr., and Sydney Earle Chaplin, in their nursery days.

Left to right, Amy Johnson, the aviatrix, Charlie, Lady Astor, and Bernard Shaw.
All photos © Kathlyn Hayden

LIFE OF Chaplin

ROBINSON

behind the sprinting bridegroom. Then there was a veritable cascade of reporters and photographers out of car doors and windows. The pursuit was on!

Finally the couple reached the safety of the Chaplin mansion. Now began Charlie's second matrimonial venture.

It was the first time this pretentious Beverly Hills home had had a mistress. Mrs. McMurray let Charlie understand that she had no intention of giving up her active interest in her child's home life. After all, as she pointed out to him, Lita was still a mere child in her early teens. (That "nineteen" of the studio statement was eyewash.) Lita, moreover, knew nothing of housekeeping. Now more than ever she needed a mother's loving care and guidance.

SO Charlie shunned the house, seeking forgetfulness in the companionship of his tried and trusted men friends. Lita made merry in the Chaplin home—her guests chosen indiscriminately from among her acquaintances of the days when she had been an extra.

Obviously it was a situation that could not go on for long. It was Chaplin who ended it.

To those who knew him, Charlie's announcement that Lita Grey had withdrawn from the cast of The Gold Rush came as no surprise. Yet it entailed the scrapping of tens of thousands of feet of finished film—priceless scenes in which she had figured with Chaplin. Of course the world was led to believe that it was the marriage which had made it desirable for her to retire from the screen. That was the truth. But not as it was ladled out to the public! Actually Chaplin fired Lita—threw her off the lot and into oblivion so far as filmdom is concerned.

With romance dead, Chaplin was ready to get back to work. The first thing to be done was find a new leading lady. This did not take long.

Another beauty entered Charlie's life. Another dazzling brunette! A girl he recalled having admired for her performance in Salvation Hunters—one Georgia Hale. He had met her, and then he had forgotten her. Fired with renewed zest, he quickly completed the revamped scenes. Presently The Gold Rush was "in the can."

The film won universal acclaim. Chaplin was satisfied. His net profits exceeded $2,000,000. But during long lonesome nights he prowled about the back streets of Hollywood, trying to fathom the future—the while Lita and her friends held high carnival in the Beverly Hills mansion.

To add to his wretchedness, word came to him from his mother-in-law that in the not too distant future he would become a father.

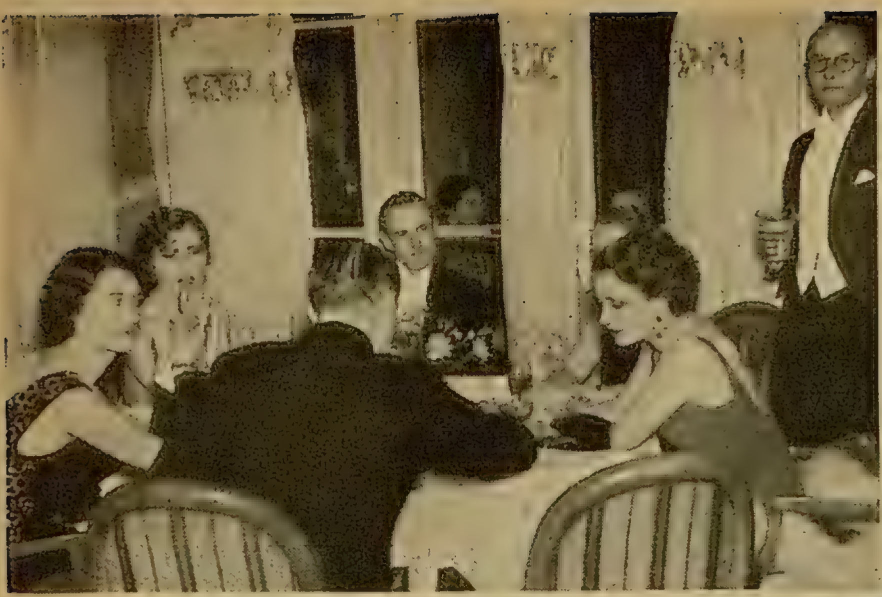
In the spring of 1925 Charles Spencer Chaplin, Jr., arrived in this world. The young mother, the grandmother, and the great-grandmother rejoiced. The father maintained a stony silence. The event was shrouded in secrecy, but again the alert news hounds were not to be put off the scent. Congratulatory messages came pouring in from the farthermost corners of the earth. They went unanswered.

For years Charlie had cherished the idea of extracting new pathos from a Pagliacci rôle. He now decided that while his own heart was breaking he would outdo all his former efforts as the world's prime clown. Thus would he be a real-life Pagliacci.

He engaged Harry Crocker as the mainstay of his story staff, and off they went together to evolve the plot of the Pagliacci film. They returned after a few weeks with a well-worked-out outline. Once again Chaplin was on fire with enthusiasm. Work must begin at once on The Circus.

Again the quest for a leading lady. The studio overrun with lovely young aspirants. But this time Charlie hadn't a free hand in dealing with these darlings. Lita and mommer were still very much on the job!

Of course Lita, in her rôle of nursing mother, was



Left to right, Kathlyn Hayden, Vivian Gaye, Hayden Talbot (back to camera), Dr. Hyatt, Sari Maritza, and Carlyle Robinson.

necessarily confined to the house. But there isn't the slightest question about her having selected Chaplin's leading lady for this production. The plum was handed to Merna Kennedy, one of Lita's girlhood playmates.

We had hoped The Circus would be made within schedule time. But Chaplin fiddled about worse than ever. It became daily more evident that domestic discord was making it impossible for him to concentrate.

Then, after the arrival of a second son, christened Sydney Earle Chaplin, upon that hopelessly mismated couple the final-act curtain came down with a bang!

Yet the actual incident which ended the marriage pretense had happened many times before.

Charlie had come home mentally and physically worn out. He wanted quiet, needed rest. But he found his home in the possession of a score of men and women in a state of convivial hilarity—Lita's guests. He remonstrated emphatically, pointedly. The scene came to an end with the precipitate departure of the guests—followed by Lita and the two infant sons.

Lita's divorce complaint contained many charges. Once again Chaplin remained silent. Fled. Hid in Sidney's home, pacing the floor day and night. Those charges were a part of the court record and thus everlastingly recorded against him. His brain was numb; he was on the verge of a complete collapse.

With the precision of a division of shock troops, Lita's array of legal advisers swooped down upon the Chaplin holdings. In no time at all they had seized his home, captured his studio. The doors of both were closed to him. He was a beaten man.

Of course this aspect of the nasty mess was never known by the public in general. The newspapers were abundantly filled with sensational “ copy.” In view of the defendant's silence it began to look as if he might presently find himself forever banned from the screen.

It was a shadow of the real Charlie Chaplin who now put the width of the continent between him and his relentless foes—rushing madly to the one haven in which he could find surcease from these assaults, the home of a man who loved him as much as if he had been his own son: Nathan Burkan, New York lawyer. One look was enough for Burkan. He called in physicians. For days they worked like Trojans to save the little man's life.

Gradually Chaplin regained his health. In the solitude of the Burkan home, with all news from Los Angeles kept from him, his shattered nerves were soothed.

Meanwhile the machinery of the Los Angeles courts kept relentlessly turning. Lita's demands were many. And heavy. Most of them were satisfied. Again Chaplin remained mute. Let his money do the talking. And it talked—to the tune of more than one million dolla

And then he came back to the studio and finished T Circus. I don't know how he did it. I am sure he doesn But what a Pagliacci he was!

Naturally enough, Charlie never considered The Circu one of his best films. Yet it was a money-maker. Also Charlie actually made professional use of his miserable experience by weaving it into the story!

His feeling that it was definitely inferior to his first United Artists film only fired him with ambition to make another. In less than a month after The Circus was finished we were juggling ideas. The one definite one Charlie had was that the heroine in this next film must be a blind girl. With that for a foundation he set out with his staff of collaborators to write the story of City Lights.

As we began our labors Charlie added a new member to the staff—Henry Clive, an Australian with a world of knowledge. We were thus five: Chaplin, Crocker, Clive, Henry Bergman, and I. We were the cabinet. Rollie Totheroh christened us the “ Brains Department.”

For months we struggled. Finally the panic hit Hollywood.

The talkie panic! What would Chaplin do now?

We had not long to wait for his answer. He himself would never talk into a microphone. Nor would any character in any film of his!

IT is not that Chaplin can't “ read ” lines. That is ridiculous. But he held he was primarily a pantomimist. Considered his an infinitely higher form of art than declamation. Also he swiftly put his finger on the weak spot of the talking pictures—the limitation of its markets. From a business viewpoint it would be suicidal for him to confine his audiences to the English-speaking world. His was a world audience.

So City Lights went into production as a silent film.

But not quite that easily! We had yet to find a girl who could be convincing in that sightless rôle. Charlie found her sitting opposite to him in a prize-fight arena!

The following day she arrived at the studio. A few minutes later she joined the company as leading woman. Her name was Virginia Cherrill.

Virginia had had absolutely no screen or stage experience. She had come to California after a try-

Charlie with Merna Kennedy in The Circus.

The late Ralph Barton, caricaturist and writer. Charlie was his friend.

Below, Charlie with Virginia Cherrill in a scene from City Lights.

ing time in a Chicago divorce court. What a bond between them!

Charlie's jubilation was cruelly cut short by the greatest tragedy of his life. And no matter what defamers have said, the death of his mother was just that.

The aged woman was suddenly stricken with a malady requiring her immediate removal to a Glendale hospital. Charlie was sent for posthaste. After more than an hour he came out of the hospital and took his place in the car beside me. He was overcome with emotion.

He told me he had decided not to enter the sick room. He wanted to remember his mother as he had last seen her, when illness had not changed her.

"I think you're making a great mistake, Charlie," I said. "There may be a chance yet for your mother. If there is, it's your presence at her bedside."

By this time we were some distance from the hospital. Charlie pondered over my remarks. Then he nudged me.

"Tell him"—the chauffeur—"to go back," he said.

For the next two hours I waited in the car outside the hospital. When he rejoined me his eyes were red.

"You were right," he said at length. "She did recognize me, and took my hand, muttering, 'My boy.' Then she lapsed into unconsciousness again."

Not many hours later a telephone call advised me of her death. I told him. He took personal charge of the funeral arrangements, assisted by Reeves. My job was to keep the reporters away. Success demanded lying. I told them all that the funeral was to be at two o'clock in the afternoon and the burial immediately thereafter.

Actually the brief Episcopal ceremony was conducted at nine thirty in the morning. Only Charlie's closest friends and the studio staff attended. But this was not for lack of trying on the part of two others.

IN the midst of the services there was a commotion at the door at the rear of the little chapel. Lita and her mother were demanding that they be admitted! They were turned away.

Chaplin rode alone behind the hearse. At the cemetery a grave was open near a lily pond. Near by was the grave of the Little Mouse.

Bareheaded and bowed, Charlie sat alone. What made me turn my head during the benediction I shall never know. But I did. To my amazement and horror I saw Lita and her mother. They were attired in deep mourning —Lita effectively making use of a black-bordered handkerchief.

There remained the danger of Charlie's seeing them. No one could say what he might not do. We hid them from him by crowding about him as he walked with downcast eyes to the waiting motor car.

Months elapsed before I told him of what had happened. His reaction made me more than ever glad that I had turned my head when I did.

So Hannah Harley passed to the Great Beyond without ever knowing the world importance of her youngest boy. She had seen him on the screen on two occasions—but through fogged eyes. She seemed to enjoy The Circus, but made only one comment as the film unfolded itself.

"They're working the lad too hard," she said. "He must be tired."

The applause and the laughter meant nothing to her. She hadn't the faintest idea it was her son who was winning this acclaim!

HOW nearly Virginia Cherrill missed making her screen début in City Lights she will never realize—unless her attention is called to this recital of the facts.

Already a half million feet of film had been shot, with Virginia in almost every foot. Charlie instructed me to tell her that she would not be needed at the studio for a few days, that she might have a brief holiday. She never dreamed that this was a preliminary step in easing her out of the film.

At the time Charlie was deep in a renewed romance with one of his former leading women, Georgia Hale, heroine of The Gold Rush.

As soon as Virginia was safely out of the way the dashing Georgia appeared at the studio. Followed tests, under the guiding hand of the star. When the lights came on he sought our opinions. One by one we gave them.

Naturally we knew Charlie hoped we would say "O. K., chief." And everyone did, with reservations—except me.

"And what do *you* think?" he asked.

"I think she's lousy," I replied.

He gazed at me without changing his expression of inquiry. I had expected him to hit the ceiling.

"If you're serious in your determination to replace Miss Cherrill," I said, "anybody would be better than Georgia. I don't say she hasn't ability. I know she is familiar with your methods. But she could never make me believe that she was that blind girl."

He let me see I had offended him, but presently he proved he did not hold it against me. More important—Georgia Hale was out.

Chaplin's quest for a new leading woman continued, however. At last, in Marilyn Morgan, a beautiful sixteen-year-old, he was sure he had discovered the perfect girl for the part. Even I had to admit that she was unquestionably intelligent.

Charlie rehearsed the child for hours; played scenes galore with her before the grinding camera. I never knew him to be more enthusiastic.

Miss Morgan's mother did the talking for her daughter. Chaplin sent for me and ordered me to have the contract drawn up immediately.

Another child! Another mother! I hurried off to consult Reeves. He

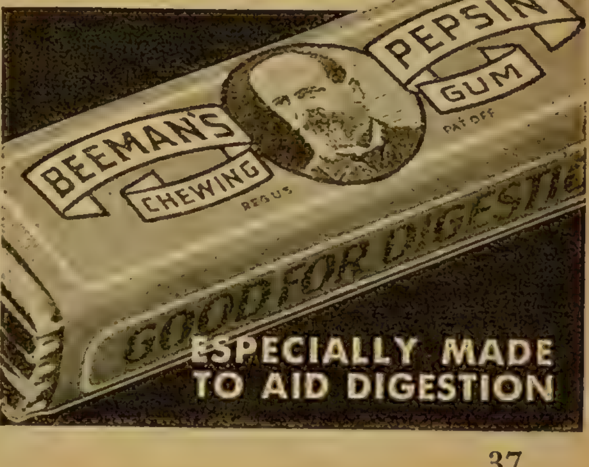
fun!

Bring on your dishes! Daughter is ready for anything. Happy, healthy, helpful—that's the way young folks are when their digestion is good.

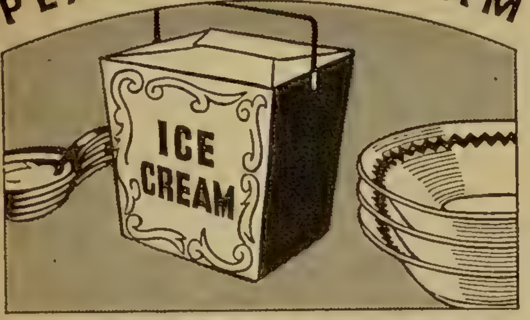
It's sad that mothers don't always know what's wrong. Don't realize that just a bit of indigestion is a handicap. Lots of girls chew Beeman's regularly just to be sure that they won't be troubled. They know it helps. And they love the Beeman's flavor.

Chew

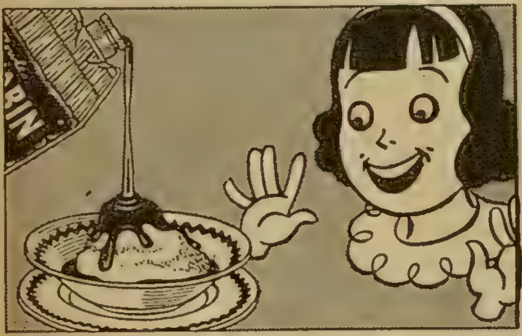
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM



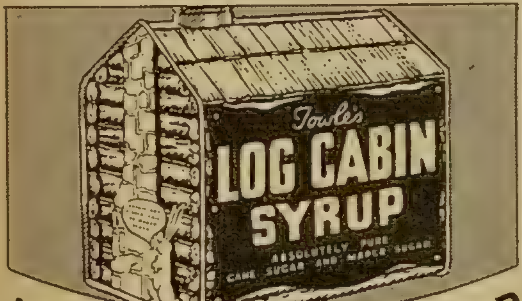
PLAIN ICE CREAM



BECOMES A SUNDAE



WHEN YOU POUR ON



LOG CABIN SYRUP

SO simple—but just try it! How the children love it. And this delicious syrup has just the right *body* to transform waffles and pancakes into a tender breakfast treat. Blended from three different sugars—Vermont and Canadian maple and choice cane. Children love the quaint Log Cabin tin. A product of General Foods.

142 RECIPES

for Easy Summer Meals

HOT weather meals call for new dishes, balanced menus—with very little work! The Liberty book, "Hot Weather Recipes," gives 142 suggestions for delicious, healthful, cooling, easily and quickly prepared summer foods. Tells how to plan your cooking so as to be out of your kitchen as much as possible. Simplified baking and concentrated cooking do the trick. This book tells you how. Thousands of women use and praise it. Offered as a service to Liberty readers—the low price barely covers printing and mailing costs. Send ten cents today—stamps or coin—and enjoy your meals this summer.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS 8/12/33
Liberty Weekly—Lincoln Square—New York, N. Y.

Send me a copy of "Hot Weather Recipes." I enclose 10¢.

Name..

Street..

City.......................... *State*..............

was as dithery as I was. All we could do was stall. Happily it was late.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Chaplin," I announced, "but all our stenographers have gone home. I know you want this contract drawn up neatly, and I'm afraid I'd make a botch of it."

I knew there was every chance of his calling my bluff. Realized he might order me to send for a public stenographer. But the Fates were kind. He smilingly assured the lovely child that the contract would be ready for her in the morning.

So off went mother and daughter, radiantly happy, while Charlie went his way no less radiant.

The next morning my telephone rang. It was Charlie.

"Has the young lady appeared?"

I told him she was in the front office.

"Well, tell her *nicely* that I've changed my mind. Say I'll keep her in mind and give her a part in some later picture." Then he hung up.

Miss Morgan and her mother took it well. Today she has already climbed to a position of infinitely greater importance than any of Chaplin's leading women have ever reached. Moviegoers of the English-speaking world know her as Marian Marsh.

While City Lights was in the making Charlie became interested in a young woman, an extra. The peculiar color of her hair attracted him. She was provocatively alluring.

At the same table at which this extra girl was seated was an older woman. I learned they were mother and daughter. He instructed me to have the older woman promoted! She should play the bit of the indignant matron who sits upon the burning cigar in that sequence. It was only when he discovered that the woman had her hair cut in a boyish bob that he changed his mind.

At the time I made a note that the name of the mother and daughter was Pope—a Mrs. Pope and Jean Pope.

Later I discovered that the girl had blossomed forth—in Hell's Angels—as Jean Harlow! The mother was now Mrs. Marino Bello.

CHARLIE'S change of mind regarding Miss Morgan resulted in the abrupt termination of Virginia Cherrill's holiday. She would go on in the lead, after all.

City Lights could not be released as an absolutely silent film. The new order of things demanded that at least it have a musical background.

Chaplin decided to attend to the music himself! For three months he worked in his new rôle as a composer. Patiently he toiled at a piano. With only a few exceptions, every note in the musical score of City Lights is Charlie's. He also insisted on conducting the symphony orchestra that played the score! The result was that the business of recording the music on the film went on for days! The bill for that synchronizing exceeded $40,000.

City Lights was not a success in Los Angeles, where it had its world première. Charlie decided to attend the opening of the film in London.

Reporters and cameramen galore met us upon our arrival at the Grand Central Station in New York. While I was attending to our baggage I learned of a serious danger threatening Chaplin. The information reached me from a source that could not be doubted. *There was a plot afoot to kidnap him and hold him for ransom!*

Had I let the newspapers get wind of it we should have reaped front pages of publicity, of course. But it would have spoiled Charlie's trip.

Now perhaps he will realize that the two husky men who he thought were friends of mine and who were forever at his heels were in fact private detectives. Now he may understand why two of us were so eager to get him aboard the ship.

PRESSING business matters, however, entailed his staying in New York ten days. He took his film to Ossining and showed the picture to the inmates of Sing Sing Prison. It was one of the few times that Charlie ever consented to make a speech from the stage.

In New York his social engagements took him the length of Park Avenue. It was really his first experience in "high society." He seemed to like it. He had another new experience when, before fifty reporters, he submitted to a newspaper interview over the transoceanic telephone. At the finish of it he was ashen white and trembling. Later, when a similar arrangement had been concluded for him to talk to Australia, he flatly refused.

A bare quarter of an hour before we must leave the hotel for the dock, Charlie announced he was taking along a guest! Every cabin of the Mauretania had been sold. Happilv an official of the line consented to let me bunk in his cabin with him. The guest, Ralph Barton, could thus have my place in the Chaplin suite.

As in 1921, Charlie kept to himself during this crossing. Barton and he were great pals and spent most of the time in the privacy of the suite. This was not a pose on Charlie's part. He was worn out.

Almost immediately the Mauretania's aërial began to crackle with wireless messages from abroad. There were exactly three which interested Charlie at all. They were from Lady Astor, Sir Philip Sassoon, and Alistair MacDonald, the son of the Prime Minister. Young MacDonald had met Chaplin in Hollywood several months earlier. He wanted now, it seemed, to arrange a meeting at 10, Downing Street between his father and the comedian. Charlie considered for a few moments, and then instructed me to send a reply thanking Alistair without definitely accepting the invitation.

As before, the nearer we got to our destination the more nervous Chaplin became. The newspaper men came aboard as the Mauretania dropped anchor in Plymouth harbor. Everything was going smoothly when a woman reporter broke the spell:

"Oh, Mr. Chaplin, is there any truth in the report that you are going to become reconciled with Lita?"

That ended that interview!

In the ten years between visits to London Chaplin had made many new acquaintances. As the favored house guest of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks his social background had expanded. Members of the British peerage were frequently entertained at Pickfair. Chaplin had met them all. Also he knew Elinor Glyn.

He found himself in a predicament. No fewer than three social factions were trying to monopolize his time. Besides these there were many personages whose invitations could scarcely be refused.

The toughest job had to do with the London première of City Lights. It was Chaplin's idea to follow the opening performance with a supper and dance at the Carlton—the guests to be only his intimate friends. His first list included twelve names.

Had it gone through that way everything would have been smooth sailing. But some of the original dozen took it upon themselves to invite guests. The day before the première I discovered that the twelve had become more than two hundred.

But that was nothing. Chaplin's decision to confine the number of his guests to the original twelve and their guests created a storm among those associated with him in business. There were exhibitors in the United Kingdom who must be included. At least, so declared Murray Silverstone, London manager of the United Artists Corporation. It would have been impossible to have done as Silverstone wished—even had Chaplin consented—unless we had taken the Albert Hall for the night!

Why, even the allotment of seats to Chaplin's guests at the première started a dozen rows! In the hour before the show began at the Dominion Theatre I had my hands full trying to pacify personages who insisted Charlie had promised that they should sit beside him! Actually it was Lady Astor and George Bernard Shaw who did so.

CHARLIE'S restlessness and nervousness had seemed to be increasing daily until I had begun to worry lest he collapse.

Then came the day—the long-awaited moment! The world's clown attended the première of a film of his in a London theater not far from the squalid quarter in which he had spent his boyhood. Then midnight found him the center of one of the most brilliant gatherings of the season.

In a secluded corner of the restaurant I sat with a few of my intimate friends. Among them were Kathlyn Hayden and Hayden Talbot, also Sari Maritza, who had her companion, Vivian Gaye, with her.

I had met Sari the previous evening at a party. She had consented to attend the première with me. As we danced past Chaplin I saw he was more than a little interested in my new friend. I was not surprised therefore when presently he let me know he would like to dance with her. I knew he was dying to tango.

Everyone remained seated as Charlie and Sari took the floor. Tongues wagged. No one had an idea of her identity. But there was no question about Chaplin's infatuation. From that moment he ignored all of his other guests, devoting himself exclusively to Sari. Thereafter she was much in evidence in the Chaplin party.

The greatest honor that came Charlie's way during this visit to London was the invitation to be the guest of the Prime Minister at Chequers. Every precaution was taken to keep the matter a secret from the press. Unhappily a wide-awake reporter saw young MacDonold, with Chaplin in tow, slipping out of the side entrance of the Carlton. When they reached the country home of the Prime Minister they found the whole place overrun with newspaper men and photographers.

DURING the final days of our stay in London, Ralph Barton was getting restless. His mental attitude had undergone a complete change. Night after night I saw him pacing back and forth through the rooms of the suite. He was like a caged animal. It needed no alienist to see he was suffering from a grave mental disorder. Once I caught him gazing fixedly at a revolver in his hand.

Imagine my relief when Barton told me he wanted to go back to New York! He had kept an all-night vigil beside the telephone, after putting in a trans-Atlantic call. The "party" in New York could not be found.

I told Charlie. "He's lovesick," he said.

I hurried out and bought transportation for Barton aboard the Europa, sailing from Southampton the following day. That last night I stayed with the caricaturist and writer, never leaving him out of my sight, while he unfolded a pitiable tale of unrequited love. He had done everything a man can do to make a woman happy. Now he was penniless.

I saw him off at Waterloo. He did not bid Chaplin good-by. When we left the hotel Chaplin was asleep.

Had Barton delayed his sailing a few days he would have passed the woman of his heart in mid-ocean. For barely had his ship landed him in New York when she left that port, her destination Paris, her purpose matrimony. And upon her arrival in the French capital she did marry. But before that Barton was beyond caring. He had taken his own life.

And now for the reappearance of Sari Maritza.

In next week's, the concluding installment of The Private Life of Charlie Chaplin, a good deal will be seen of Sari—and even more, of that "mysterious Mary" who figured strikingly in the newspapers.

CORNS HURT?
Jane dear, I have a terrible corn! Tell me how you removed yours so quickly and easily?
JUST APPLY BLUE-JAY
With Blue-Jay, my dear. There was no pain at all. Just soak your foot ten minutes, then apply Blue-Jay, centering the pad over the corn.
PAIN STOPS AT ONCE
The pad relieves the pressure, stops the pain at once. *After three days* remove the plaster, soak the foot and lift out the corn! It's that simple.

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VOX

A Few Words of Praise on That Back-to-the-Farm Editorial

WILMINGTON, N. C.—I have read with great interest your editorial in Liberty of June 24, Back to the Farm Our Only Salvation.

The case cited where one hundred families were placed on Georgia farms with success can be duplicated in certain other parts of the South, and I feel sure your deductions are sound.

Under the Public Works Bill the President is now in position to develop a practical plan which will meet the requirements over wide areas. Granted the need and the soundness of the proposal for subsistence farming, it seems now desirable to decide on the next step.

It seems to me that the only thing which stands in the way now is demonstrated success. Most of the people who oppose a movement of this kind, and there are many, point to innumerable failures, and while they are discussing the matter, time which is priceless is being lost.

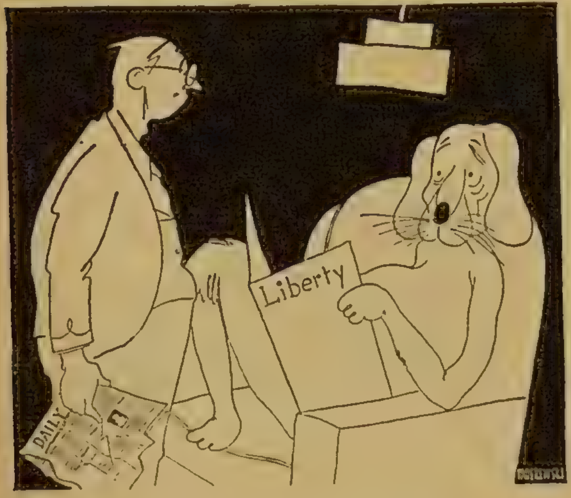
I agree with your conclusion: "this nation is doomed to destruction if so large a part of our population is compelled to subsist on charity." May I add to this that the proportion which will be compelled to subsist on charity will not be lessened unless we develop a proper balance between rural and urban life?—*Hugh MacRae.*

A Run for Cohen

TAYLOR, TEX.—Scarlet Woman, by Octavus Roy Cohen, certainly was a four-base hit.—*Ray Lightner.*

We'll See You Get 'Em

WAYNE, PA.—I think you have a fine magazine. I have a dog named Lad who goes to the news stand every Wednesday and brings home my copy in his mouth. He knows a good thing when he sees it. The serial Scarlet Woman, by Octavus Roy Cohen, was a fine story. Put some more stories like it in your magazine. I am an ex-convict (sad to say), but I have reformed.—*Just a Fellow Who Knows.*



A Noted Educator Who Has Seen the Communist Students Operate Liked the Red Spider Series

THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT—There have been sent to me copies of each of the articles by George Sylvester Viereck on Communistic propaganda in the United States under the general title The Web of the Red Spider. I wish to commend your magazine for this timely series and also to compliment you upon the interesting presentation. Anyone who has had contact with education in New York realizes the extent to which radical propaganda has been organized and carried forward in the schools and colleges.

I have no doubt that Mr. Viereck's presentation of this development in other fields is also accurate.—*Frederick B. Robinson.*

Just Naughty but Nice?

CHICAGO, ILL.—Give us another copy as good as the July 8 issue! Here is the way I catalogued it:

1. The cover—sporty and oh, so easy on the feminine eyes! 2. Still Alive—gruesome, horrible, and exciting. 3. Pretty Sadie McKee—anything Viña Delmar writes is darn' good. 4. Rob Wagner—just a case of good judgment in reviewing movies. 5. Platonic—not intense but quite real. 6. To the Ladies!—indispensable to both sexes. Nuff said!

Alice Lorenz

Needless to say, anything written by Bob Benchley is welcomed second only to the awe-inspiring articles, The Outline of Love of the inimitable Groucho Marx.

But just because I think Liberty is swell please don't send me a brass halo, because, in the words of Mae West, "I'm no angel."—*Alice Lorenz.*

Sunstroke

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—The Humane Society should stop Liberty from being printed.

I believe that a lot of our insanity cases would be cleared up if action were taken in that direction.

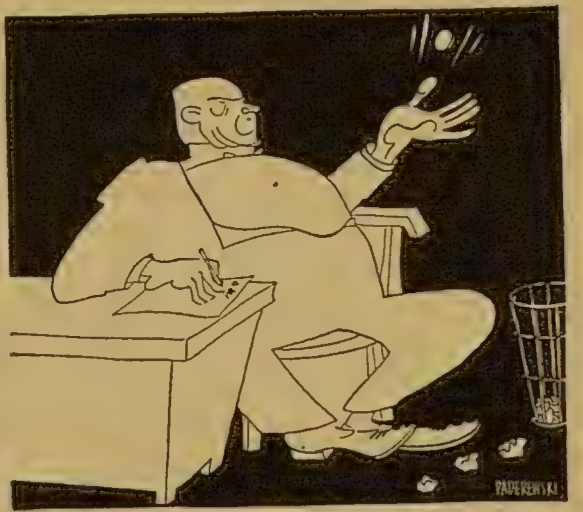
The people who edit Liberty must be fiends who play with the minds of the unsuspecting public.

If you have any sympathy at all for the poor public, you might at least print an antidote at the bottom of every page so that the reader, when he succumbs, will have a slim chance of surviving.

Also remind the public to carry their Libertys in plain sight, as they might be arrested for carrying concealed weapons.—*Ellis N. Palmer.*

At Last One of Life's Greatest Mysteries Is Solved

SANTA ANA, CALIF.—How does Rob Wagner arrive at his decisions for the movie reviews? Here is my idea of how he does it: He writes each movie title on a slip of paper, puts them all in a basket, and shakes it up. Some fall out. These he carefully gathers up and awards four stars. Then he reaches in and grabs a handful, flips a nickel—heads, 3 stars; tails, 2 stars, and if it stands on end, 1 star. He does this until the basket is empty. Then he writes his page, collects the dough, but is too Scotch to use any of it to see the shows. Am I right?—*Mrs. C. L. Cornwell.*



That Was a Real Echo

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I want to thank Liberty for giving me one of the happiest moments of my life.

It was through your magazine that I found my father. It has been twenty years (1913) since I have heard from or seen my father. In reading an article in the June 17 issue of Liberty entitled Tex O'Reilly Wakes Echoes, I saw a letter from W. H. Ball. The name was the same as mine and the initials were the same as my father's.

I wrote a letter to Mr. W. H. Ball and received an answer from him about a week later. This party turned out to be my father.—*Edward A. Ball.*

The Viewpoint of a Modern Mother

RAMSEY, ILL.—One of the best articles I've read in years comes from the pen of Arthur Garfield Hays, The Way of the Law with a Man, in the July 1 issue. I've two daughters and two sons and I am rather considered too modern for this day and age because I've instructed those children just what every child should know about sex. We teach our boys and girls how to raise prize-winning chickens and calves and hogs and horses, so why not teach them how to become fathers and mothers of prize-winning children?—*Carmen D. Welch.*

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It's a Swell Toy

MOOSEJAW, SASK.—I have been reading Liberty for the past five years and have been noticing how you have been howling for beer. Well, the idea is O. K., but why don't you get good beer?

The U. S. is just like a kid with a new toy. The novelty will wear off, however, and then you can come up to Canada and get some more real beer—the same as you used to get from us before you got that 3.2.

We drink water up here as strong as that.—*A Canadian Who Knows Beer.*

Some Canadian Indian Lore on How Manitoba Got Its Name

REGINA, SASK.—In your issue of June 17 I notice in your answers to questions you give the meaning of Manitoba as being derived from the Indian "Manito-Wabo" meaning "narrows of the Great Spirit, from wind rushing through the narrows."

Z. M. Hamilton

With due respect to the source of your information, I am inclined to disagree with this interpretation.

In the first place, assuming that the word is of Algonquian origin, as you apparently do, Manitou (or Manito, as you spell it) does not mean God or Great Spirit. Manitou means a spirit of any kind, even an evil one, and God or the Great Spirit in any of the Algonquian dialects would be designated as "Getchie Manitou."

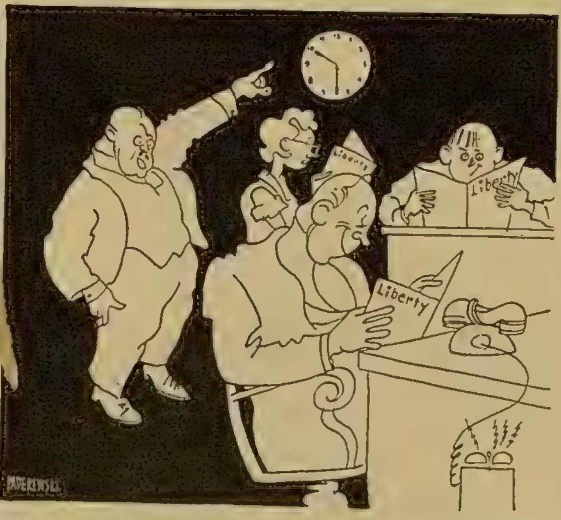
As a matter of fact, Manitoba is neither a Cree nor a Saulteau, nor in fact any Algonquian word, but is pure Sioux, which is a language of Iroquoian origin, and as different from the Algonquian tongues as English from Russian. Manitoba means "prairie water" or "prairie lake," and is formed from the two Sioux words "minie," water, and "toba," prairie. Verendrye, the great Canadian explorer, refers to Lake Manitoba, from which the province takes its name, as "Lake of the Prairies," and he certainly must have got that name from the Indians. The word "Minie" constantly occurs in the nomenclature of the Sioux country, as "Miniehaha," Laughing water, and "Minietonka," Big water, in Minnesota.—*Z. M. Hamilton.*

Where'll We Put It?

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—How come cutting down our valuable space on Vox Pop page? There is bound to be some fatalities if these Poppers cannot give vent to their spleen.—*Popper.*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Say, what's the big idea? Why don't you put the index where I can find it?—*Ralph E. Duncan.*

Now Can You Really Blame Them When You Read It Yourself?



CHESTER, W. VA.—I wish you would inform your white-headed salesman to come with his Libertys only at lunchtime. I can't have my employees reading and discussing Liberty during working hours.

Even I am tempted to cast aside my work and turn to Vox Pop or To the Ladies! by the dear princess.—*A. T. S. & T. Co., Boss.*

British Justice

NORTH SHIELDS, ENG.—The article by Ernest Jerome Hopkins in Liberty of May 27 proves that Canada, like England, can and does curb serious crime.

Compare this actual instance of swift justice in England with the laborious American process:

On June 6 two brothers attempted an armed holdup on a bank in a city near here. They were foiled by citizens and police, arrested, tried at the local police court, and committed to the Assizes (the local courts not being able to try cases of that magnitude). On June 28, just three weeks after this armed holdup, the men were found guilty and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude and fifteen strokes with the lash.

In the police-court evidence it came out that the same men had been convicted in America for an exactly similar offense, but were afterward *pardoned* and deported to England.—*Edward S. Hodgson.*

We'll Tell Eddie

CALGARY, ALTA.—Tell Edward Doherty that he's slightly damp when he writes that Luther McCarthy did not have a mark on his body. He had a bruise on his forehead and on his chin. Small ones, but nevertheless noticeable.

He also forgot to mention that this was McCarthy's thirteenth fight. He stayed in room 13 at his hotel and came out here in berth 13 in the Pullman. Tough break for the boy, and was he good-looking? I'm telling you.

From one who saw him before and after the fight.—*Lorraine Cosgrove.*

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Editorial and Executive Offices: Macfadden Building, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y. Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue. Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

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Riches and Beauty and Men to Love Her, But Not the Man She Wanted—The Infinitely Human Story of Another "Bad Girl"

Pretty Sadie

(Reading time: 31 minutes 45 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Sadie McKee, a girl from the wrong side of the railroad tracks, and her battle for happiness. Sadie falls in love with Tommy Wallace, a gas-station helper, and, when he loses his job, goes with him to New York. He deserts her for Dolly Merrick, a blues singer, who makes him her stooge in a vaudeville act. While in the chorus of a cheap Harlem cabaret Sadie meets Jack Brennan, millionaire contractor, and his friend, Gilbert Fenlon. Jack, very drunk, insists that she marry him. Some months later he gives her a Reno divorce. Sadie meets Blake Wellington, a Broadway playboy, who wants to marry her. She is summoned to Richley when her mother dies from an operation. The night of the funeral the Aldersons, Richley's wealthiest family, for whom her mother had once been housekeeper, invite Sadie to dinner. She meets Michael Alderson, whom she played with as a child, and realizes that he is handsome and nice. He asks if he may call on her in New York, and she consents. A week later her apartment bell rings and she finds Michael at the door.

PART EIGHT—
A DREAM COME TRUE

SADIE shook her head. "No, I don't mind." She gave Michael a cigarette and a highball and they sat looking across the room at each other.

She thought, "He has the wrong number. He is going to make a pass at me. I was too friendly the other night. He is attractive but I want to look at him from a distance. I don't want him."

He thought, "It doesn't rattle her to have an Alderson in her living room. Anybody would think we flowed through here in streams. She's great, all right. I wish Aunt Claire could see me sitting here."

Sadie saw him looking around the living room. She was annoyed to find that she wanted to apologize for the black velvet drapes and the black carpet. They had always looked pretty to her and they looked pretty now, but there was nothing in the Alderson house that looked quite like this room, so probably it was done in awfully bad taste.

"I like your apartment," he said.

"It's all like this," she answered carelessly. "Black and white."

"Stripes?" he queried.

"Stripes? No. No stripes. Just all black, and white here and there, like the white chiffon curtains under the black drapes and the white lampshades and ash trays."

"Oh." He laughed suddenly. "Do you know what it reminds me of?"

"What?" she asked sulkily.

"A trim-figured girl in a black dress with white collar and cuffs."

"Oh, yeah?" She wasn't at all sure that that wasn't sort of a Gilbert Fenlon remark. Perhaps he meant something nasty about the room.

"Well, I like it," she said.

Neither spoke for a minute, then Michael said, "Gilbert almost missed his boat."

"Did he?"

"He just got aboard when they pulled up the gangplank."

"Really."

There was another silence. Sadie wished that she could think of something to say. What did you say when somebody called on you? Nothing like this had ever happened to her before. Blake Wellington only ran in to say that his car was waiting downstairs. Jack Brennan had never called on her, and she hadn't needed conversation with Tommy. He played the ukulele and sang.

"Will you have dinner with me tonight, Sadie?"

"Yes."

"Good. Where shall we go?"

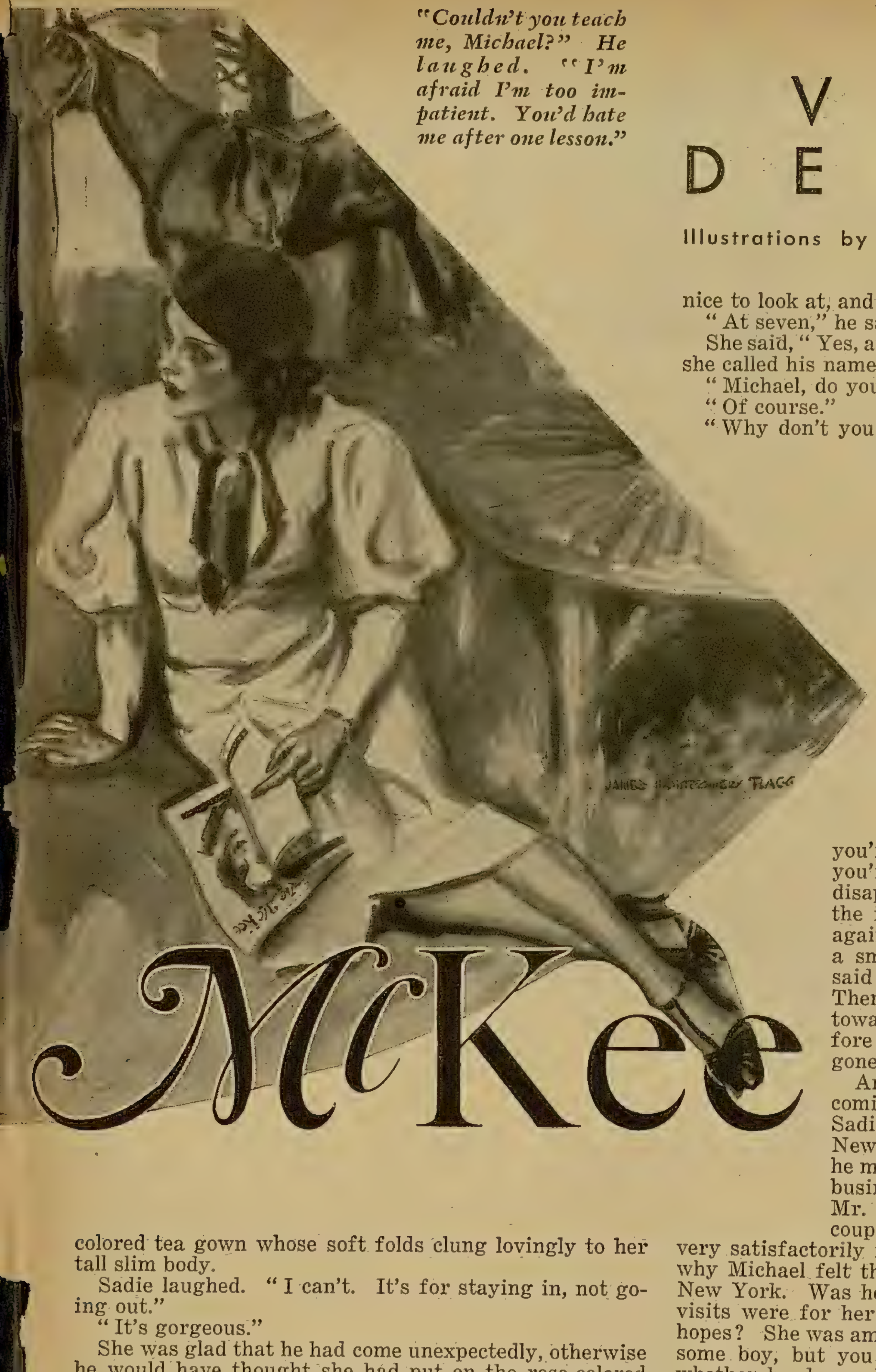
"I don't care."

"Neither do I." He stood up. "I'll call back here at seven. I have a few things to attend to for my father."

"All right. I'll be ready at seven."

She walked to the door with him.

He said, "Wear that, will you?" indicating the rose-



"Couldn't you teach me, Michael?" He laughed. "I'm afraid I'm too impatient. You'd hate me after one lesson."

By

VIÑA DELMAR

Illustrations by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

McKee

colored tea gown whose soft folds clung lovingly to her tall slim body.

Sadie laughed. "I can't. It's for staying in, not going out."

"It's gorgeous."

She was glad that he had come unexpectedly, otherwise he would have thought she had put on the rose-colored tea gown for him. She didn't want him to think anything like that.

HE mustn't be fooled. He must know from the start that a quiet dinner together must be for them the beginning and finish of everything.

She didn't care anything about him and she had money of her own.

She wrinkled her brow in thought. Was there any other reason for which a woman surrendered?

She met his glance and knew that she had not been conjuring up impossible situations. He was looking at her and his eyes were saying, "Sadie McKee Brennan, you're the loveliest woman alive." She was not conceited. She knew that she was beautiful and nothing more. "I am not good or clever," she said to herself. "I am just nice to look at, and when you say that you've said it all."

"At seven," he said and started for the elevator.

She said, "Yes, at seven," and then on a sudden impulse she called his name. He turned and came back to her.

"Michael, do you know other people in town?"

"Of course."

"Why don't you have dinner with them?"

"I'd prefer to be with you unless you've changed your mind and want to do something else."

"I won't be any fun, Michael. I can't say amusing things, and—" She paused. She knew what she wanted to say but, worded in the manner in which she thought it, it would shock him.

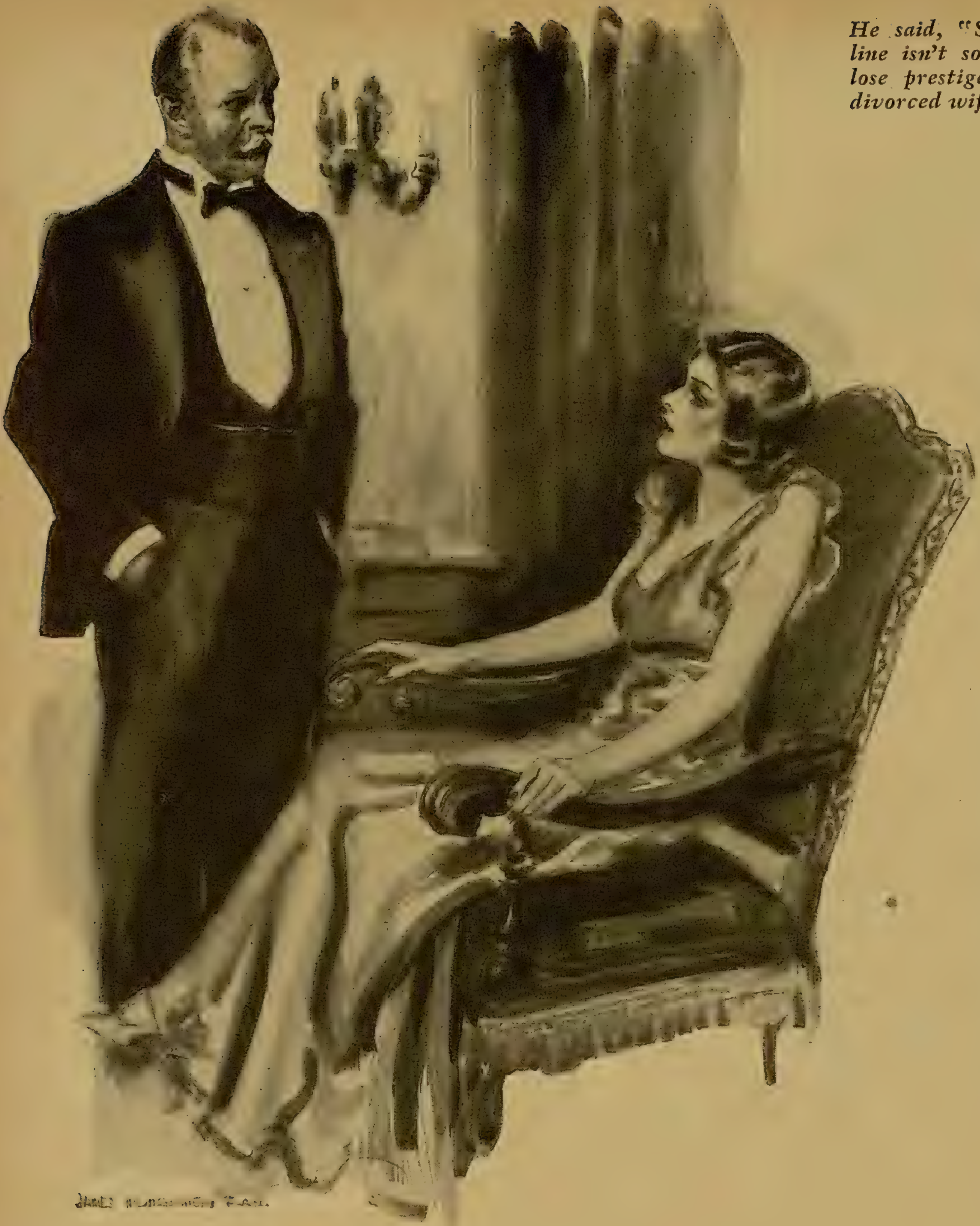
HE stood looking at her quizzically, smiling slightly.

She held up her arm with its dazzling array of diamonds. "These all came from my husband," she said.

Michael laughed. "I take it you're serving fair warning on me that you're not on the loose. Of course I'm disappointed. Who wouldn't be? But the invitation still stands." He laughed again and looked at her as though she was a small child who had, all unknowingly, said something very cute and charming. Then suddenly, still laughing, he drew her toward him and hugged her tightly. Before she had recovered her breath he was gone.

And by and by Michael Alderson was coming to New York every week to see Sadie. She knew that he was coming to New York to see her, although each time he murmured something incoherent about business for his father. Sadie knew that Mr. Alderson's business was clipping coupons and that they could be clipped very satisfactorily in Richley. She did not understand why Michael felt that he must apologize for coming to New York. Was he afraid that if he told her that his visits were for her and her alone he would raise false hopes? She was amused. He was a nice boy and a handsome boy, but you never could get so that you cared whether he dropped by or not. You never would miss his visits.

She acknowledged to herself that she had been wrong about him. He obviously had no desire to drift into a light and easy affair with her. She looked at him and wondered why she couldn't stop buying Variety every week just for the sake of looking up the route lists. The world was full of girls to whom Michael Alderson would represent Prince Charming. Sadie knew that with the slightest effort she could have him. He was no snob. Her background meant nothing to him. Just one tender word or glance and he would tell her all that she knew was on his mind. She could have him if she wanted him, but Sadie didn't want him. She had tried to want him. For one whole afternoon she had sat telling herself that there was no finer young man alive, but it didn't help any. She wished that she wanted him. He would be something



He said, "Sadie, the Alderson line isn't so weak that it can lose prestige by accepting the divorced wife of Jack Brennan."

to go on for, an anchor in this lonesome rolling sea. Just a little encouraging word or smile and he would ask her to marry him; but if he waited for encouragement he would wait forever.

But he didn't wait. Perhaps he said to himself, "What difference does it make whether she loves me or not? I can't go on without her." Or perhaps he said to himself, "She loves me, but it is not her way to be soft and affectionate."

MICHAEL asked Sadie to marry him. They were in her living room and it was during the first hour of his twelfth visit to her. He had thought it all over at home and had made his decision. He wanted Sadie to marry him. When he asked her she walked over to the window and stood looking out at the river. She had gone there because she wanted to think of a nicely worded refusal that would be final but friendly and she had not wanted him to watch her think. Now that she was there only one thought came to her mind: How much Michael's proposal would mean to her mother if only she could hear it. How strange that her mother had always believed that this moment would come to pass. In the house by the railroad tracks she had dreamed her dream and had known that Sadie had but to wait and life would give her Michael Alderson. It was this dream which had carried her on. Like a shining star it had beckoned her, giving her strength and courage to continue. "Some day," she had said to herself, "Michael and Sadie will marry."

AND now Michael was asking Sadie to marry him. It was the moment which the dream had promised her mother. It was the last page of her mother's favorite romance. The hero and heroine must marry now and live happily ever after.

She turned away from the window and walked to the center of the room. Michael's pleading eyes followed her.

She said to him, "Michael, forget that you have asked me to marry you."

"Forget? Oh, Sadie!"

"I mean forget it for a little while. Let's pretend that you didn't ask me. I want to talk to you a while. I want to tell you a few things that you ought to know about me. When I get finished, if they don't mean anything to you, you can ask me again to marry you. Otherwise you can ask me what I'm doing two years from next Saturday and take your hat and go quietly home and forget me."

She sat down beside him on the divan, but she did not look at him. She had not looked at him since she had come away from the window. She stared straight ahead of her at the wall and she was not seeing the picture that hung there.

"Michael, I married Jack Brennan when he was drunk and he only half knew what he was doing. I was working in a café and he called me over to his table. Gilbert Fenlon was there and he treated me like he'd treat any cheap little gold digger. Jack liked me because he was drunk enough to like any halfway good-looking girl. I married him the next morning when he had a terrible hang-over. I wouldn't have done it if he had been a poor man, because I didn't really like him."

She paused and there was a moment's silence in the room. Then Michael said, "Go on."

"There's nothing to tell between that night and now. It's before that night that something else happened. Do you remember the tall blond fellow who used to work at Jepson's gasoline station about four years ago?"

"I remember him vaguely. He was in some trouble or something, wasn't he?"

"Yes, but he didn't do what everybody accused him of. I know he didn't. But he couldn't get a job in Richley, so he came to New York and I came with him. I was crazy about him. We never got married and he finally left me for another girl."

She stopped speaking.

Michael said, "Go on."

She answered, "That's all."

He lit a cigarette and sat for several minutes smoking quietly. He looked at her but could not meet her eyes, for she was still staring straight ahead of her through a picture on the wall which she was not seeing. She was seeing the little furnished room in which she had lived with Tommy. She was seeing Tommy and she was thinking that nothing she had said would turn Michael's love away, and she was thinking that hell would be a place where every man wanted you except the man you wanted.

"And now," Michael said, "shall I tell you all the things I've done that I shouldn't have done?"

She shook her head.

"You don't want to hear them?"

"No." She looked at him now. He was smiling faintly.

"But you had to tell me all about your vicious life?"

"A woman's life is different, Michael. I don't know why, but it's different from a man's. When a woman talks about her past, she's confessing; and when a man does, he's bragging. It's funny but it's true."

HE took her hand. "Sadie, you've done nothing that most women wouldn't do. I'd like to see the penniless girl who wouldn't have grabbed Jack Brennan that night. And as for the other man—well, that's an old story. A young girl very much in love getting fooled."

"No, Michael, you don't understand about that. I didn't get fooled. I was just crazy about him and I wouldn't let him marry me when he wanted to. He wanted to marry me once, but we didn't have a lot of money, so I said no. It was me who stopped us from getting married, not him. He never fooled me."

He looked at her sharply. Her defense of Tommy had come too swiftly, too hotly, for it to pass without a question.

"Do you still care about him, Sadie?"

"Yes, as much as ever."

"Oh." He walked to the table to extinguish his cigarette. There was an ash tray beside him but he seemed to have forgotten it. He made a lot of noise at the table, upsetting a small onyx clock and a photograph of Josephine Harris's grandchild. It was as though he couldn't see what he was doing. Presently he came back to sit beside Sadie on the divan. "I always knew you," he said, "and you were always you. Why didn't I love you then, before you learned to love him?"

"Maybe," she said, "it was because I'd always been there and I was just like a tree in the garden or a chair in the dining room. When I came back I was like a stranger to you and you got your first look at me."

"That must have been the way it was. But you hadn't changed. Neither Jack Brennan nor the other man left any mark upon you. You're lovely and wise and clean." He smiled at her. "Like a tree in the garden."

"You're sweet, Michael."

"SADIE, if you'll have me I'll be the happiest man on earth. There isn't anybody alive except you. Sadie, will you marry me?"

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps?"

"I don't say that because I want to keep you guessing, Michael. I've got a real reason. Look here. Do me a favor, will you?" She looked quickly at her watch. "Call up somebody you know here and have dinner with them and go to a show, then go to a night club for an hour or so and then come back here."

"What on earth for?"

"Because I ask it, Michael. Please. I'll meet you here at one o'clock in the morning and I'll tell you yes or no."

"You're mysterious, Sadie."

"Will you do it for me?"

He kissed her lightly on the forehead. "What do *you* think?" he asked. . . .

She went first to the brick house to say hello to Josephine and Harris. They would hear she was in town and they would feel hurt if she didn't drop in. She had a cup of tea with Josie and then she had Harris drive her up to the Aldersons' house on the hill. It seemed very strange to be driving up there all alone and her errand seemed stranger still. But if something inside of you said that this was the sensible thing to do, you knew that you had to do it even if no other woman on earth had ever done such a thing before.

The English butler answered the door. "Mr. Alderson? Who shall I say is calling?"

That made Sadie angry. "You know who's calling," she said. "Go tell him I'm here."

"Yes, madam." He glared at her as much as he dared and she glared back. The limy son of a gun! Just as though he didn't know, in that curious way that servants know everything, that she was Sadie McKee Brennan and the daughter of the Aldersons' last housekeeper. Had he not known that she was a servant's daughter he would have smiled at her and would have been proud to show her that he remembered her name.

She was a whirlwind on the tennis court . . . BUT ASHAMED TO GET OUT ON THE BEACH

THERE'S something shocking to romance, something indelicate, almost indecent, about having even a mild attack of "Athlete's Foot."

That was the thought that haunted her. The most popular girl on the tennis court or in the ballroom, she refused to go on the beach. She shrank from the thought of having anyone see those peeling blisters, that unnatural whiteness, that unpleasant moistness between her toes.

Danger signals—watch for them Use Absorbine Jr.

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The butler returned and said stiffly, " Will you step this way, please? "

He led the way to the library and withdrew, and Sadie found herself facing Mr. Alderson. He was standing behind his desk with a strained, worried look.

He did not offer a conventional greeting. Instead he said sharply, " Is anything wrong, Sadie? "

She shook her head. " No. Nothing's wrong."

Mr. Alderson said, " Oh." The worried look dropped from his face. He sat down and smiled at her, and Sadie knew that he had feared she was bringing terrible news. He had thought that perhaps she was coming to say that Michael had been injured or killed in an accident. He must have thought that. Nothing else could have made him look so pained and frightened. He knew, then, that she could bring news of Michael. The reason for her call would not surprise him so much.

" Sit down, Sadie. What lucky chance brings you to Richley? "

She looked at him and said, " I've come because of something that's very important to us both. Michael has asked me to marry him."

" It's that serious," Mr. Alderson said thoughtfully. He came from behind his desk and walked up and down the room a few times. Suddenly he paused in his steps and said, " Thank you, Sadie. I appreciate your realizing that this is important to me."

She glanced at him quickly to see if his words were meant in the way that his kind of person sometimes meant things, but he was looking at her gravely and thoughtfully.

" Of course it's important to you," she said. " Michael's your only child."

He nodded. " And I want him to be happy, Sadie."

" I know." She was not frightened now. He was a kind, soft-voiced old man who didn't say smart things which he didn't mean. " I'm here, Mr. Alderson, because I want Michael to be happy too. I'm going to accept him if you're satisfied to have me do it. If not, I'm going to give him up."

He stood in front of her looking down at her lovely earnest face. " Why, Sadie," he said, " that's more than I could expect."

" No. I think if you disapprove of me it will cause trouble. Michael's crazy about you, and if you made him choose between you and me, he'd take me because he'd think it was the gentlemanly thing to do. And then he'd be sorry all his life. I figure if we can't all be friends, we'd better call it off."

" Why should I disapprove of you, Sadie? "

She looked away from him and said, " I'm the divorced wife of a man you wouldn't care to know and my mother was your servant." When she looked back at him there were tears in his eyes.

It made her feel like running away. You certainly oughtn't to make Mr. Alderson cry.

HE said, " Sadie, the Alderson line isn't so weak that it can lose prestige by accepting the divorced wife of Jack Brennan, and it isn't so strong that it doesn't need a few women like you."

" Thank you, Mr. Alderson."

" Does Michael know you're here? "

" No. I will see him tonight though."

" Give him my blessing and his mother's blessing. She was a fine woman, Sadie."

" I remember her well, Mr. Alderson."

" Do you? " His eyes lighted with a sudden gladness. " I so rarely see anybody any more who knew her."

Sadie stood up. " I'm going back home now," she said.

He held out his hand to her. " Good-by, Sadie. You're a fine girl."

She was back in her apartment by half past twelve. Michael had not come yet. She had told him to come at one and he would not come earlier.

She sat down on the black divan where she had sat with Michael a few short hours before.

She thought to herself, " I am going to be Mrs. Michael Alderson," and she remembered her mother so that she could take some joy in the thought. " Yes, I am going to be Mrs. Michael Alderson."

It would mean living in Richley and looking forever from that hilltop home down upon the little town with its park and ice-cream parlor and movies and couples strolling arm in arm. It would mean passing the house by the railroad tracks and perhaps even stopping at Jepson's for gasoline. It wouldn't be easy, but time heals all wounds, people said.

She got up from the divan and put fresh powder on her face, and soon it was one o'clock and the bell rang.

Michael would be standing on the other side of that door. She would tell him yes, and he would take her in his arms and kiss her, and they would live happily ever after. The millionaire's son and the cleaning-woman's daughter. It was a romantic dream and it had come to pass. It was the very last sentence on the very last page.

ACCORDING to the newspapers Sadie and Michael were glowing with happiness, and though it was Sadie's second matrimonial adventure she was the proverbial blushing bride. The newspaper men knew Sadie better now than when they had journeyed up to Westchester to write up Jack Brennan's marriage. Since that day they had covered her divorce, the death of her mother, and the reported engagement to Blake Wellington. They knew that Sadie was the daughter of a servant girl and that she had cured Jack Brennan of the liquor habit. News gets around.

Sadie understood now that newspapers had to print news in a manner that would interest their readers. One paper had to report that " the bride was formerly the wife of John F. Brennan, millionaire contractor," while another was duty bound to say, " The beautiful Sadie McKee Alderson divorced her first millionaire last spring. He was Jack Brennan, the well known playboy, who was smitten by Sadie's charms on sight and after talking to her fifteen minutes routed a minister out of bed and persuaded him to perform the marriage." Sadie understood, too, that, considering each paper's duty to its readers' preferences, all of them had been kind to her. She didn't care much, however. She didn't care what opinion of her was held by the kind of people who read with keen interest about the private affairs of a woman they didn't even know.

But Michael's stepmother felt differently about it. She was indignant that the papers had dragged Jack Brennan into an account of Michael's marriage. It was an insult to Michael, to her, and in some vague way it also attacked the honor of her dead first husband.

Sadie said, " Even the nicest papers mentioned Jack Brennan. They had to, I guess. It's news."

Mr. Alderson winked slyly at Sadie and said, " But it isn't news when an Alderson gets married. It's history."

" Exactly," his wife agreed.

" But when an Alderson marries a McKee who's divorced from a Brennan, that's news," Sadie said.

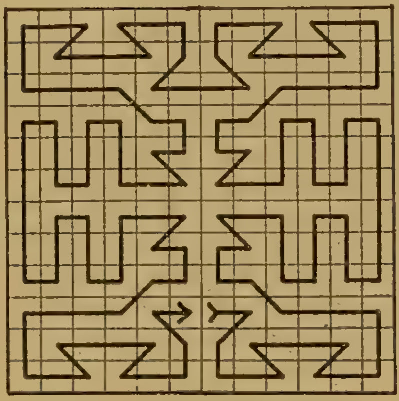
Mr. Alderson laughed heartily, but his wife said, " You seem to enjoy letting the papers make fools of us all."

They were all busily reading the papers. Michael was smiling to himself. Sadie got up and left the room. She'd never be missed and she had to get down to the brick house some time today.

Josephine and Harris were reading the papers too, and they were grinning from ear to ear. Sadie was glad that Harris had thought to buy all the New York papers and bring them home with him. Her mother would have wanted him to bring all the accounts to her.

YARDLEYGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM



Drawing your pencil line as indicated above will give you this message: One of the unpublished facts of history is that early in April, nineteen eighteen, three French reserve divisions mutinied and refused to support the shattered British army.

Josephine kissed Sadie heartily. "I never expected to see you today," she said. "I thought you'd be away on your honeymoon,"

"We're going some other time," she said. "We wanted to see Mr. Alderson."

Sadie did not say that Michael had spoken of Europe and she had vetoed the suggestion. She had not wanted to parade Michael in front of Jack Brennan and they would be sure to meet him.

"You must get over calling the old man 'Mr. Alderson,'" Josephine said. "He should be 'father' now. Will you have a nice cup of tea, Sadie?"

Sadie had a nice cup of tea. She sat there drinking it and not looking at Josephine at all. She thought that if her mother had lived she would be sitting in that chair where Josie was sitting.

"What does it feel like to be an Alderson, Sadie?"

"It feels like being a Harris," Josie's husband answered.

"Oh, no," Sadie protested. "You feel very noble and important and kind of distant and frosty and you look at other people and wonder why they want to go on living."

Josephine Harris's jaw dropped open and she stared at Sadie. Her husband stared too. Then suddenly Sadie laughed and they knew she was joking.

"I couldn't imagine," Josephine said.

"No," Sadie shook her head. "It's always the same, whether I'm McKee, Brennan, or Alderson. It makes no difference."

"But you're happy?" Josephine questioned anxiously.

"Of course."

"Well, that's good, honey. We want you to be happy," Josephine sighed.

"I know." Sadie stood up. "I've got to go now, Josie."

"Well, come down often."

"I will."

"I'D offer to drive you home," Harris said, "but I see the admiral is waiting." He gestured toward the window through which could be seen the liveried chauffeur sitting straight and important-looking.

"Yes, he's waiting. Thanks just the same." She stood for a moment looking into Harris's flat, smiling face. He considered the chauffeur much more of an Alderson than he considered her. He expected her to laugh with him when he poked fun at the stiffly uniformed Englishman. It was only natural, and Harris meant no harm. Sadie was Sadie, and an Alderson servant reflected the pomp and grandeur of the family on the hill.

She said, "Well, I'll be seeing you."

Michael and his father were playing chess when Sadie got home. She waved aside their offer to suspend the game. She went upstairs to Michael's apartment. Her trunks had arrived and so had her maid. There was a great deal of confusion. Two menservants were bustling about carrying a vanity table and a chaise longue into this apartment which had never before seen feminine furnishings.

Sadie's maid said, "I understand they're going to do over these rooms for you, Mrs. Br—Alderson. They better do them quick. We're not used to this camping-out business."

Sadie smiled. "I guess we can stand it for a while," she said.

SHE sat down and watched the servants at their tasks. None of them seemed quite certain of what they were doing. The two men would bring in a brocaded slipper chair snatched from one of the guest rooms and then they would walk to a far corner and engage in a little whispered powwow. They would disappear and return with a softly shaded lamp and then there would be another powwow. For a time Sadie watched and wondered, and at last she understood. The servants were bewildered because they had no orders. Mrs. Alderson had not told them what to bring to make Michael's wife comfortable. She had told them nothing. Michael had said in his vague offhand manner, "Put some furniture in there that a lady can use," and had then left them to judge for themselves. So now they were worried and perplexed. The elder Mrs. Alderson might scold them for their selections. Still, if nothing was moved from the guest rooms the younger Mrs. Alderson would have no furniture and then her husband would scold.

Sadie said to them, "Don't bring in any more things. There's enough here."

The men thanked her and departed hurriedly. Her maid said, "They didn't bring a full-length mirror."

"I can do without it," Sadie said. She sighed and turned her back upon the room. The view from the window was lovely. She wondered why everybody didn't build their houses on hills. It was delightful to stand looking down at the little town as though it were a toy village. You became sort of hypnotized as you stared, and you felt that you never wanted to take your eyes away from the rippling green ocean that was really tree tops and the gleaming squares of light that were really roofs. That was Richley down there. It was an insignificant little town and only a handful of all the people on earth had ever heard of it. She had been born and raised there and had left it. Many people had left it to seek their fortunes in the great towns beyond, but she hadn't cared about fortune. She had left Richley to watch over Tommy Wallace, to make sure he was safe and sound. And because she had not yearned for wealth and station they had been handed to her.

She said to herself, "I am ashamed not to be thrilled and as happy as a lark. I am like those women who are always going around saying that they feel ill. No matter what I get, I whine about it. I ought to get a good swift kick where it would do the most good, then maybe I'd be satisfied."

And she said to herself, "I have money and youth and a fine husband. I have had all that anybody could hope to have. I have even lived to fulfill every hope my mother had for me, and a mother's hopes for her daughter are so high that few girls ever fulfill them. I must be happy or I must be crazy."

But she still looked down at the town of Richley and she was not thinking of it as the home of the Aldersons. She was thinking of warm summer nights when Tommy had waited for her on the corner and they had walked down the street together giggling because they were young and happy. He had worked in

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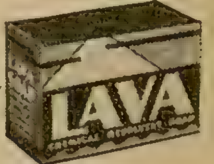

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ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD
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Jepson's garage and she had worked in Krassen's store. Her mother was a cleaning woman and he had never known his people at all. And now Sadie bore a noble name and gazed from a hilltop down upon the little town where she had walked bareheaded and had filled the summer night with her laughter. And where was Tommy now? And did he ever think of those far-away summer evenings and say to himself, "I was happy then"?

She turned swiftly at the sound of a footstep behind her. Michael had entered the room. He smiled at her and said, "This is certainly a fine-looking room now. I like the effect of that slim-legged hussy of a vanity table mixed up with my furniture."

"I didn't really need it," Sadie said. "I've lived without a vanity table before."

"Of course you need it. We'll get these rooms fixed into a regular Mr. and Mrs. suite next week. We'll go away while they're doing it. I hate paint and furniture being moved around and everything, don't you?"

She nodded. "But we could use the guest rooms."

He said, "I'd rather go away—But maybe you don't want to live here. I never thought to ask you. Maybe you'd rather we built a house of our own or took an apartment in New York."

"I want to live here," she said, because she knew it was what he wanted to hear.

"We can go to New York every week if you want," he said.

"I don't think I'll want to go that often."

"Does it look to you as though you'll be happy here, Sadie?"

"Of course."

"I want to make you happy, Sadie. That's the only thing I care about."

"I know."

There was a sadness in his eyes when she looked at him, and she thought, "Now he is thinking about Tommy too."

Sadie and Michael went to the mountains while their suite was being refurnished and redecorated. Michael was kind and jolly, but being alone with him for the first time gave Sadie a strange lonely feeling, as though he were a complete stranger to her and as though she were a complete stranger to life. Everything he accepted as natural was unfamiliar to her. She did not ride a horse nor play golf or tennis. Some acquaintances of Michael's at the inn asked them to play bridge, but Sadie didn't know how to play.

Michael was not disturbed by her ignorance. He said, "We'll get some instructors in, honey, when we get home and you'll soon know how to do everything."

"Couldn't you teach me, Michael?"

He laughed. "I'm afraid I'm too impatient. You'd hate me after one lesson in anything. The instructors can't yell at you like I would."

There were other things Michael knew too. He could speak French and German, and he knew how to order meals and speak to the people who served him. She liked to hear him address his valet and his chauffeur and the waiters. Always he was considerate and understanding. He knew what service was due him and he always got it.

Sadie knew that no instructor could teach that. That only came to people whose births were news. She could only curse at a servant or else take him into her confidence and make a friend of him.

She said to herself, "I shall feel like an awful fool having people come in to teach me things. And I will learn slowly and be awfully dumb."

There were three unexpected letters awaiting Sadie when she got back to Richley. The first was from Europe and Jack Brennan.

In next week's installment of Sadie McKee you will read about life in Richley for another "Bad Girl."

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is souse?
2—In what free republic can no white man vote?
3—Who was King of Mexico at the time of the invasion by Cortes?
4—Was the Volstead Act signed by President Wilson?
5—What was the favorite drink of the vikings?
6—How long is the St. Lawrence River?
7—Who was President of the United States during the War with Mexico?
8—Of what are meteorites composed?
9—Which is the Excelsior State?
10—Where is the Alamo?
11—Who governs the District of Columbia?
12—Of what state was Andrew Jackson governor?
13—Who is said to have originated the sandwich?
14—What author uses the pen name Upton Close?
15—Who wrote the poem Flow Gently, Sweet Afton?
16—What is a riposte?
17—What is the meaning of *cordon bleu?*
18—What are oyer and terminer courts?
19—Who is called the George Washington of South America?
20—From whence comes the quotation, "What fools these mortals be!"?

(Answers will be found on page 56)

TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 40 seconds.)

TO feel the emotion of a crowd, to catch the thrill of a big event and dramatize it over the air, a radio announcer ought to be emotional himself, I should think—ought to be a sentimentalist too.

Graham McNamee admits that he's a sentimental Irishman. When he gets his radio listeners excited, he is just as excited as he sounds.

Ball games churn him into a froth, parades tickle him, public happenings stir him all up. He told me that Lindbergh's home-coming was the emotional high spot of his microphone career, so far.

"No," he said; "lady fans don't chase me as they chase the crooners. Only twice have I been pursued by ladies determined to marry me—and both of them were pathological cases."

Graham McNamee was a concert singer until about a year ago, when he began devoting his voice entirely to the announcer business. He likes it better than singing. In conversation his voice is rather lazy sounding—not the snappy vocal quick-fire you hear on the air.

He travels a lot, and enjoys that. Has been in every large American town except New Orleans where he has always yearned most of all to go.

Celebrities are grateful when he announces the events in which they figure. Sometimes their gratitude is more than he can bear. It was like that with a certain ex-champ of the heavyweight world. After one of his big bouts the fighter called Mr. McNamee into his dressing room and gave him an endless highbrow dissertation containing most, if not all, of the largest words in the dictionary.

You can imagine what a treat that was to a man who talks for his living! Born in the city of Washington, Graham McNamee was brought up in St. Paul, and he has since been made a Kentucky colonel. He lives in New York City.

Graham McNamee

FOR years and years I used to think how clever we women would be if we had dummy figures made in exact replica of our own shapes, with portrait heads of ourselves done in wax to top them off. Wonderful for seeing how we look in our clothes!

Recently I learned that Queen Mary of England actually has a dummy replica of herself. On it she tries all her dresses, her state robes, etc. Royal dressmakers attire the dummy queen in their creations. Queen Mary stands off and sees how she will look in that gown.

It is almost like being your own mirror. What a chance for self-criticism!

LOVERS may sigh for the romance of an age less scientific than ours, or they may welcome science as a good provider of those means by which up-to-date sweethearts can keep in touch when circumstances put miles between them.

Some take one point of view, some take the other. But there can be no questioning the fact that science may complicate love.

This case has just been brought to my attention:

Important deals called a Boston business man to San Francisco. His wife had to stay at home. They never had been parted before, and were somewhat old-fashioned in the way they clung together—the lady especially.

Their habits were very regular. Always they went to bed early, arose betimes, ate their meals on the dot. A sober, steady couple, you might say—even a trifle stuffy, perhaps. He promised to phone her across the continent as soon as he reached San Francisco.

Her telephone buzzed her out of bed at three o'clock in the morning. Over the wire the voice of her husband sounded jolly and offhand—much too offhand, she thought, for that disreputable hour.

"What on earth is the matter?" she shrilled.

"Everything's fine," said hubby. "I got here this afternoon. Looks like a swell town."

"Why aren't you in bed?" she yelped.

"What for?" replied her husband. "It's early yet. I had dinner with some people, and I just got in."

Suspicion overwhelmed her, and before she regained control of herself their three minutes were terminated. Hubby rang off.

The good woman—a simple woman surely, but good as gold—had never heard of the celestial magic whereby our time is so arranged that it is four hours earlier in San Francisco than it is in Boston. When hubby told her this, she would not believe him. How, she asked, can you expect a reasonable woman to believe that her husband telephoned her at 11 P. M., when she knew perfectly well it was three in the morning?

Outsiders have attempted to assure her that the phenomenon is genuine, but she is still more than half convinced that there's a trick in it somewhere.

So—as I said in the first place—science may help the course of true love, or it may react otherwise.

MEN of Atlanta, Georgia, have been objecting bitterly because I described them as being *mousy* when I meant to convey the thought that they were quiet and unobtrusive in manner. I believed I was paying them a compliment. Their complaint sent me all hot and bothered to my dictionary, fearful that I had gone astray in my understanding of the word *mousy*.

But Mr. Webster (who wrote my dictionary) seems to have felt as I do about that word. He defines it: "(*a*) Of or resembling a mouse. (*b*) *Quiet like a mouse.*"

So my contrition is tempered by Mr. Webster's assurance that *mousy* is not an insulting adjective. Am I to blame if the men of Atlanta entertain whims of their very own concerning the English language?

Still Alive

By

GEORGEI BELOFF

as told to

H. BEDFORD-JONES

Illustrations by Henry Alan

The Amazing True Story of a Pilgrimage of Terror through Asia

(Reading time: 31 min. 35 sec.)

THE true story of the entrapping of the mad Baron Ungern and the destruction of his army by the Reds was told by Georgei Beloff in last week's installment of Still Alive. Ungern attempted a bold stroke, thinking to master all Irkutsk and march on Russia. Spies betrayed his plans. He was trapped in a narrow valley and his army was shattered. He had detached the heroic Colonel Kazagrandi to make a tactical demonstration; he was insanely suspicious of Kazagrandi, and so, after the blow fell, he sent secret orders to Veseloffski, head of the Cossack division, to execute him. The Reds were now closing in on the madman. His further plans were suicidal. His officers resolved to kill him, and his adjutant, Bourdokoff, did wound him with a pistol shot—whereupon he mounted his white horse and dashed away into the darkness. Symes and Beloff proceeded to make their own escape from the doomed camp.

PART SIX–THE FLOWER WOMEN

AS to what became of that army, the vultures know best. Some of Kazagrandi's men reached China safely; them the Chinese did not bother, but all Ungern's officers were known. Bourdokoff was killed by the yellow men. Sepailoff was caught and sentenced to hard labor for life, after torments, and unless dead is still in a Chinese prison.

But as to Ungern himself—well, I shall tell you. I know it is the truth, for I heard it from the lips of those concerned. Baron Ungern, alone on his white horse, rode madly to the south and west. Perhaps he hoped to meet aid. He had ordered Veseloffski to ride and join him with the whole force of Cossacks.

Thus, when he descried some twenty-five men riding toward him, he took them to be Veseloffski's men.

They were Red cavalry. They challenged him.

"Do not shoot!" he yelled. "I am Baron Ungern!"

Then they recognized him. At sight of him almost among them, those Reds leaped into stark, blind panic. Although he was alone, they fled in all directions.

Baron Ungern might have won clear, except for the shot Bourdokoff had fired. That bullet had not missed, and Ungern had lost blood, more than he knew or cared. Now, as he drew rein, sudden weakness overcame him. He fell from the saddle to the ground.

Those Reds saw what happened. They gathered around him, found him senseless, and bound him with ropes.

There are many tales of what took place afterward—of how he was taken to certain cities, questioned, tried. A Soviet newspaper published his picture and stated that he was executed at Ekaterinburg.

Meanwhile Symes and I headed for the west.

We knew the Reds were to the south. While we might have headed east for Manchuria—well, we did not. We were afraid of the unknown. Neither of us was in any condition to reason things out logically. I knew the Gobi better than most men; therefore we fled toward the Gobi.

"We have no maps," said Symes.

"We need none," I told him. "We must go southwest, into the Gobi Desert, and so reach Chinese Turkestan. To do this we must have money."

"What for? And how far is it, anyhow?"

"Probably a thousand miles from here. We shall have to have camels, and must purchase them."

"We'll get the money," Symes declared calmly. "You have a lucky star, White Wings; we'll pull through. Say, didn't Andrei head off that way somewhere? Maybe we'll run into her. I thought a lot of her. She was crazy as a loon, but she had something on the ball."

All day we pushed on rapidly among the hills. Then, during the night, we discerned the glow of a small fire, and crept up on it, leaving our horses behind. Around the fire were three men—a Kalmuck officer and two Mongols. By their uniforms we knew them for men from those squadrons under Veseloffski.

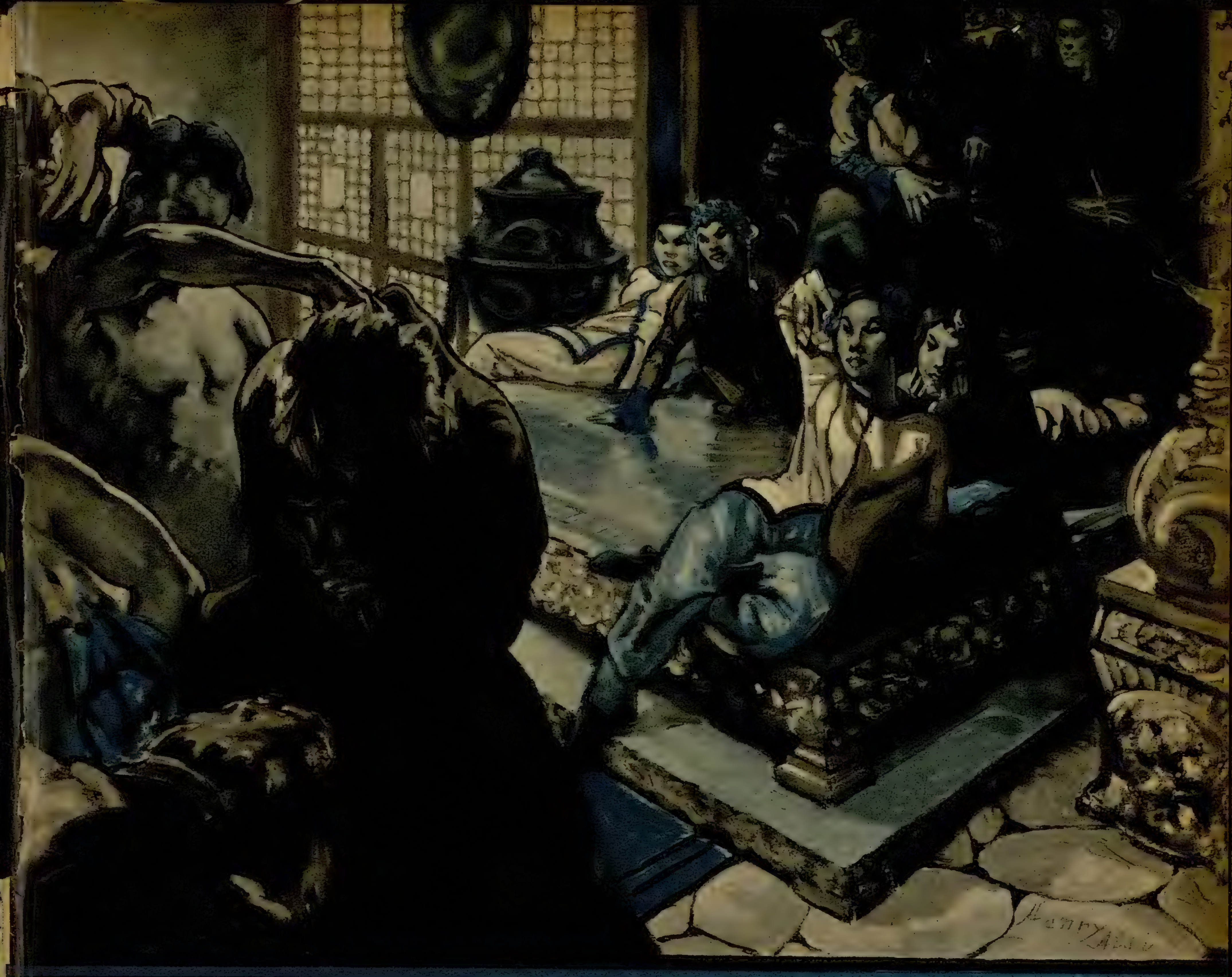
They stood up very quickly, with their hands in the air, at our command. Symes kept them covered while I walked in upon them. The two Mongols recognized me with grunts of relief; but the officer began to tremble at sight of my uniform.

I took one of the Mongols aside and questioned him. He was an intelligent man named Tabol and talked readily, having no fear of me. The three had fled after the break-up of Kazagrandi's force.

Tabol told me about the Cossack messengers who had falsely informed Kazagrandi that Ungern was dead and his army destroyed. General Rezukhin had fled. What became of him I do not know. Kazagrandi had summoned his officers, advising that the column head for Turkestan. Veseloffski vehemently dissented. He and his Cossacks wished to reach Manchuria.

Well, the secret orders arrived from Ungern. Veseloffski surrounded Kazagrandi's two squadrons, arrested Kazagrandi, and ordered him shot. They executed him.

"And his men did nothing?" I asked.



They stripped us to the waist. Yen Fang had some of his women around him—Flower Women.

Tabol grinned. "Noyon, they could not; the guns were upon them! Some of his officers nearly went mad. That man there"—and he pointed to the Kalmuck—"was in command of the firing squad."

"What became of the column?" I asked.

"It broke up, noyon. Some of us went one way, some another."

"Very well," I said. "You know me. Do you wish to accept my orders and march with me?"

"Yes, noyon. We know you."

"Then take your rifles, you and your friend yonder. Kill that murderer."

The Mongol returned to his companion and spoke with him. A sudden scream broke from the Kalmuck. He turned and would have fled, but in a moment he fell forward on his face. Kazagrandi was avenged.

Symes and I took counsel with the two Mongols. One of them was dying of some disease, and ate opium constantly to kill the pain. Tabol, however, was a splendid fellow and knew the Gobi like a book. We decided to get through if we could, and at dawn we set forth. That other Mongol died two days later.

The three of us fled through the outspread net of Reds. On every hand death stalked us. Nowhere was any road, any safety, any rest. Well, I am still alive!

Two weeks passed. We found ourselves in the horrible desert of jumbled rock and red cañons where the high plateaus break down toward the expanses of desolate sand. The last drop of our water was gone. For three days we had eaten nothing. We were weak.

Morning came. We pressed on. The horses were failing rapidly. With afternoon we found ourselves toiling along a valley. Ahead of us showed green trees. Then half a dozen Mongol yurts, with a great herd of horses and numberless camels. We were saved!

HALF dead, we rode up to the yurts. A number of women and one old man came out. It seemed that all the other men were up the valley with the herds, picking out horses. Two squadrons of Red cavalry were there, within a few hundred yards of us, buying horses!

And we still wore the uniforms of Ungern's men.

We were in no particular danger, however. The women provided us with Mongol garments, burned our uniforms, and Tabol departed with the old Mongol to visit the herds and get information. After an hour he rejoined us. I perceived at once that he was terribly disturbed.

"Noyon," he said, "this is one of many Red parties pretending to be bandits but really sent out to destroy Whites, drive the Chinese from the country, and kill everyone who has power. Along the creek three miles from here these Reds have a camp. There they have a number of prisoners, and among these is my brother Tajen, a great man in our country."

"Tajen!" I repeated. "That name sounds Chinese."

He assented. "Our people are from the Chinese border, from the Tien Shan, the Mountains of Heaven. Now you must leave me here, for if I can help my brother to escape, that is my affair. It is not yours."

I gave Symes a glance. We both liked Tabol.

"We'll talk about it," I said, catching a nod from Symes.

Darkness was falling when we rode away from the light-hued felt yurts. We had fresh horses, supplies, all we needed. The Reds were encamped in a wide flat beyond the marshy ground, where camels were feeding on wild leeks. We rode around their camp unseen, tethered our horses, and came back on foot.

We halted close to the camp. Tabol slipped into the high grass and was gone like a snake. A sentry was singing to himself as he paced back and forth. After a time his singing ceased, his figure disappeared—but presently it showed again, walking off among the tents. This time it was Tabol, in the uniform coat and hat of the sentry!

Suddenly Symes grunted in my ear. "White Wings! This grass is dry as tinder. You wait for me with the horses. I'll meet you there."

He departed. I settled down in the dry grass and waited. Some time passed. Then I heard a wolf cough, and answered it. Two figures stood up and joined me: Tabol and his brother, who bore the sentry's rifle. We stole quietly away and reached the horses.

Flames leaped up. A brisk wind was sweeping along the valley. In a moment the fire burst out everywhere, sweeping down upon the tents and tethered horses. Men yelled and horses screamed. Shots were heard. Symes came running toward us, scrambled into his saddle with a loud laugh, and we rode away.

Tajen was exceedingly grateful to us. We rode on in company for some days.

One morning the two Mongols separated from us to hunt marmot. Symes and I watered and fed all four horses and made tea. All of a sudden I heard something, put my head to the ground, then sprang up.

"Horses at the gallop!" I cried to Symes. "Mount quickly!"

We were barely in time. A dozen riders appeared over a knoll, bearing straight down upon us, shooting as they came. Bandits! We fled at full gallop, with bullets whistling all around. Hour after hour they kept after us. The day passed, another came. Twice we halted and fought them off. Finally, on the third day, they gave up and the two of us rode on alone. Whether our Mongol friends lived or died, we could not tell.

OUR visions of getting through into Turkestan were doomed to a sad shattering. This whole section of Asia was in chaos. All China was in civil war. Bandits and raiders were everywhere. Vast as was this wide horizon, it seemed rimmed around by death.

We rode not where we would but where we must. At the beginning of winter we fell into the hands of a Kirghiz bandit, one Baktai Khan, who had twoscore men under him and with them had captured a Buriat village. Here he slaughtered all save the young women, and settled down.

One of his raiding parties encountered us, shot our horses, and took us into the village. Baktai was an enormous fellow. A pistol was in his hand and two men lay dead in front of him. He inspected us with cunning eyes.

"You are not Mongols," he said. "You are White Russians! Very well. Stay here, drill my men, use your rifles if I need you. You shall have a share in the loot. Refuse and I will send you into the earth this moment!"

For most of the winter we stayed there with Baktai, glad of shelter. There was little riding to be done, for he had only two or three mangy camels. Twice raiding parties of Red soldiers came against the village, and those were quickly cut to pieces.

Baktai, whose belly had become too big for a saddle and who had to be carried in a horse litter when he went abroad, was delighted with our success. So were we, to be quite honest. We had both of us become savages. We wanted only to remain alive. One becomes like that in the winter, with the awful wind of the Central Asian steppes killing the soul!

However, the winter drew toward its end, and then we were both wakened suddenly to a horror of ourselves and the way we were living. This happened when a party of our men brought in a Chinese caravan. Among the camels were some very fine Bactrian animals, shaggy-haired, powerful, in good condition.

THAT evening Symes and I sat together in our hut. Close to us was the big double hut occupied by Baktai Khan. Three Chinese women were with that caravan, and all three were now in Baktai's house.

We heard a great commotion. Baktai came waddling out, shrieking wild oaths and calling his men. One of them came in after a time and grinned at us.

"Those three birdlings cheated Baktai," he said, breaking into laughter. "They killed themselves. Now he will get drunk and beat all the other women in the place!"

When the man departed, Symes suddenly stood up.

"To hell with it! Let's go! Camels, loot, grub all ready for us—let's get out of this muck!"

We made our plans carefully. We knew all the trails about here, and with a little luck could reach the new northern caravan route from Peking to Urumchi. The main thing was to avoid any pursuit.

Next day we talked to Baktai. I persuaded him to pack the best of his loot in three camel loads, which might be sent in to a town near Urumchi and sold. By the following day he had the loot packed, and told me that I should take it and sell it, with twenty of his men for escort. Symes was to remain here as a hostage for my return.

That same night Symes had charge of the guard. We loaded three Bactrians with the loot, saddled others for ourselves, and departed. Before going, we cut the throats of all the other camels. The snow was too deep for Baktai to follow us with horses. It was very simple and worked out perfectly.

We could not make more than fifteen miles a day with those camels. Loading and unloading them, morning and night, grew to be a nightmare task. We wandered for a month, but the snow cheated us; we did not find the caravan road we sought. For nearly a week we were buried in snow or unable to move on. We chanced upon another pair of travelers who had remained frozen and buried since earlier in the winter. These were Tibetan lamas. From one of them I took a fine yellow robe, a prayer wheel, and other adjuncts of a holy man. I had Symes shave my head; while he did it I held the wheel in one hand and turned the cylinder with its written prayers with the other. We had a lot of fun with the lama's outfit, though I could actually play the part well enough to get by. Still, that shaving was ill fortune. Two days later I was coming down with pneumonia—and knew it. On the third day we reached the town of Uneket at the edge of the Gobi.

A Cossack detachment formed in line in a Siberian-Mongolian village.

I was raving, out of my head. How Symes managed everything I do not know, but he managed. The place was not a large one. A Buriat prince with his family controlled it. Symes made some bargain with the noyon, obtained a hut, and settled down to take care of me.

We were there for a long time. One day, when I was walking for the first time and looking forward to travel again, a terrific commotion broke out, with shooting on all sides. Symes hurried in.

"Well," he said grimly, "some of our old playmates have dropped in! Red cavalry!"

"Cossacks?" I asked.

Symes shrugged.

"No. Seem like regular Russians. They've shot the noyon and his family, with everyone else in authority. There's a commissar in charge. They're making a house-to-house search, and in a few minutes—"

"Get into that Mongol robe and pull the hood over your head," I told him. "Take the prayer wheel and keep it circulating. I'll tell them you're my disciple, and if they aren't Cossacks or Mongols we can fool them."

He obeyed me promptly.

The Buriat prince and his men had done some fighting before they died. They had killed, among others, the guides of this detachment—Buriats whom they rightly held as traitors. This left the commissar in charge somewhat helpless. He and most of his men were comparatively new to this country, although one of his squadrons had reached Siberia in time to help smash Baron Ungern in the fall. It was from some of these men that I heard of Ungern's fate.

Presently a number of soldiers entered our yurt, with the commissar himself. His name was Braskovitch. He could not tell a Kalmuck from a Mongol and was highly delighted when I addressed him in Russian.

"Now you shall help me, Hoten Lama," he said—for this was the name I had given him. "We have taken a number of prisoners on the way here, men who fired on us. I must question them. They speak no Russian, and my guides, who acted as interpreters, have perished."

THE leader of those prisoners was brought in and faced me. He was a Kalmuck, a wrinkled old man, but of very striking appearance. He looked at me intently, uttered a harsh laugh of contempt, and then addressed me in Tibetan.

"So you wear a yellow robe!" he said mockingly. "And do you wish to persuade me, who am the abbot of the Tuba Kuren, that you are indeed a lama?"

"No," I replied frankly, and gave him my name. "But I bear a certain writing from Buren Khan, of whom you have perhaps heard, which vouches for me."

"I have heard of him, and of you as well," he answered.

The commissar plucked my sleeve. "What does he say, Hoten Lama? Who is he?"

"He is a trader," I said. "The White Russians robbed him, and when he met your men he took them for White Russians also—"

"Enough of that!" The old Kalmuck lama broke in upon my speech, a flash of anger in his eyes. "My time has come, for I have broken the law. Tell this accursed dog the truth—do you understand? But do not mention my monastery, else they would seek it out and burn it to the ground. Tell him that it was I who caught and killed another commissar and his twenty men for whom these dogs have been searching. This happened two weeks ago, after they had tortured and killed a number of pilgrims returning from the Tuba Kuren to Kobdo."

"Is this necessary?" I asked heavily.

"It is," he returned. "I have taken life. I have sinned against the law, broken my vows, and am ready to pass into another incarnation."

WELL, I obeyed. Braskovitch leaped to his feet in furious joy. He ordered the Kalmuck and all his men taken out and shot. First the old lama begged for a word with me, and took from about his neck a small seal of white jade slung upon a thong.

"Go with this to the Tuba Kuren," he said, "for there you will find a certain person who knows you. Tell the monks what happened to me."

So he and his men were shot. I told Braskovitch the jade seal was an amulet, and put it about my neck.

This commissar now believed me honest and he was extremely friendly. I rapidly regained health, and he furnished me with a Red passport which later on was of the greatest use to us. When we came to leave, he even provided us with good horses and provisions.

So we departed happily. I had no intention whatever of going to the Tuba Kuren. Symes and I decided to head straight for Urumchi.

For a whole week we pressed forward without incident through the Gobi, making good time. Symes, who had contrived to keep an old razor through everything, kept his face more or less clean. It was one thing he would not forgo. Dirty we might be, vermin-infested, drawn and haggard, savagely careless of life; yet he still kept that long, hard jaw of his free from beard. And his old spirit flashed out at times.

It was spring again, and even in the Gobi one could find grass and water. We pressed on for Urumchi, but man cannot avoid his destiny. And our destiny lay with Yen Fang, in the so-called city of Nienfu.

When we first saw it this place was a town of flat-roofed mud houses, dominated by the astonishing yamen of Yen Fang and the *dugun*, or fortified trading post, of the merchants. Yen had some sort of commission from some war lord, but was really a *hung huitze*, or "tiger bandit." A

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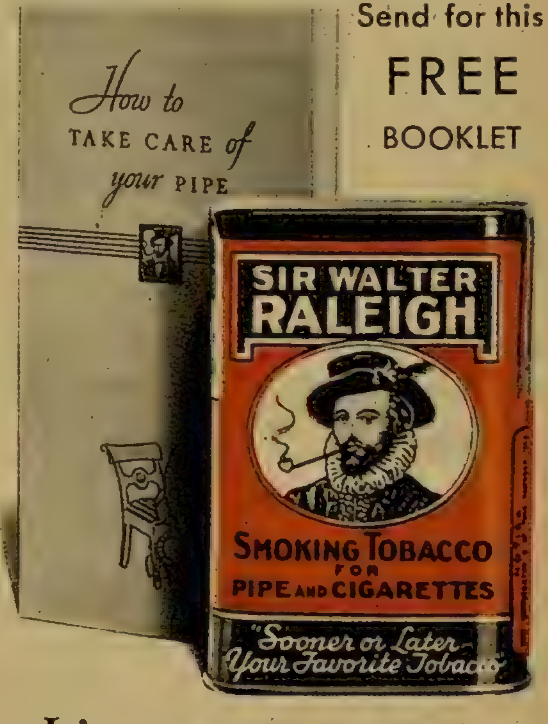

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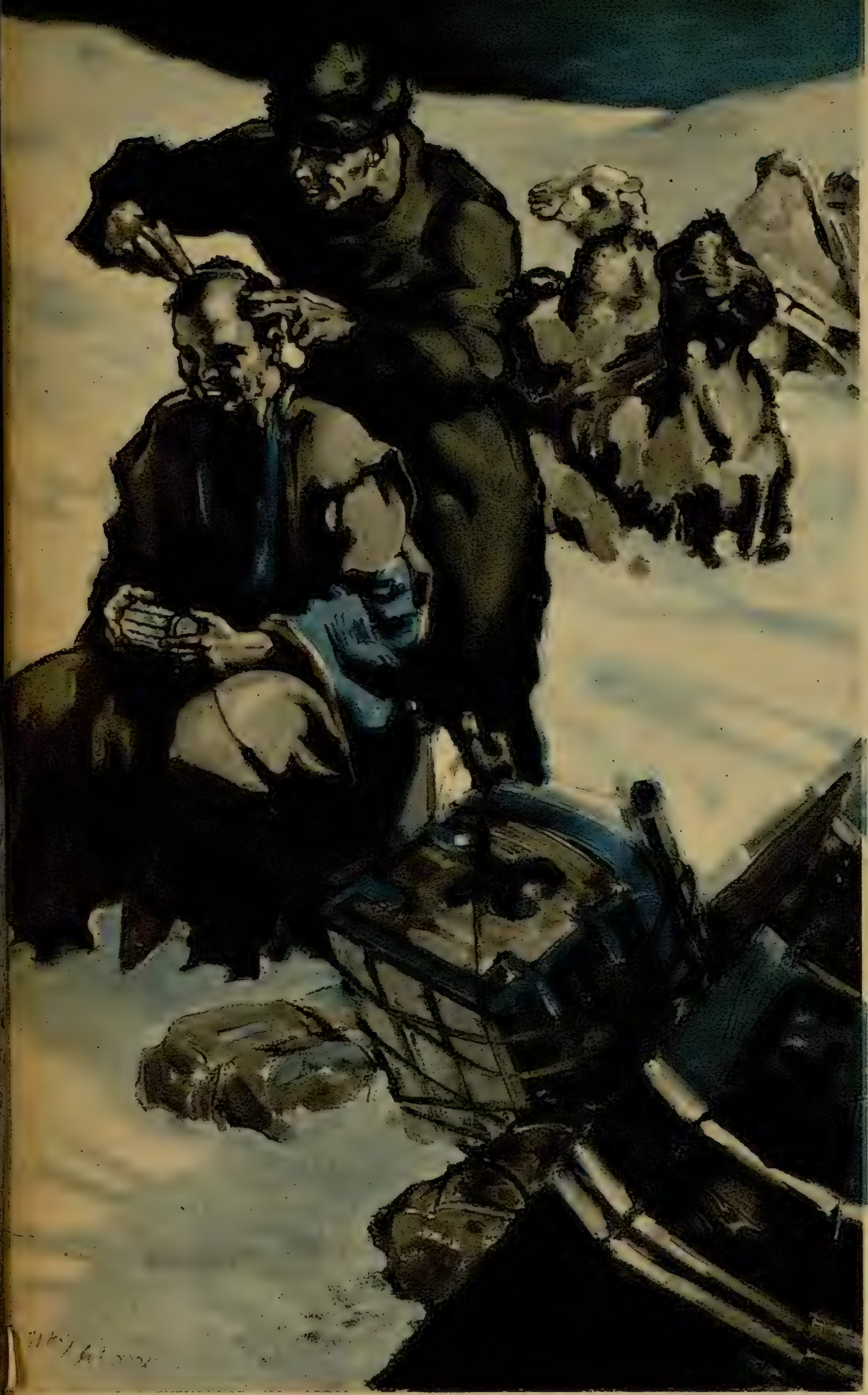

I had Symes shave my head. I held the wheel and turned the cylinder.

flying detachment of his troops swept suddenly over a sand rise one day, swooped on us like hawks on pigeons, and caught us. They took us into the town, which we reached on the following afternoon—prisoners.

And here, for our sins, we had something to learn about human deviltry. To this day I cannot recall that town, that yamen, without a cold shiver.

I use the word yamen advisedly, though revolutionary China has abolished the word, formerly applied to the residence of a mandarin. Yen had built himself a yamen, tiled roof and all. Within it he sat on a dais. This place was walled, though the town itself had no defenses. Three hundred yards away was the dugun, or fortified trading post—huge double walls of log palisade and mud bricks. There his soldiers had their barracks with two machine guns.

Well, Yen Fang welcomed us after his own fashion. He was a tall lean hard devil, gorgeously dressed. One side of his face had been shot away and puckered up in a ghastly scar, the eye being gone. As Symes said, he looked like a bad dream and lived up to his looks.

Yen regarded us and drew back the lips from his blackened teeth.

"A lama and his disciple!" he said when our guards showed our possessions. "Plenty of money. Red passes and Mongol passes—So you are Bolsheviks, eh? You are spies. Well, we know here what to do with Red spies!"

"We are nothing of the sort," I replied. "We are White Russians—"

"You lie," he said curtly. Then he produced a cigarette and lit it.

"Tell him I'm an American," growled Symes.

Yen caught the words. He snapped an order and his guards closed around us.

"Good day! Good day!" said Yen Fang in English—the only two English words he knew. Smiling frightfully, he leaned forward, pointed to his puckered scar, and told us that an American had caused it.

"Do you understand? An American!" he said slowly. "Before I killed him he did this to me. Well, I am glad to see you here! If you were Red spies I would merely have you torn apart by wild horses. But that is too speedy a death. I shall keep you here for a long time. Up with them! Strip them! Let us see if they are really Americans!"

Well, that was that. "So long, White Wings," said Symes. "Sorry I made a boner—"

Somebody hit him across the mouth and blood stopped his words.

THEY stripped us to the waist. Our bodies were certainly white, or had been. Yen Fang had some of his women around him on the dais. Flower Women, he called them. Two of them looked like Russians. He laughed and joked with them, telling how an American had marred his features. Then Symes and I were triced up to big iron rings in the wall and the lash was laid on.

I cannot describe in detail the days that followed. I thought that in other times I had known suffering. My God, it was nothing to this! Besides, I had to see Symes slowly cut to pieces before my very eyes.

Not in a moment, nor a day, nor a week. Nor alone. This Yen had a fantastic hatred of all white men and a savage desire to impress everyone with his cruelty. Twice he caught poor devils of Russians and made us watch their torments. And all the while there he was, with his infernal grin and his "Good day! Good day!" from the dais where the Flower Women surrounded him. They were devils worse than Yen himself, those women. Six in all, four Chinese and the two Russians, who were perhaps half-breeds. Yen merely looked on and enjoyed himself; but those women actually took part in the torment at times.

It was they who performed unspeakable atrocities on Symes. They were devils.

This treatment of Symes by the Flower Women had an important sequel. Yen Fang had for some unknown reason conceived a vicious hatred of me. Except for flogging and certain minor tortures, I was untouched but was forced to watch the torture of Symes. Yen told me that after Symes was dead would come my turn—but more slowly.

Following the atrocity he rode out with his men on a raiding expedition. For ten days we were left untouched in our cell. Symes recovered. I had hoped that he would die.

Our cell, outside the wall by the yamen gate, was like a wild-beast cage, barred on all four sides, with a soldier ever on guard. People came and stared at us, treating us like animals. One day when the sun was hot a Mongol came walking along and paused for a moment outside our cage.

"*Sain!*" he said to the guard in the usual Mongol greeting. "*Sain!*"

Symes was asleep. I looked out at the Mongol. He made a gesture to me, spoke briefly with the guard, and then moved on. I frowned after him. All of a sudden I remembered his face and sat up, startled. It was Tajen—the prisoner whom we had released from those Reds! Tajen, the brother of our Mongol guide Tabol!

Too late I recollected him; but he had certainly recognized us.

Some days later Yen Fang returned. He had looted a Chinese caravan. For several days he was drunk—so drunk that he left us alone while he caroused with his Flower Women. After that he was too busy settling quarrels among his men, and dividing the loot, to spend time on us. Late in the afternoon two of his riders came dashing into the yamen courtyard. Between them they dragged a wretched Tungan tribesman.

This Tungan had seen a party of forty Mongol bandits camped about five miles down the valley. Upon hearing this, Yen Fang immediately sent out scouts. They returned an hour later, when we were in our cage. I had told Symes about having seen Tajen, and now he groaned.

"It's Tajen's outfit down the valley! This devil will get him sure. Listen!"

An aide came out of the yamen and issued orders to a group of officers. It seemed that the Mongols were carelessly encamped. At dawn, with his full force, Yen Fang would fall upon them and destroy them.

DARKNESS descended. The night wore on. An hour before dawn there was saddling and riding. Yen came out with his officers, his men from the fortress opposite were formed in a column and went riding away. Silence again settled down, except for the step of the sentry outside our cage.

All of a sudden his step ceased. Then he coughed—a queer bubbling cough. After a moment came a low voice:

"Noyon! White Wings! Are you awake?"

A figure loomed large. The clasp of our prison door was thrown back—the door swung open. We crawled out, to find Tajen there, two men with him. I spoke rapidly, told him of Yen Fang and the column. He laughed.

"I know, I know! We sent in that Tungan with word, and my brother Tabol was in the camp yonder. Now he is here in the town or at the dugun over there, killing sentries. We have fifty men here, and more are coming in a day or two. Yen Fang will strike an empty camp, and this place will be in our hands—"

He broke off. From the courtyard of the yamen rose a sharp challenge. Then a harsh low laugh reached us. Another Mongol tramped up to us in the sand.

"All finished, Tajen Khan! Not one of their sentries remains alive. Tabol sends word that he can put men into the fort yonder and capture it at once."

"Let it be done," said Tajen. "Beware of the two machine guns."

The light of dawn was creeping through the darkness around us. Suddenly Symes uttered a groan and caught the arm of Tajen.

"Listen! Yen Fang will return! And when he comes—"

"He will ride into a trap."

The face of the Mongol darkened with passion.

"I owe this Yen Fang a great deal, noyon," he said slowly to me. "I have been waiting a long time to catch him. I shall not kill him—no! Look! I have chosen a place for him, there near the dugun. My knife is sharp for the work. You shall see!"

"Well, you won't make *me* sorry by what you do to him," Symes said grimly. "But you haven't caught him yet! Those Flower Women inside here, in the yamen—"

TAJEN chuckled. "Every gate, every door, is guarded. I understand what those women did to you, noyon. I give them to you—they are yours! Come into the yamen and let us find you garments."

Two of Tajen's men helped poor Symes walk, and we passed into the yamen courtyard and waited there, eating and drinking. I wanted no garments; my back was still too raw. Besides, I was a little out of my head with the reaction—with the realization that I was free.

From the fortified post of the traders, the barracks and its two machine guns, came a few shots and nothing more. After a time, in the first light of day, Tabol appeared and greeted us warmly; but I saw his eyes flinch at sight of Symes. He had captured the dugun without a fight, shooting the few of Yen's men found there. Inside the yamen and in the town there was no alarm whatever; at least, if the Flower Women suspected anything amiss, the guards kept them quiet.

A scout came galloping in with word that Yen Fang was returning. Instantly there was scattering and arming. Tabol vanished, taking charge of the fortified post with its two machine guns. Tajen posted his men along the yamen walls, in among the huts and houses—all of them out of sight.

Yen Fang, with close to a hundred men, rode unwarned into this trap.

From the yamen wall I watched, my heart pounding with a terrible joy. I saw the column come clattering in, Yen and his officers at the head of it. They were between the dugun and the yamen walls. The troopers were actually turning off for their barracks when the first shot rang out. Tajen himself fired that shot, and the horse of Yen Fang pitched down.

Then the firing began.

In two or three minutes, at most, it was all over—men and horses milling, falling, swept into death by the

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hail of bullets. Then Tajen loosed his men and the Mongol tribesmen swept out to kill.

Not more than a dozen of Yen's men broke clear, and these were caught by Mongols coming to join Tajen's force. Yen himself was captured, being the only person spared of his whole outfit. He had two wounds, neither bad.

When my excitement died away, when I looked around for Symes, I could see him nowhere.

Tajen, who wanted all his men to witness the fulfillment of his oaths against Yen Fang, came into the yamen courtyard. All those Mongols came straggling in and formed ragged ranks. Only guards were left outside. Tabol joined me on the dais. We looked down to where Yen Fang was stretched out on the stones and Tajen stood with knife ready. The scarred face of Yen Fang turned, his eye met mine for a moment—that was all. Then Tajen began to flay him alive.

I did not see much of this work. A shot came from within the yamen, and then another. One of the guards came to us and said that Symes had entered there a little while ago. I went inside hastily, and Tabol followed me. We went to the hall at the rear.

No sound, no voice greeted us as we entered. In the first room we came upon the Flower Women. They were dead—terribly cut with knives. But one of them, one of the Russian half-breeds, had completed their work. She had, before dying herself, shot poor Symes twice through the body with a pistol. Now he lay across those dead women as he had fallen, the red knife still in his hand. He had taken his vengeance upon them.

I knelt and prayed for him while Tabol stood looking on, grim, gaunt, silent. It was the first prayer I had said in a long, long time; it shook me. When I stood up Tabol was gone. I went out into the courtyard, out to the gate of the yamen. Everyone was gone from here except guards. On the ground was the body of Yen Fang. It lifted convulsively. Tajen and his brother Tabol stood there alone, watching, laughing.

Suddenly I realized that all the Mongol bandits had disappeared. Whither? I stared around. Then the answer came, as screams began to lift from the whole town, and a few shots sounded.

Tajen had given up the entire place, except the yamen, to his bandits. The Chinese traders were being shot. As for the rest of the town—well, you may imagine it! The houses were burst open. The descendants of Genghis Khan were at work.

Then I heard men running, and looked up to see two Mongols who shouted at me. As they came up, one of them thrust something at me fiercely.

"Here, noyon, here! Quickly! One sends this to you. Payment, payment! Our comrades are waiting to see if it is true. Do you pay us or not?"

THEY fastened eager, wolfish eyes upon me. In my hands I found a vellum roll, mounted upon a holder of gilded brass. I pulled it open and saw Hebrew writing. Memory leaped within me.

Ages ago it seemed—centuries ago! That hut in the village of Chasoktu; the old woman picking up this very scroll from the floor! The girl Yuryevska with the goldred hair and face of loveliness!

I pulled open the scroll of vellum. Then I started violently. A scrawl of writing across the inner white face of the vellum—a scrawl in Russian! I read it with a cry bursting on my lips.

"*Radeboga pomogetie skoreie!*" (For God's sake, help, quick.)

To this scrawl was signed the name of Andrei.

"As God lives!" I cried out. "Where did this come from?"

"Noyon, the man at the door of a house gave it to us; many rubles, he said, if we took it to you. Our comrades are waiting. You are the man in the cage of whom he spoke! If there is no payment, however—"

"There is payment, there is payment!" I exclaimed, and thrust the scroll under my belt, for I was naked to the waist. "Come to me tomorrow—there is payment! Now take me swiftly to this house."

Andrei here, in this place! I was like a madman. I ran after those two men, rushed with them among the huddled houses of the town. A young girl, a Chinese girl, came bursting out of a house with two Mongols after her. We went past them without a second glance. Such things were happening all around.

We came to a house where four men waited at the door. At these my two guides yelled something. They all flung themselves toward the next house. As I came staggering up, the door of it was thrown open and the voice of Andrei rang in my ears.

Andrei sat there, inside the door, with a pistol in her hand. She did not rise; she could not.

The girl Yuryevska was there. She, too, was garbed as a man, like Andrei, her golden hair cut short. I went mad with joy. All three of us embraced. I forgot I was half naked, my back streaked with raw flesh from the floggings. We babbled almost incoherently, all talking at once, bursting with our stories.

YURYEVSKA had seen Symes and me in the cage one day, and had brought back word of it. Andrei could do nothing. She was helpless; a paralytic stroke had rendered her left side inactive. Yuryevska had remained here with her, taking care of her.

This, then, was why Andrei had chosen to leave us at Chasoktu! Having heard us speak of this girl, she had looked her up. The old Jewess was dead. Andrei undertook to save this girl, and managed it. They had been here in Nienfu a month or more.

When the shooting started Yuryevska went out for some news of me. She found the cage empty, knew we were saved. Then the sack of the town began. Mongols pursued her here. Andrei held them off with the pistol, found they knew my name, and wrote the message.

Andrei had herbs, and she and Yuryevska made bandages for my back. When Yuryevska had finished I seized her fingers and kissed them.

Suddenly the door was burst in. Another group of Mongols stood there, seeking women. At sight of me they drew back. I prevailed on four of them to carry Andrei to the yamen. I went ahead with Yuryevska.

At the yamen everything was peaceful. We installed ourselves, and here I found all the property taken from me and Symes, even the white-jade seal given me by the abbot of the Tuba Kuren.

Here Yuryevska nursed both Andrei and me. After a few days I was well enough recovered to ride a horse—and this was a most fortunate thing. Tajen was not the only bandit who had had his eye on this town! Another claimant appeared almost before these Mongols recovered from their debauch.

This was a Buriat chieftain from the northwest, near Kobdo. His name was Kharga.

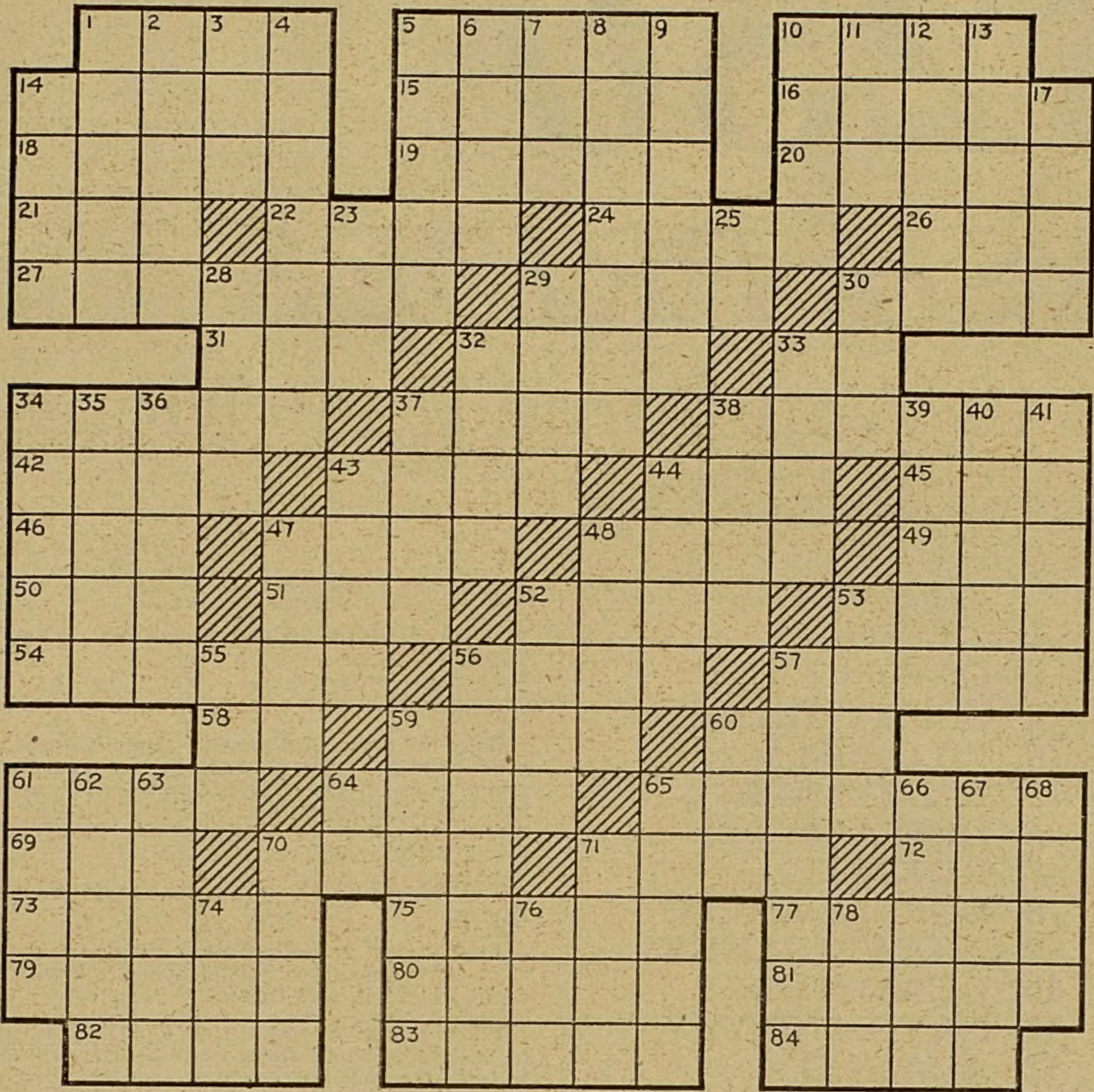
I am going to relate what happened, not because I am proud of it, but because to this day I am overcome by wonder at the thought of it. It was one of those queer things that occur perhaps once in a lifetime.

How the forces of nature itself intervened to settle a most ominous altercation between Kharga on the one side and Beloff and Tajen on the other will appear in next week's installment of Still Alive.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 48

1—A pickle made with salt, or a pickled meat.
2—Liberia.
3—Montezuma.
4—No, he vetoed it.
5—Mead, a kind of wine or ale, made of water, honey, malt, and yeast.
6—About 750 miles.
7—James K. Polk.
8—Iron and stone.
9—New York.
10—San Antonio, Texas.
11—Congress.
12—Florida.
13—John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich.
14—Josef Washington Hall.
15—Robert Burns.
16—A return thrust in fencing.
17—Formerly the emblem of an ancient order; now used to describe a first-class chef.
18—Criminal courts.
19—Simon Bolivar.
20—From Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Naked
5 Skins, as of animals
10 A fortified place
14 Savage; wild
15 Worship
16 Ascend
18 The select class
19 Quarreled
20 A fortification
21 Recline
22 Cripple
24 Companion
26 A number of dozens (abbr.)
27 Bed canopies
29 Accomplished
30 State of disorder
31 Tierra del Fuego Indian
32 A planet
33 Pronoun
34 Brief
37 Comrades
38 Withdraw
42 Sour
43 Cubes
44 Cavity
45 And not
46 Ancient
47 Rasp
48 To haul
49 A firearm
50 A beverage
51 Female sandpiper
52 Go up
53 Otherwise
54 Named
56 A coin
57 Liberates
58 Small fish
59 Light familiar talk
60 A tree
61 Unyielding

S	H	E	D		N	A	N		P	E	A		E	D	A	M
P	A	V	E		O	R	A		E	R	R		L	O	P	E
E	D	I	T		R	E	M	O	T	E	R		D	O	E	S
D	E	L	A	Y	■	S	I	N	S	■	E	M	E	N	D	S
			I	O	N	■	N	E	■	T	S	A	R			
P	L	A	N	K	I	N	G	■	B	A	T	S	■	V	O	W
A	I	L	■	E	L	A	■	A	L	O	E	S	■	E	R	A
L	E	A	F	■	E	R	A	S	E	■	D	E	N	S	E	R
		B	E	L	■	A	R	I	S	E	■	S	O	T		
D	I	A	D	E	M	■	M	A	S	S	E	■	T	R	E	Y
A	R	M	■	S	E	V	E	N	■	A	L	L	■	A	V	E
Y	E	A	■	S	A	I	D	■	C	U	B	I	C	L	E	S
			L	E	N	E	■	R	E	■	A	R	E			
A	P	P	E	N	D	■	B	A	R	S	■	A	N	G	E	R
M	O	R	N		E	R	E	M	I	T	E		T	O	R	E
P	L	E	D		R	U	T		S	O	N		E	R	I	A
S	A	Y	S		S	E	A		E	W	E		R	E	E	D

Answer to last week's puzzle

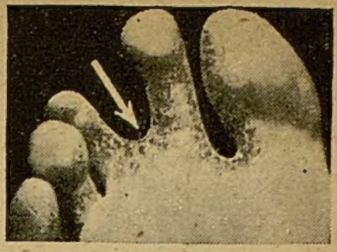
64 Neat
65 Species of fir (pl.)
69 Form of to be
70 Wander
71 A gasp
72 Unrefined
73 Pith helmet
75 Mineral
77 Woman's name
79 Improve; correct
80 Talk idly
81 Put in place again
82 The sheltered side
83 Rescues
84 Comprehends

VERTICAL

1 Give the lie to
2 A constellation
3 A rodent
4 A component part
5 A city in France
6 Esau
7 Sound made by cattle
8 Tremblings
9 An automobile (pl.)
10 To happen well, or ill
11 Crude metal
12 Range of hills
13 Autocrats
14 Perceived by touch
17 Son of Seth
23 A constellation
25 An element (symbol)
28 Civil wrong
29 Valley or vale
30 Confronted
32 Heavy club
33 Apportion
34 Ermine
35 City in Germany
36 Command
37 Stack; heap
38 Roil (colloq.)
39 Fireplace
40 Wake from sleep
41 Eagles
43 Ceased to be
44 Gone by
47 Man's nickname
48 Clue
52 Paper measure
53 Strays
55 Surrounded by
56 Incongruous fancy
57 Strainers
59 Hinders; restrains
60 Enthusiast (slang)
61 Abhor
62 Scent
63 Repulse
64 Toward
65 Large bundles
66 Stand erect
67 Labyrinths
68 One of a Mohammedan people of India
70 Interpret
71 Part of the head
74 Compass point
76 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
78 Civil War general

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

STOPS ITCH ON FEET AND TOES



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SCRAMBLED GEOGRAPHY CONTEST

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Claim Your Share!

THIS week's scrambled geography names take you to Africa. Each of the scrambled words at the right will, when the letters are rearranged in their proper sequence, spell the name of some geographic feature, locality, or place which will be found on any complete map of that continent.

Here's a great chance to brush up on your knowledge of the so-called Dark Continent. Use a map or gazetteer or both if you wish. Or any other books of reference that are available. Results are what count. Don't be discouraged if you find some of the words baffling. It is doubtful if any competitor will solve them all. In fact, if you solve half or more on the list you should consider that you have done well indeed. By all means make up your list as directed in the rules and enter it for prize consideration.

In filing your entry don't overlook the statement of preference required in the fifth paragraph of the rules. No entry will be considered complete without this statement.

This week's contest closes on Monday, August 28, so that you have ample time to work out your solutions and post them. Winners will be announced in the earliest possible issue of Liberty and checks for the proper amounts will be mailed at approximately the same time. If you want to receive one don't neglect to enter now.

THE WORDS

1 TYPEG
2 GAINERI
3 ZEBRAVILLAZ
4 PILOPOM
5 BEERYMILK
6 IRONABI
7 RINGATE
8 DOPELEVLILLO
9 LILTVELSANEY
10 QUAMZIMBOE
11 NATIKANGAY
12 ADANUG
13 SHAGULA
14 METALA
15 TAMETIAD
16 BIZMAZE
17 RACIO
18 LITIPRO
19 LACASANCAB
20 SORHEADI
21 UNDAS
22 ORONACEM
23 LAVATARNS
24 BANJOGHURSEN
25 RUBDAN
26 SAYABINSI

THE RULES

Each of the scrambled words will, when the letters are rearranged in their proper sequence, form a geographical name which may be found on any complete map of Africa.

Copy the scrambled words. Opposite each, list your solution. On the same line identify the name with its geographical application and its location. For example, the first scrambled word correctly resolves into Egypt. Your first line will therefore be something like this:

TYPEG — EGYPT — A country in northern Africa.

In case any name has more than one application, either or any correct identification will have equal weight in this contest.

When you have solved and identified as many of the words as possible, write a brief statement to complete your entry telling what story, article, or feature in this issue of Liberty appeals to you most and why.

The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unscrambled, identified, and located, and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference, will be adjudged the best.

In the order of their excellence on this basis, prizes will be awarded to the sixty-four highest rating entries as follows: First prize, $50; second prize, $25; third prize, $15; fourth prize, $10; ten prizes, each $5; fifty prizes, each $2. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges are the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

Mail all entries to Scrambled Geography Editor, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

All entries for this week's contest must be received on or before Monday, August 28.

PHONY EXCUSE PRIZE WINNERS

ISSUE DATED JUNE 24

$50 FIRST PRIZE

WALTER B. DUNCAN, Paris, Tex.

I'm sorry I'm an hour late, but—I mistook the police wagon for a bus while it was loading up and they wouldn't let me explain until we got to the station.

$25 SECOND PRIZE

DAVID J. ROFF, Rochester, N. Y.

$15 THIRD PRIZE

WILLIAM KANE, Salina, Kan.

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

WALTER S. CAMPBELL, Chicago, Ill.

TEN $5 PRIZES

Margaret Brown, Baker, Ore.; Suzanne D. Bullock, Philadelphia, Pa.; P. F. Crivaro, Des Moines, Iowa; Ruel. V. Fingerhut, La Crosse, Wis.; M. T. June, San Antonio, Tex.; Thurmand Martine, Wrightsville Beach, N. C.; B. L. Pearson, Bridgeport, Conn.; Estelle Ruth, Decorah, Iowa; Mary E. Stevens, Baltimore, Md.; Robert W. Van Denburgh, San Pedro, Calif.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

Mark Agnew, San Francisco, Calif.; Laura Anderson, Los Angeles, Calif.; Ted Ashby, Des Moines, Iowa; John Blumer, Jr., Tampa, Fla.; A. W. Bower, Stamford, Conn.; David M. Brucker, Louisville, Ky.; E. Oliver Burrows, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. C. H. Buchanan, White Plains, N. Y.; Florence Carroll, Tupelo, Miss.; Aaron L. Carthage, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. C. May Cohea, Amarillo, Tex.; E. F. Conley, Fresno, Calif.; M. E. Couch, Louisville, Ky.; Charles L. Cox, Jr., Fairmont, Neb.; Charles G. Crago, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. Robert Crowdus, Dallas, Tex.

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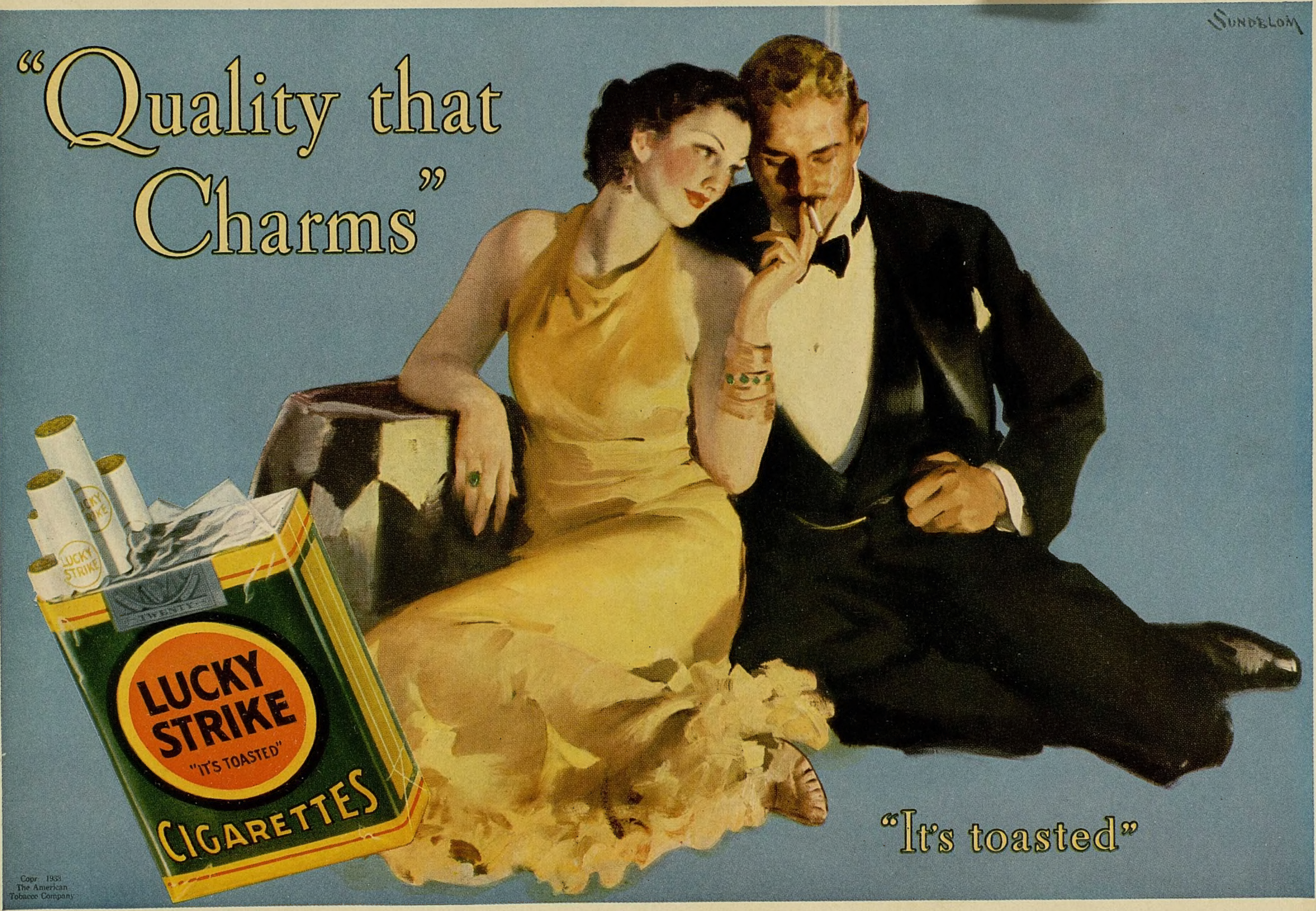

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